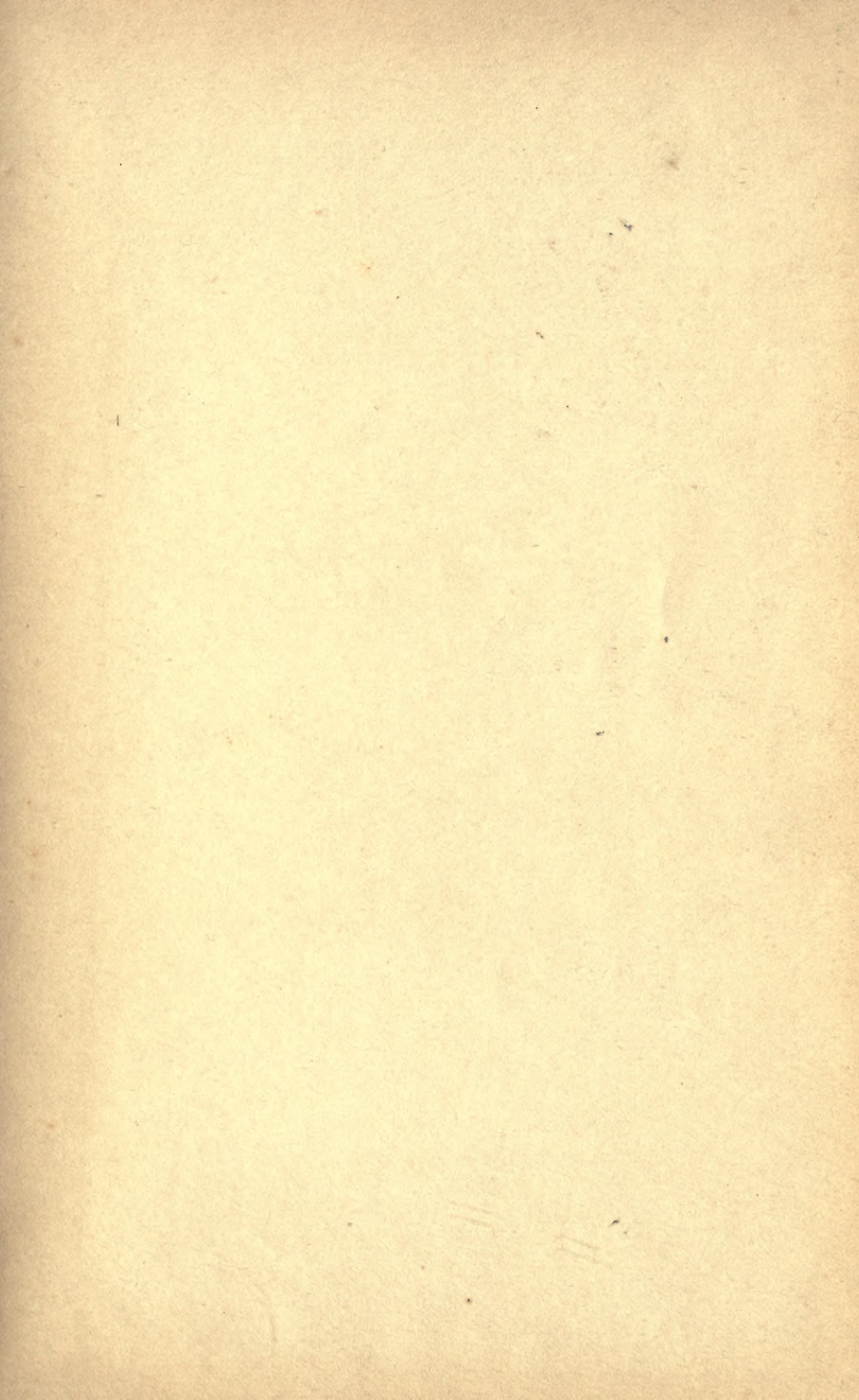
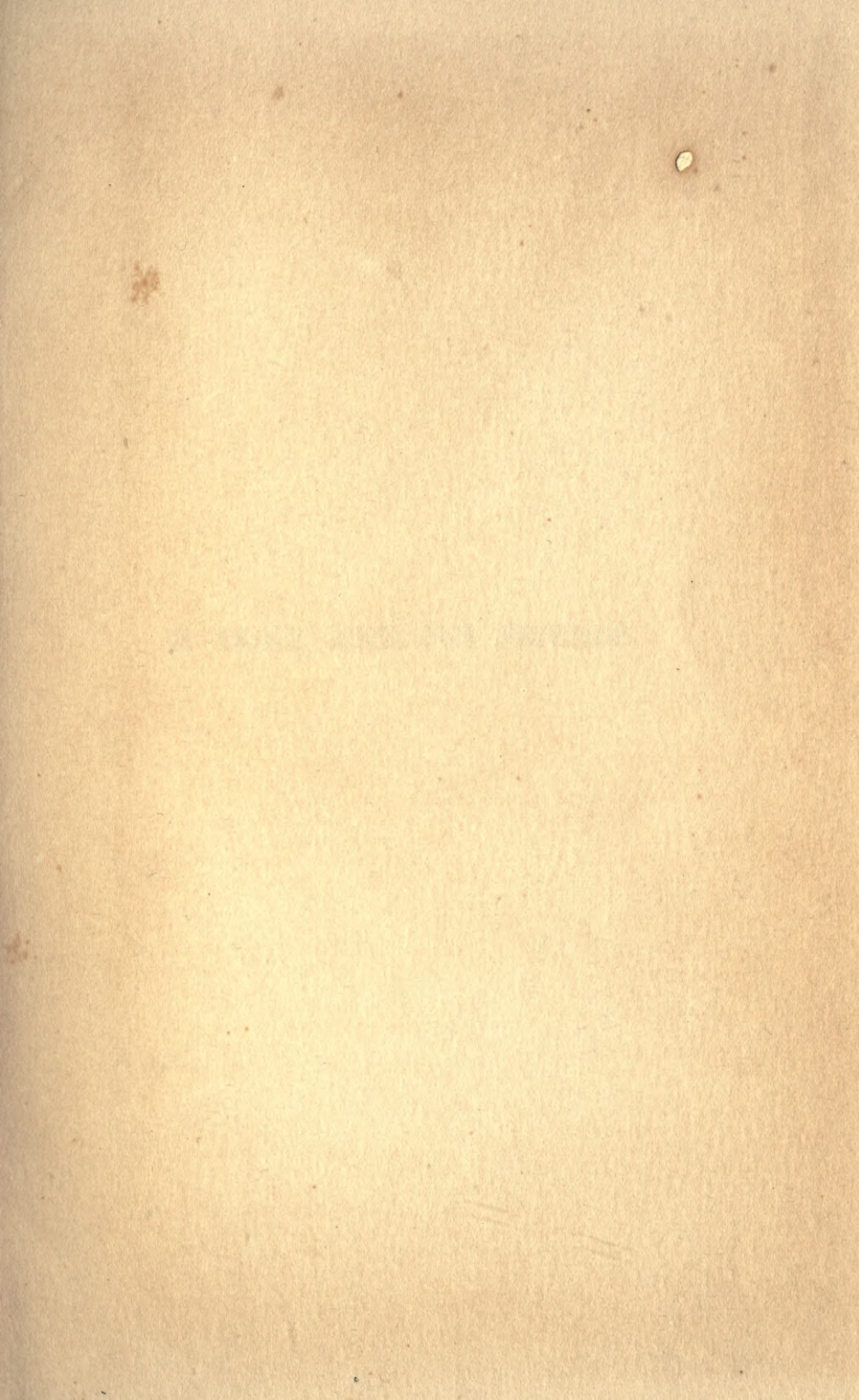










A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS



From a painting by Sir J. Kneller.

Sarah, Second Duchess of Richmond

A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE SECOND
DUKE OF RICHMOND

BY THE
EARL OF MARCH

With 34 Illustrations, including 2 Photogravure
Frontispieces

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A DUKE AND HIS FRIENDS

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MEANWHILE, how fared it with the Expedition whose sluggish movements had called forth such impatient comments from the Duke of Richmond, as from his favourite resort at Carné's Seat he watched the bellying sails of the three-deckers fading from view into the haze of the Channel, and as often returning to slacken in repose under the lee of the Isle of Wight?

The British Squadron eventually appeared before Cartagena on March 4, 1741, after a stormy voyage in which considerable damage was sustained. At first, all ranks were confident of success. And, as a graphic description of the manner in which the siege was begun, I cannot do better than give you the letter of Charles Webber, on board His Majesty's ship *Litchfield*, dated March 27. He says :

“MY LORD DUKE,

“The following is an account which I make bold to trouble your Grace with, of our proceedings at Carthagená from the time we arrived off the Coast to this instant.

“On the 5th of March we Anchored off Point Canoa and there lay till the 9th following, when we weigh’d in Company with Sir Chalenor Ogle’s division in Order to begin the Seige. we were order’d a head to Demolish Fort Chamba, but ye Guns not being mounted we met with no Opposition there, so set it on fire and spiked up the 3 peices of Cannon of 18 Pounders which we found there; In the Mean while the Norfolk Russell, Shrewsbury, and Ps, Amelia were order’d to demolish Fort St. Phillip of 10 and Fort St. Jago of 10 Guns, which in about 6 hours time they did Effectually; but with the loss of some men and some damage to ye ships. These Forts being demolish’d there was Nothing to Obstruct the Landing of our men, so that by Night all the Grenadiers were Landed and the Bombs began to play very briskly on Boca Chica Castle. on the 10 of March we landed all the rest of our troops and on the 11th began to get our Artillery on shore; on the 12 we sent our boats and destroy’d a Fascine Battery containing 13 Ambariers but no Guns mounted between the Forts of Chamba and St. Phillip; on the 14 March was Opened our Coahorn Battery which began to play on the Enemy which were very Brisk with their Cannon from Boca Chica, but did no great damage. thus they continued diverting them Bombs and Cohorns till 17th, and on the Eighteenth at

Photo by W. J. Roberts.

CARNE'S SEAT.



Night Landed the Barges and pinnaces of the fleet Man'd and Arm'd, and destroy'd 2 Fascine Batterys of 20 Guns which as they commanded our camp did us considerable Damage, this was done with the loss of 5 seamen only ; the Bombs and Cohorns still playing till ye 22nd when about 8 in the morning our Royal Battery of 20 Guns of 24 Pounders each was Open'd and began to play on Boca Chica, on the 23 the Ships also began to play upon the same Castle, when we were order'd to Lye against the Fascine Battery ; on the 24 we were orderd Nigher in to cover the Men, on this day, the Prince Frederick being engaged, Lord Aubrey Beauclerck had the Misfortune to lose both his legs which wound in a short time after proved Mortal ; at Noon all the pinnaces and Barges Man'd and Arm'd landed again upon the Barradera to destroy the said Battery which they had repaired since they first destroy'd, which they did effectually by setting it on fire, they likewise set on fire a large sloop they had got to hold their Ammunition and Provisions. the Bombs Cohorns and our Battery employ'd as before, on the 25th we were order'd close to the said Battery, and at 3 in the Afternoon our troops began to storm and enter Boca Chica Castle of above 80 Guns of 24 and 18 pounders. By 12 at night all the boats in the fleet Man'd and Arm'd went from us to attack St. Josephs Fort which is on an Island about Musquet shot from Boca Chica, at their arrival they found the Spaniards had left it and Nothing in it but 24 peices of Cannon of 24 pounders, at the same time the St. Phillip, a Spanish Man of Warr of 74 Guns, was set on fire by themselves, one of the 4 Men

of Warr moord athwart the Harbours Mouth, and blew up the Africa of 74 and St. Carolus of 64, They took with the boats the Gallicia, a ship of 74 Guns, where Don Blos's flag was flying, they found in her the Captain of Marines and about 150 Spaniards, but some hours before Don Bloss went in his boat to Carthagena ; the Boats afterwards were employ'd in cutting the Boom which went athwart the Harbours Mouth which consisted of 2 Cables of 2 Inches and a great Chain. the Fleet is getting into the Harbour as fast as possible but what oppositions they may meet with from the Forts which must be demolished before they come to the town is uncertain ; I cannot proceed any further on the Account, being order'd on a Different service ; but Your Grace may daily expect to hear of the taking of Carthagena, there being a ship ready for that service. I Beg my humble Duty to Your Grace my best respects and humble service to the rest of your Graces good family

“ and am with all Obedience

“ Your Graces most dutifull humble Servant

“ CHAS. WEBBER.

“ LITCHFIELD, *March 27, 1741.* Off Carthagena Harbour.

(Endorsed :—‘ Received *May 17, 1741.* 7 Weeks and two days.’)”

Alas for Webber's sanguine hopes ! The attack was doomed to failure. Boca Chica, the harbour entrance, was forced, it is true, but then ensued a series of squabbles between Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, in the midst of which the last-named Officer attempted to storm Fort St. Lazare,

an outwork of Carthagenæ. And of the carnage that ensued, of the reckless gallantry displayed by our officers and men, already wasted by sickness, and of the ill-success which attended their efforts, none can tell you the story in more thrilling fashion than Lord Augustus Fitzroy, of His Majesty's ship *Orford*, for thus he writes to the Duke :

"ORFORD, CARTAGENA HARBOUR, *April ye 25th, 1741.*

"MY LORD,

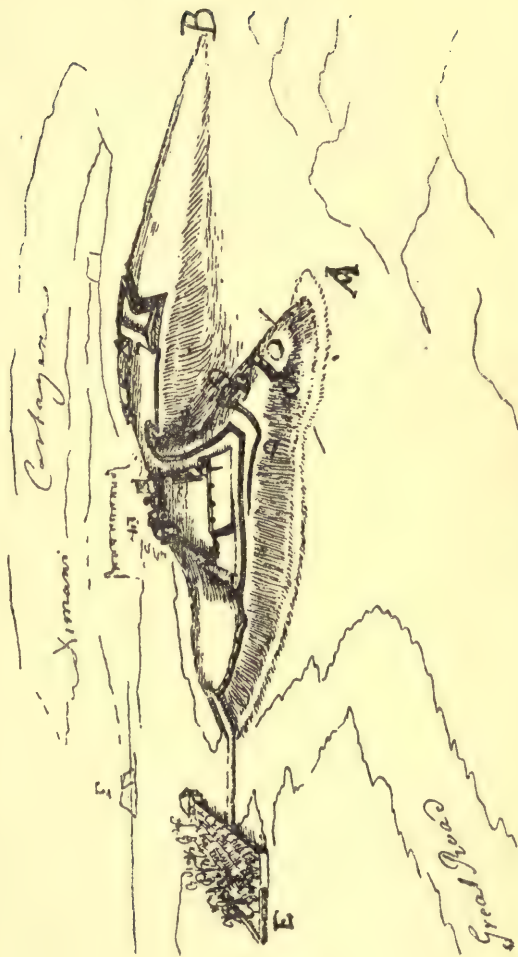
"Your Grace will have been surprized, to have received by the Spence Sloop, a plan of the different attacks we had made untill the taking of Boca Chica, without a line of explanation from any body ; in order to explain this mystery, I must give your Grace this trouble. I had obtained of Mons. Nordin¹ ye promise of such a plan for your Grace ; which he had only just time to finish, and send on board the Sloop, when she sailed ; and had no opportunity to advertize me of It, who waited for it, in order to write to you, but however your Grace will have seen Mr. Vernon's and General Wentworth's accounts, therefore will not have suffer'd any loss from not receiving an inferior one.

"Your Grace will be in a double manner Concerned, for our miscariage at St. Lazarus, as both from your zeal for the success of the Expedition, which has from thence and our great Sickness, fail'd arriving at that height of success we wisht : and from your Humanity ; which will make you pity the fate of those Brave men, who dyed, that day, in a manner

¹ Captain Norden, the young Danish explorer.

of which there are but few instances ; for tho every Platoon that came up lost a third of their number every time they advanced to the front, they all fired above Twelve Shot a Man and Returned as often to the attack, with great Intrepidity. amongst the rest I lament poor Coln. Thompson chiefly, who stood for the last hour, at the Top of the hill, and did not receive a shot, till the retreat and then was wound'd on his arm ; he marcht off with the Granadiers, but since from the Climate, and his being but just got out of bed two or three days before, of a feaver, dyed on board my Ship, where I had hoped he would have been conveniently : he was lamented by the whole army as the best Officer of his standing in It. however tedious and long this letter is, I will tell your Grace a Storey of a Poor Granadier which will Please both Your Grace and the Duke of Montagu, the fellow thought he was mortaly wounded, and a Party came out to secure the arms etc and anoy the rear. The Officer perceiving some stragglers calld out to them Close Quarters, which the Granadier understanding for calling for Patriots (?) told a wounded comerade who lay by him of It ; and took up his musket levelled at the Officer, and shot him, saying this was now all the service he could do his Country. Youll imagine my Lord, the Spaniards did not let him live long after, however the Viceroy sent to reprimand and stop their murder of the wounded, which were the only persons made prisoners ! and by his express comand were taken good care of, Your Grace will hear with concern of our loss of poor Lord Aubrey, Coln. Moreton is now dying, and little Wynyard little better, and Bri-

St. Lazare.



ST. LAZARE.

From the sketch by Captain Norden. Sent by Lord Augustus Fitzroy to the Duke of Richmond.

gadier Wolf in a bad way ; however I hope if we once get him alive out of this place to rub through the rest. the Plague is not so suddenly destructive : we have only this advantage, that we shall not be shun'd (I hope) after we come from hence. I have already presumed too far on Your Graces Patience. I have the honour to be with the greatest respect

“ My Lord

“ Your Graces Most Obliged and Most

“ Obedient and most

“ humble Servant

“ AUG. FITZROY.

“ I beg your Grace will present my humble respects to my Lady Dutchess, The Count and our Danish friends beg I should present theirs to both.

“ P.S.—Since I finisht my letter I received the enclos'd View of St. Lazarus from Monsieur Nordan, A. is that part of the hill, our Guides led the Granadiers to : B. is the part which I believe we ought to have made our attack from, for the trenches markt C. & D. are so deep that two scaling ladders will not reach from the bottom of the trench to the top of the opposite of ye hill. Some of ye Granadiers at different times got into the trench, where they were overpower'd, and incapable of advancing, the generality of the dead lay where your Grace will see a Stroke of the Pen. Night was no help to Us ; and the day appearing Shew'd a tragical sight of dead. however the retreat was not made till past Six. E. is the advance Guard of the Enemy, F. is that part of the Bastion the Gallicia was placed at in order to batter the Town.”

Poor Lord Augustus died of fever at Port Royal, a month later, and the esteem in which he was held at Head Quarters is expressed by the Duke of Newcastle, in the following letter to my ancestor :

“ BISHOPSTONE, *July 25th, 1741.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I am very sorry to acquaint your Grace that the Melancholy News we heard yesterday of the Death of poor Lord Augustus was confirmed this morning by a Messenger, who brought me an account of what was come from Admiral Vernon. I send you enclosed, all that Mr. Vernon says upon that unhappy Subject, and do most sincerely condole with you, upon a loss, which is not only very great to those whom I esteem and love, but is indeed a great one to the King and Country. If poor Lady Fitzroy is at Goodwood, I beg you would say what is proper to her from me.

“ There is not one word from Mr. Wentworth, but I find from Vernon that they are determined not to be idle, and that they were to go about the 10th of last June, to attack St. Jago de Cuba. They had their Council of War at Govr. Trelawney's, in which they all agreed but Trelawney, who was for going to Panama, and not to St. Jago de Cuba. They have taken a Spanish Ship, with letters of the greatest Importance, by which it appears that D'Anton had not only orders to join the Spaniards, and assist them in falling upon us, but even to assist in making an attempt upon Jamaica. This Discovery may be of some Service. The Sickness, which had been very

bad, was abated, the great Ships are coming home, and there is great want of seamen, and reinforcements of both sorts. Thus much for Vernon”

The Duke of Newcastle's letter, strangely enough, is couched in a far more optimistic vein than was justified by the situation, for on June 20, Mr. Andrew Stone, his private secretary, had written a most dispiriting account of the state of affairs to the Duke of Richmond. It is indeed a “melancholy account,” but yet the gallantry of the poor lads that fell on the glaxis of Saint Lazare has furnished a saving clause to this sad story of jealousy and mismanagement. For they died like heroes, in a hopeless attempt to retrieve the prestige of Britain which had been selfishly sacrificed to the personal animosity of their Commanders; concerning whom Mr. Stone's letter tells us, clearly enough, that (to quote Smollett) “each proved more eager for the disgrace of his rival than zealous for the honour of the Nation.” He says :

“WHITHALL, *June 20th, 1741.*

“MY LORD,

“Last night, Mr. Wentworth's Packet was brought from Portsmouth; there is only one letter from him, (and that a short one) dated in Cartagena Harbour, April 26th. He gives an Account of their Landing, on the 5th of that month; that He advanced with 1500 Men through a long narrow Defile in a wood; Upon coming out of the Defile He was opposed by a Body of 600 men, but advanced upon

them, and obliged them to retire with Precipitation. His Camp was formed within a Mile of the Castle of St. Lazar; The same Day, and the following, the rest of the Troops landed, making in the whole about 4000 Men; But unfortunately they were obliged to lie upon their Arms three Nights for want of Tents, which must have been one great occasion of the Sickness that so soon got among the men. Before they proceeded any further, It was thought absolutely necessary to make themselves Masters of the Castle of St. Lazar; It was at first intended to raise a Canon Battery; But as the men grew every day more and more sickly, and the Rainy Season coming on, and as they had lost most of their Engineers, It was at last Resolved at a Council of War to storm the Fort; which was accordingly attempted on the 9th at Break of Day.

“The Attack was made by 1200 men, under the Command of Brigr. Guise, in two different Places; But (as Mr. Wentworth says) not directly in the Places where it was intended.

“The Grenadiers immediately enter'd the Enemy's works; But, not being properly sustained on one of the Attacks by the Officer who commanded the Grenadiers, and, on the other, Col. Grant being mortally wounded, the most forward of them were almost all killed; and they were at last obliged to retire, with the Loss of about 640 men, (officers included) either Kill'd, or wounded. The American Troops had some share in this Attack; but gain'd no credit by their Behaviour on this Occasion.

“After this, the Sickness increased so much, amongst

the Troops, that, by the 15th, near 500 men sicken'd, or died; amongst the former were almost all the principal Officers of the Army. Mr. Wentworth called a Council of War, who came to a Resolution to lay before the Admiral the bad condition they were in, and that they could proceed no further if he could not furnish them with a considerable number of men; And, as that could not be done, It was Resolved, at a General Council of War of Sea and Land Officers, to reimbark the Remainder of the Troops, which was accordingly done on the 16th. Mr. Wentworth adds, that, since their embarking, the sickness had not only increas'd amongst the Troops, but spread in the Fleet. That Colonels Blakeney, Wolfe, Lowther, Wynyard, and Gooch, were not able to do much service from their ill State of Health; and that Cols. Moreton, and Grant were dead; as were also Lieutenant-Colonels, Thompson, Blagrove, Johnston, and Harding, (the two last were of the American Regmt.), Major Dawson and several other Officers of inferiour Rank. Brigr. Wentworth says, that the Troops are so shatter'd, that He is persuaded It would be difficult to find a thousand men fit to land against an Enemy, (tho' the Returns do not make the Number of the Kill'd, Sick, and Wounded, very considerable), and that He is persuaded the sickly Season upon which they were then only entering would make a great Havock amongst the Officers, and Soldiers, remaining.

“This is the melancholy account that Mr. Wentworth gives of the Condition of the Troops under his Command; He seems so much dispirited, that I am almost tempted to hope He represents things in the

very worst light they can be seen in. Mr. Vernon, on the contrary, appears to be less affected with the Disappointment, than could be imagined; he says nothing in his Dispatch of Mr. Wentworth's Conduct; But from the Letters and Papers that pass'd between them, before and after the fatal Attack of St. Lazar, It is very plain that he had but an indifferent Opinion of it: He complains, from the very Beginning, of Mr. Wentworth's Delays; and tells him, that He is of Opinion, the Castle of St. Lazar might be taken by Surprise; which probably was a great Inducement to Mr. Wentworth to hazard the Attack; which, (whatever might have been the Event, if He had proceeded in another manner) was certainly the immediate Cause of the Miscarriage of the Expedition, and, (It is to be fear'd, in its Consequences), of the Ruin of the Army.

"I am extreemly concernd to be obliged to send Your Grace so disagreeable an Account as this must be; But as I had your Commands to send you the particulars of this most unfortunate affair, I have endeavoured to do it, in the best manner, that the very great Hurry of Business would permit me.

"I am with the greatest Respect,

"Your Grace's

"Most Obedient &

"Most Humble Servant

"ANDREW STONE."

Before the above letter can have reached Goodwood, the Duke of Richmond must have heard rumours of what had happened, for on the day following the

despatch of Stone's letter, he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle :—

“ GOODWOOD, June 21, 1741.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I am vex'd to a degree that I cant express upon our misfortunes in the West Indies. I hope to hear the particulars of it from somebody this post, butt am extreemly sorry to find at least by the Portsmouth tittle-tattle that Vernon and Wentworth disagree and they one and all there throw the whole blame upon Wentworth ; butt whether he is to blame or no, If he is not well with Vernon, I am clearly of opinion that Wentworth should be recal'd, and some good officer sent in his place. Ligonier, Hawley, or in short somebody above Guises rank, and that is fit to comand, ought to go. I would also draught one thousand only at present and send them imediately to reinforce those Corps, butt then, I thinke a good body of men (I mean six more regiments) should be raised to replace six already raised that I would send to them, two of which should be old corps from Ireland, with good officers to comand them, such as Irwin's and Bligh's, and those two regiments to be replac'd by two of the new ones from hence. I beg pardon for takeing upon me to form schemes, *butt a fool's bolt is soon shot*, and you give me leave to speake my opinion such as it is to you, and I do verely thinke this nation undone if wee dont repair this misfortune by giveing a great stroke in the West Indies, as soon as possible. You will say to me why dont you come up and give your opinion

at Whitehall, I will certainly be in town on Sunday, butt I know very well of how little weight my opinion is at that bord, I see how bad it is that the Officers abroad should have disputes, and I am sure that disputes amongst the King's servants at home would be fatal to his Government, which stops my mouth upon several occasions, for I have nothing so much at heart as the King's service, because I am sure this Country is undone if that cant be carry'd on. I need not say any more, you know my meaning, and no mortal liveing butt yourself knows these my sentiments for the reasons I have given you. I beg pardon for troubling you with so much serious stuff, I am melancholy, butt not dejected. Our misfortune is a great one, butt I am very sure itt can be repair'd, and if your advice is follow'd I dare swear it will; forgive me for troubling you so much and believe, My Dear Lord

"Your ever faithfull and most affecte.

"humble servant,

"RICHMOND. etc.

"Every thing here goes very well."

(The postscript refers to electioneering matters.)

The siege was abandoned, and, after destroying whatever fortifications had been captured, the squadron returned to Jamaica. A Council of War was held upon their arrival, and it was determined to make an attack upon Cuba, with the remains of the force, now reduced to three thousand men. And to that effect Mr. Stone writes again on July 28, three

days after a similar letter from the Duke of Newcastle ¹ had reached my ancestor :

“ WHITEHALL, *July 28th, 1741.*

“ MY LORD,

“ I should not have fail'd sending your Grace, by Saturday's Post, an Account of the News we had received from the West Indies, if I had not imagined that the Messenger I sent to My Lord Duke of Newcastle on Friday last, would have found your Grace at Bishopstone.

“ The Account, publishd in the Gazette, and from thence transfer'd into the other papers, contains very near all, that is material in Mr. Vernon's Letters ; Except that the Expedition they were going upon, (and which Mr. Vernon hoped to be ready for, about the middle of June) was intended against St. Jago de Cuba. This Resolution was taken at a private Council of War, held at Mr. Trelawny's House at Jamaica ; in which Mr. Vernon, Mr. Wentworth, Sir Ch. Ogle, and Mr. Guise, were unanimous ; But Governor Trelawny dissented.

“ Your Grace will be surprised to hear, that there are no Letters received by this Express from Mr. Wentworth ; so that we should be entirely ignorant of the Condition of the Land Forces, were it not for Lord Elibank, who is returnd to England ; His Lordship reports that there are about 1500 men, or 2000 men, fit for Service.

“ Mr. Vernon is sending home the seven 80 Gun Ships, that are not sheath'd ; and about four others.

¹ Page 364.

“Great numbers of Seamen, as well as Soldiers, have been lost by Sickness ; But Mr. Vernon says that It was abated ; and that He hoped the sick men were upon the Recovery.

“It is generally reported, that Colonel Daniel is dead ; and that Cottrel has the Regiment ; But I cannot answer for the truth of it.

“We are in daily expectation of Letters from Mr. Wentworth ; which, it is supposed, are coming by the Torrington, that sail’d from Jamaica about the same time as the Kennington.

“All our Letters from France, Holland, and Germany, are full of the Military Preparations of France ; which, it is confidently reported, will have very soon four Armies on Foot : And the Accommodation between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin seems almost desperate.

“I am with the greatest Respect

“My Lord, Your Grace’s

“Most Obedient &

“Most Humble Servant

“ANDREW STONE.”

But once again disaster awaited our ill-starred troops. Decimated by fever, and thoroughly dispirited as well, the soldiers, when landed, were so enfeebled as to be wholly unfitted for the aggressive warfare that could alone offer any chance of success. And yet the Government was foolish enough to prolong their agony by sending out four more ships of war and another three thousand men, most of whom succumbed to the climate. For Smollett (our primary source on

this chapter of history) tells us that “on the continent of New Spain, the periodical rains begin about the end of April; and this change in the atmosphere is always attended with epidemical distempers, which render the climate extremely unhealthy; besides, the rain is so excessive, that for the space of two months, no army can keep the field.” Poor fellows, it was indeed a useless waste of life!

Colonel Lowther, one of our Brigadiers, wrote as follows to my ancestor; his letter needs no comment on the deplorable state of affairs:

“MY LORD,

“The unexpected and undeserved Honour and favour your Grace has been so good to shew me, has so transported me that I am really at a loss for words to express my Gratitude, but hope you will do me the justice to believe 'tis as great as possible. I had not been so long without troubling you, but for fear of encroaching too much upon your patience, besides being very sensible that nothing of any consequence could happen in this part of the World, but what you were much better informed off than I was capable of doing. In general I am sorry to tell you how little we have done and how much we have suffered, for I am very sure we have not one third part of the Officers or Soldiers left we brought out of England with us, and they daily decreasing in great numbers, makes me fear that without a very considerable and speedy supply, we shall be able to do but very little. Expeditions at so great a distance and in these Coun-

tries where the Climate is so contrary to our people, with many other obstacles, will always create difficulties not easily Surmounted. Wee are informed of a Reinforcement of three Battalons and seven hundred Draughts coming to us, which I fear will nott make up for the Losses wee have already sustaind. Our Genl. has just receivd Orders for sending immediatly home the Officers of the four Youngest Regmts, of which mine is one, and keeps all the poor remainder of our men and Non-Commission Officers to fill up the four Regmts that remain, as far as they will go, which will be far from doing itt. Tho the Genl. was pleasd to tell me that as my Regmt was orderd home, he was of opinion I might go with itt. Yett as I have the Honour of beng appointed to Act here as a Brigadier I think itt my duty to continue as long as ever it may be for His Majesties Service; were my abilities equal to my zeal, I shoud have nothing to reproach myself with, but as itt is, I am but too sensible where the Defect lies, however itt is the only proof I am able to give of my most sincere Attachment. For I do assure your Grace, if you coud but imagine what wee go through I know itt woud move your Compassion, therefore will not trouble you any more with so Melancholy and disagreeable Subject. However, I cant omitt acquainting you that the three Gentlemen you were so good to recommend are all dead and much regretted by all that knew them. Jutty (?) is now pretty well but has been much out or order, he is now a First Lieut. and but three before him in the Regmt. I wish I could have servd him more, for he really deserves very well. I hope he

will be soon att home with the rest of the Debris. Foulkes begs leave to present his humble Duty and thanks for your Goodness in remembering him. Wee left poor Guise sick att Jamaica, butt I hear he is better. I believe itt will be impossible for us to continue long in our present Situation ; when I know what is like to become of us, I will not fail of acquainting you with itt. I will now try your Patience no longer, but only to beg the continuance of your Graces favour and Protection for my self and poor Regmt. If ever I shoud live to have the Honour of kissing your hands, I shall esteem itt the happiest day of my life, for I dare venture to assure you that no man living has more love, Honour and Esteem for you, pardon the liberty of the Expression, than

“ Your Graces

“ Most Dutifull and Obedient humble
Servant

“ A. LOWTHER.

“ FROM YE CAMP IN YE ISLAND OF CUBA, *Nouv. ye 3rd. 1741.*”

The troops were landed, and encamped at a distance of twenty miles further up the river, where they remained totally inactive, and subsisting chiefly on salt and damaged provisions, till the month of November, when, being considerably diminished by sickness, they were put on board again and re-conveyed to Jamaica.

And so we find poor Colonel Lowther writing again, a month later, enfeebled by a complication of disorders, which had not only “reduced him to a moderate size,” as he quaintly puts it, but had like-

wise imparted a shakiness to his handwriting which is easily discernible in the old letter that lies before me.

He writes :

“ I did my Self the Honour of writing to your Grace the beginning of last Month, by Capt. Jackson, a very few days after which, the sickness increasd to such a degree that of near five and twenty hundred men wee carried to Cuba there did not remain alive four hundred, out of twelve Battalions, fitt to carry Arms. Upon which it was judgd necessary to make a Retreat, which by God’s Providence, was perform’d without any Loss from the Enemy, tho I cannot say without some confusion. Wee are all now arrivd safe in this Island, and I am very sure that of the remaining eight Battalions there are nott now two hundred Commission Officers ; non-Commission Officers and Soldiers fitt for present Service, and if any Credit may be given to the Officers of the Fleet, they have sufferd as much in proportion, which I really believe to be true. .

“ When wee first arrivd here, wee had upwards of forty Sail of the Line and above ten thousand Land men, with all which wee have been able to do nothing so shall leave itt to your Grace to judge what may reasonably be expected from us in our present unhappy Situation. If ever I live to have the Honour and happyness of seeing you, I believe I shall be able to convince you, that I have nott represented our affairs in a worse Condition than they realy are in. I woud nott have ventured saying so much to any body but your Grace, whose goodness I know will pardon me. I have lately had a very severe fitt of

the Gout in both feet, and since I left Cuba have been attackt with an Ague and feaver, which has reduced me to a moderate size, and tho I have now gott the better of both, continue still very weak. However I hope I shall be able to do my Duty by the time our Reinforcement arrives. I hope you will pardon me if I beg you to assure the Dutchess of my Duty and Respects and to the Earl and Countess of Albemarle, and sincerest best wishes to all friends who fall in your way. Your Grace must pardon this Presumption, since itt is in part by your own Encouragement, besides a natural inclination I have of embracing every Opportunity of assuring you, that I am with the Sincerest Heart and greatest Respect

“ Your Graces

“ Most humble

“ most obedient Servant

“ A. LOWTHER.

“ PORT ROYAL, *Dec. ye 20th, 1741.*”

Thus ended the ill-fated expedition. The hostilities were abandoned, and their collapse contributed largely to the resignation of Sir Robert Walpole in the following February.

We get an interesting glimpse at the Duke's domestic relations at this period. On November 2 there was a great ball at the house of Sir Thomas Robinson, afterwards Governor of Barbadoes. And, according to Horace Walpole, it was given in honour of the young ladies from Goodwood, for in his account to a friend he says the ball was “ to a little girl of the

Duke of Richmond," and that "there was an hundred and ninety seven persons at Sir Thomas's, from Miss ¹ in bib and apron, to my Lord Chancellor (Hardwicke) in bib and mace; and yet it was so well conducted that nobody felt a crowd. He had taken off all his doors, and so separated the old and the young, that neither were inconvenienced with the other. The ball began at eight, each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. There were four and twenty couple, divided into twelve and twelve; each set danced two dances and then retired into another room, while the other set took their two; and so alternately. Except Lady Ancram, no married women danced; so you see, in England, we do not foot it till five-and-fifty. The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters ² and their mother, still handsomer than they; the Duke sat by his wife all night, kissing her hand!"

You may think it was early enough, maybe, for Lady Emilie's debut into society, at the tender age of eleven! But five years later she became Countess of Kildare, and soon renewed her acquaintance with "bib and apron," for she married twice and was the mother of seventeen children!

A few months later Sir Thomas sailed for his new appointment. Walpole wrote concerning him:

"Sir Thomas Robinson is at last named to the Government of Barbadoes; he has long prevented its being asked for by declaring that he had the promise of it. Luckily for him, Lord Lincoln liked his house,

¹ Probably Lady Emilie, aged eleven.

² The Ladies Caroline and Emilie Lennox.

and procured him this Government on condition of hiring it."

Lucky Sir Thomas, indeed, in finding so complaisant a tenant during his absence! And so, in August, he wrote to the Duke of Richmond in breezy style, delighted, no doubt, at having secured the post which he had so carefully nursed :—

" PILGRIM HOUSE, BARBADOS, 31 Aug. 1742.

" MY LORD,

" After a most tedious & disagreeable Voyage of nine weeks we arriv'd here, made so to me, and the Ships under our Convoy, by having such a Comander (Waring), as indeed I was told in London was not to be match'd in the Navy, for he cou'd never distinguish between a Cruiser and a Convoy Ship, and instead of confining himself to the Route given him by the Lords of the Admiralty, he made a Mercantile Ramble to whatever place or Ship he thought he cou'd get a shilling by, these were the only uneasy moments of my Voyage, for in Health and Spirits I was never better, and notwithstanding such hot weather, as the oldest People here declare they never remember'd, neither thank God have forsaken *me*.

" I have been making enquiries since my landing for whatever in these parts might be agreeable to the Goodwood Family, to whom I shal ever think myself highly obliged, and with whom some of the most agreeable hours of my life have been spent.

" As to the Liquids and Eatables of the Island, proper for your Climate, they require time to prepare as they ought to be done, and att present I live on

English Guineas, without *any Sallery*, and Fees or Perquisites of any Sort we have none; so I must be prudent till I see how things turn out; but from the Numbers of all Parties who have been with me and the generous reception they gave me, I believe things will be settled on a reasonable plan; no more I desire.

“I have pick’d up the oddest Creature I ever beheld, he sleeps hanging by his tail, with his little ones in his arms, walks on his hinder legs, etc., ’tis the very first they ever had in this Island, and even his Brother Negers are under astonishment when they see him—he had fine long black Hair, when he was brought to me, which my Servants, unknown to me cut off, he came from the Spanish Maine, and is call’d *Ginn*. If he gives your Grace the same amusement he has me, and those who have seen him here, I shall think myself very lucky in having sent him to your Grace.—Cap: Midford Rowe brings him, who never came to me till a few days before he was to Sail, otherways I cou’d have procured him what he wanted of his Landing.

“If your Grace wou’d please to honour me with a few Lines and your Comands, any Letters sent to Henry Lascells Esqr. in Mincing Lane, London, will be forwarded to

“Your Graces

“Most oblig’d and

“Obedt. Humble Servant,

“THOS. ROBINSON.”

I am afraid Ginn must have come to an untimely

end, as there is no mention of him amongst the archives of the Goodwood menagerie! And now to introduce another of my ancestor's boon companions.

John Cheale, Esquire, Norroy King of Arms, was an intimate friend of the Duke's, and I find frequent mention of him amongst the cheery house parties that were wont to assemble at Goodwood. He lived at Findon; and, as the Duke's hounds were periodically kenneled in that village, we may suppose that he figured prominently, if not amongst the first flighters, at any rate at the jovial gatherings with which those old-time sportsmen loved to conclude their day. He was no thruster; and when mounted on old "Findon," his hunter, I think he preferred to jog along in soberer fashion than his more youthful companions, for he was of maturer years and portlier presence than they; but his geniality and whimsical sayings rendered him universally popular, and he was an especial favourite of the young ladies at Goodwood.

He was engaged, at this particular time, in the preliminary ceremonies which were to qualify him for the post of Norroy King of Arms, and he gives an amusing description of his adventures, thus:

"MY LORD,

"I have been in a great hurry, ever since I have been in town, to get the Patten, for a Herald, past, for nothing can be done in the other, till I was made a Herald, which I was Last Night, at Lord Effinghams house, in the first Room was Norroy, and the Heralds, and persevants, in their Habits, who went all into the inward room, except two Heralds, who

stay'd with me; then word was brought that all things were ready, then the two Heralds took me under each arm, and told me I must do as they did, the first thing I saw, was the Earl, setting very majestically in a great Chair, with his hat on, and the marshalls stafe in his hand; Norroy stood on one side, and a Herald on the other, with a cup with wine in it, and the rest ranged themselves according to their order round a table, (which was set before the Earl) whereon was Lay'd a bible, and a Sword across the Bible, as soon as the door of the room where the Earl sett was openned, we three made a very low obedience then went three or four steps further, and did the same, and then knelt down, then I put one hand on the Bible and the other on the Sword, then Norroy read the Oath, which was pretty long; amongst other things I was to succour Ladys in distress, not to frequent Taverns, not play at dice; then ye Earl gott up, and took the coat and put over my head and ye Collar of SS. and then took the cup and poured the wine on my head, and sayd 'Arun-dell.' So ended the ceremony, there is a good deal more ceremony to be used, when Mr. Lake and I are crown'd Kings at Arms, which is performd at the Heralds office, then the Sword that the Duke of Norfolk fought with at Flowden Field where he killed the King of Scots, is brought out but I don't know what is to be done with it; I fear twill be three weeks do what I can, before the pattent for Norroy will be past through all the Offices, for the pattent for Norroy passed the Great Seal, that *only* will cost Seventy pounds; but then tis a good deal better

thing than I thought it had been, I can have two Thousand Guineas for it any day, so you may be sure I am mightily pleased with it, and my *thanks* ought to be in proportion.

“Your Grace’s house is much larger, and much finer than I had any idea of, I never saw any thing so fine before. Your curiosities are far before those in ye Royall Society. I dined a Fryday at Sir John Shelleys (after I had waited on the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham,) Lady Shelley saw company that day, there was Lady Scarborough, Lady Effingham, Lady Barrington, Lady Carpenter, Mis Southwells, Mis Barringtons, and a good many other Lds. Mr. Stanhope, L. Harringtons son, Corl. Ingram, and other Gentlemen I did not know. I came off neither winner nor Looser; Saterday I dined with Mr. Foulkes, and a Sunday at Mr. Brudenells, where I won twenty seven shillings and six pence at half crowns. I have not seen Panchfort yet tho he has sent to me to dine with him, I have seen the two Plays that are revived of Shakespears, which are the worst I ever saw, I shall go to the opera the end of the weeke; I beg my compliments may be acceptable to her Grace Ly. Caroline, Ly. Emily, his Grace of St. Albans (who would have won ye wager) I belive; I hope your Grace has had good sport, tho the weather with us is very cold,

“Your Graces most obliged and most

“Obedient Humble Servant,

“JOHN CHEALE.

“LONDON, Nov. 17, 1741.

“P.S. I put your Graces letter, in the post house

at Midhurst with my own hands, so I hope tis the same thing as if we had gone in two days which we could not do, we set out so late from Goodwood I will send Dear pretty Ld. Georges grate, with the Dragons, (which are just come) for ye summer house."

Honest John was evidently impressed with the appearance of Richmond House. His little budget of gossip tells us that, in his quiet way, he was combining business with pleasure—but I am consumed with hopeless curiosity concerning "ye wager of his Grace of St. Albans," and the even more mysterious allusion to the grate which was on its way to little four-year-old Lord George, perhaps it was intended for the Nursery fireplace, for he was a lively youngster, and a source of no little anxiety to the good lady that presided over the small people upstairs!

CHAPTER XXI

Lord Lincoln's knuckles are rapped by the Duke—A secret committee—Extravagant Lord Albemarle—Wars and rumours of wars—"Sobriety and Silence" and a hoped-for spontaneity of our troops on parade—Snuffing among the Goodwood ladies.

THE friendship which existed between the Dukes of Richmond and Newcastle did not deter the former from one day administering a wholesome snub to Lord Lincoln, the nephew of the Duke of Newcastle. Regard for an old friend may possibly have strengthened my ancestor's desire to train up the youth in the etiquette and usages of polite society; at any rate, Horace Walpole is my authority for the following story. Writing to Sir Horace Mann, in March 1742, he says :

"You will laugh at a comical thing that happened the other day to Lord Lincoln. He sent the Duke of Richmond word that he would dine with him in the country, and if he would give him leave, would bring Lord Bury with him. It happens that Lord Bury is nothing less than the Duke of Richmond's nephew. The Duke, very properly, sent him word back, that Lord Bury might bring *him*, if he pleased."

This must have proved a salutary check to Linky's self-assurance !

And whilst we are on the subject of dinner parties,

the following hospitable invitation which Lord Pembroke, Groom of the Stole, despatched one day to his friend will not be without interest. It runs thus :

" Thursday Noon, April 15, 1742.

" Just come into the Town, now at Capt. Townshends House.

" MY DR. LORD DUKE,

" The Tryal is not to Day but will be to Morrow, which prevents me from being at Wilton till Saturday noon, where I hope you will meet me. Dinner shall be orderd to be Readdy at Three O'Clock, Not a French Dinner, but such as it is, yr. Honour Mr. Pansford and Sir John Miller shall be extreemly Wellcome, as your Honour and yr Company will allwayes be,—don't send yr man back to tell me that you can't come a Saturday for Wee like to Dine at 4, 5, or 6, as well as any other hour. Shall waite till then. Come therefore, and stay as long as you Please, the Longer the Better, The More the Merryer, of Honest Fellows I mean ; then do not Mistake me, A Word to the Wise is Enough. The Duke of Montagu, Mr. Foulkes, and Mr. Stanhope, will meet you at Wilton on Sunday Night, and Mr. Pansford will be of great Service to Rib and Charles by way of Whisk, Since Charles has Hoyles Rules in his pockett, Never in His Head. The great Hill can't come.

" In what I have said I have been Sincere and Explicit, and am in assuring you

" that I am Yr Faithfull Servant

" PEMBROKE.

" 2 O'Clock. Ben's House.

" Bens Duty to you, and is very Sensible of yr Good wishes and the sincerity of them for Him."

I am uncertain as to whose "Tryal" he alludes to. But shortly before this date a "Secret Committee" had been formed in Parliament, for the purpose of enquiring into Sir Robert Walpole's conduct during the last ten years of his being Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord of the Treasury, and the resentment which the Committee displayed towards Walpole and his associates found vent in the committal to Newgate of Nicholas Paxton, Solicitor to the Treasury, upon a charge of bribery and corruption at Lord Limerick's election, seven years before. It may be that Lord Pembroke refers to this, as it took place upon the date on which he writes, and, I fancy, the "*great affair*" mentioned by Mr. Stone, in his next letter, has to do with the proceedings of the Secret Committee. He writes :

" WHITEHALL, *April 17th, 1742.*

" MY LORD,

" My Lord Duke of Newcastle had yesterday the Honour of Your Grace's Letter ; and hopes you will excuse him for not answering it Himself. My Lord Duke thinks there can be no Necessity for Your Grace to be in Town before Tuesday Se'nnight (the Day to which the House of Lords stands adjourn'd ;) when He hopes for the Pleasure of seeing you there ; and I believe it is intended that His Royal Highness, the Duke, should be introduced that Day.¹ Your Grace will have seen that My Lord Fitzwilliam and Mr. Edgumbe are created Peers. My Lord Duke orders me to acquaint your Grace that some steps

¹ The Duke of Cumberland, who had just come of age.

have been taken with regard to *the great affair* ; and that He is not without Hopes that It may succeed. If any thing material should happen relating to it, before Your Grace returns to Town, My Lord Duke will not fail to send you an Account of it.

“ I am not certain whether Your Grace may have heard, that the Expedition on which the Forces from Jamaica are now gone, is against Panama ; It was first proposed by Mr. Wentworth, and Governor Trelawny ; the Admiral barely acquiesced in it. They have received repeated Accounts at Jamaica from Portobello, (which are here generally believed to be true) that Mr. Anson was got safe into the South Sea, and had taken some rich Prizes ; But some of the Letters say that he had been forced to sink two of His Ships, for want of Men to navigate them ; so that He had only two remaining with Him ; and even those weakly Man'd ; and that He was besides in want of Provisions. They add, that the Spanish Admiral, Pizaro, was at Lime, with four Ships, which He was refitting with all possible Expedition, in order to go in pursuit of Mr. Anson's small squadron.

“ The last Accounts from the Armies in Moravia, and Bohemia, are very favourable to the Queen of Hungary ; the Austrian Troops having obtained some pretty considerable Advantages against the Prussians, and Saxons : But as the French and Bavarians are now joind, and are not far distant from Marshal Kevenhuller, with the Main Army, It is probable We shall soon have an Account of a general Action, which will decide the Fate of that War, and indeed of the House of Austria.

From a painting by Allen.

THE RETURN OF ANSON'S SHIP, THE "CENTURION," TO ENGLAND IN 1744.



"My Lord Stair has not been long enough at the Hague, to have done a great deal there, as yet; the Quarters are order'd in Flanders for the English Troops that are to be sent thither; and I believe will not be long before they embark.

"I am with the greatest Respect

"My Lord

"Your Grace's

"Most Obedient

"Humble Servant

"ANDREW STONE."

Perhaps it was because "The Admiral barely acquiesced in it," as Stone says, that the expedition against Panama, under the joint direction of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, proved a miserable failure, and in April 1742 their armament returned to Jamaica, "exhibiting a ridiculous spectacle of folly and irresolution," as Smollett forcibly puts it.

"In September the two Commanders received orders to return to England with such troops as remained alive, and these did not form a tenth part of the number which had been sent abroad in that inglorious service. The inferior officers fell ignobly by sickness and despair, without an opportunity of signalizing their courage, and the commanders lived to feel the scorn and reproach of their country."

Better news came, however, from Anson, from whom we parted in 1740; for Admiral Pizarro's attempt to intercept him was frustrated by a violent tempest, through which Anson sailed triumphantly into the South Seas, whilst the Spaniard with difficulty

reached Rio de la Plata with a shattered fleet and a loss of twelve hundred men by sickness and famine.

And now all Europe was ablaze. The War of the Austrian Succession was of so complicated a nature, by reason of the many nations engaged in it, that I will not commit myself to discussing at length the whys and wherefores of the general conflagration.

The death of the Emperor, Charles VI., the last male Direct of the House of Hapsburg, and his determination that his daughter, Maria Theresa, should succeed him, in glaring defiance of the fact that his elder brother, Joseph I., had left two daughters with a prior claim to the Hapsburg inheritance, plunged Europe into a turmoil. England, Hanover and the Netherlands took the side of Austria, in opposition to France, Spain, Prussia and Saxony, the supporters of the Elector of Bavaria. We will not wander too far into the labyrinth of hostilities, lest we find ourselves bewildered by the difficulties we should surely encounter.

The letters which my ancestor received during this year, and indeed for many years to come, are interlarded with constant allusions to the puzzling moves of the many combatants, upon the Battlefield of Europe; it is sufficient for me, I think, to deal with the movements of our own troops, which were, alas, characterised by the same inaction that had disgraced the West Indian campaign.

England, then, threw in her lot with the Queen of Hungary, and having first voted her a gift of £300,000, despatched a force of 16,000 men, under the veteran Earl of Stair, to Flanders. But that capable officer

was sorely handicapped, not only by the slow movements of the Dutch and the obstinacy of the Austrian generals, but by interference from home, by orders and counter-orders which were constantly reaching him, now from the King, now from his Ministers, forming an insurmountable obstacle to any decisive movement from Ghent ; and Lord Stair's vigorous plan to capture Dunkirk and march on Paris was rejected by King George, on the grounds that he was not at war with France, but merely assisting the Queen of Hungary as an "auxiliary."

Soon after Lord Stair's departure there went to Flanders Lord Albemarle, in command of the Household Cavalry and other troops ; he had been recently appointed Major-General, and the epithet of "spend-thrift" which Horace Walpole bestowed upon him some years afterwards, would seem to be justified by the following letters, written to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond, in a true, though perhaps temporary, spirit of contrition ! He writes :

"MY DEAR DUKE,

"The hurry His Royal Highness is in to send all officers over to their post occasions my setting out to-morrow for ye Hague where I have absolute business, which may keep me some time more or less, as itt happens, I am ye more concerned at my going now, being deprived of ye happyness of seeing and taking Leave of your Grace for whom (with the utmost sincerity I swear) I have and always shall have ye greatest Love esteem and regard. My affairs are fixed and settled in such a manner that I know at

present what I am to depend on, and hope that with some years good Luck and frugality, I may recover my past folly, I wish on many accounts my situation was easier in this world but especially for my Dear Wife and Children which I most ardently recommend to Yr. Graces favour ; they may want your protection which if in need of I flatter myself you'll grant them. I wont dwell any longer on this Subject for itt breaks my heart and conclude by wishing my Dear Duke health and satisfaction and remain with truth,

“ Ever Yrs.

“ ALB.

“ GROSV. SQR., *Friday Morn, March ye 8th.*”

The London scandal-mongers appear to have taken advantage of Lord Albemarle's absence to circulate stories of the poor man's extravagances, which, like the snowball, increased in magnitude as they went, for in July he wrote again :

“ MY DEAR DUKE,

“ You are always good, but I must own that the Last proof you have given me of your Kindness has rais'd in me a more than usual sense of gratitude, and I do assure you that myself, my wife, & children, must for ever be obliged to you ; but I must with infinite satisfaction to myself and to them, and I hope with pleasure to you, protest to you that the malicious raport spread on my subject is absolutely false and groundless, for I neither had my goods seized, nor are thay seiz'd at present, nor from ye situation of my affairs are they likely to be so, I owe my Trades people but very little which I can

at my return from Holland very easily clear, this is truth and ye real truth, from whence this vilanous aspertion first took birth I dont know, for all my friends heard of itt before I did, but surely ye Author or Authors deserve severe punishment, I have for that effect promis'd (in a private way) £200 reward to any person that can convict ye villain My good wife is better, and I flatter myself getting strength to attend your Grace and ye Dutchess of Richmond at Goodwood sometime next month. We go about this Day sevensnight to reap laurels which by our Ministers promise wee cant fail off; During my absence I wish you my Dear Duke all manner of happiness, which nobody desires more than

“Yr. most obedient

“ & affectionate brother,

“ ALB.

“ My respects to her Grace.

“ *July ye 27th.*”

The laurels, however, were not so easily reaped as his Lordship anticipated,—or *did* he anticipate?—for there seems to be a touch of sarcasm in his last remarks.

During the whole of this campaign the British forces remained in Flanders, “idle, unemployed, and quarrelling with the inhabitants,” to quote a historian of the day; whilst Walpole wrote in August, “I have heard no more of the King’s journey to Flanders; our troops are as peaceable there as on Hounslow Heath except some bickerings and blows about beef with butchers, and about sacraments with

friars ; you know the English can eat no meat, nor be civil to any God but their own."

Great preparations were made during the autumn for the King's departure to Flanders ; but there came fresh orders and counter-orders, and it did not take place until the following April, though six hundred horses under the Duke of Richmond were actually shipped for the seat of war. However, in spite of the inaction of the British troops, the Queen of Hungary achieved considerable successes over the French and Bavarians, thanks to the strategy of Count Khevenhüller and Prince Charles of Lorraine, the latter of whom, after a reverse at Czaslau, in May, laid siege to Prague, where lay the French army commanded by Marshal Belleisle. Marshal Maillebois marched to their relief, from Westphalia, and at the news of this movement, Prince Charles changed the siege to a blockade, marching to meet his new opponents. Marshal Belleisle seized this opportunity of withdrawing the greater part of his force from Prague to Egra, and the story of his successful though terrible retreat, through a hostile country, destitute of resources and in the depth of a severe winter, may well be numbered amongst the most brilliant exploits of this wearisome campaign.

The six thousand desperate men whom he left in Prague seemed doomed to destruction, but their threat of firing the city and perishing in the flames obtained for them honourable terms, and they were enabled to rejoin their comrades at Egra.

Before the year was out the King of Sardinia had relinquished his alliance with France and Spain,

and espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, and so things were looking decidedly more favourable from the British point of view, when Mr. Stone wrote the following to the Duke of Richmond, early in the new year of 1743 :—

“ WHITEHALL, *Jan. 6th, 1743*²₃.

“ MY LORD,

“ I should have troubled your Grace with a Letter, by the last Post, but defer'd it till now, in Hopes to have been able to send you some satisfactory Account of the late extraordinary event of the King of Sardinia's withdrawing His Troops, and, suffering the Spaniards to take possession of Chambery, and the neighbouring places in Savoy, without the least Opposition ; which, as your Grace will easily imagine, could not but give great suspicion of some private negotiation between the Court of Turin, and those of Madrid and Versailles ; Especially, as the utmost Endeavours that could possibly be used, have not yet induced the Court of Vienna to come to a final Agreement with the King of Sardinia. To our great Surprise, we have not yet had one Word from Mr. Villettes relating to this extraordinary transaction, but conclude there is a Courier on the Road. Mon. Ossorio, who seem'd extreamly struck at the first News of the King of Sardinia retiring, before the Spaniards, has now receiv'd Letters from this Court ; and in some measure seems to have recover'd his spirits ; so far, at least, as to be fully persuaded that what has been done, was not in consequence of any Negotiation.

"Your Grace will have seen in the Gazette a full account of Belisle's Escape, and the subsequent Capitulation of Prague. They affect at Vienna to be displeased with the Conduct of Prince Lobkovitz in granting such conditions to the Garrison; and Konigsegg said, that He might have had the Town on those Terms, four Months ago, and have been now, in the Heart of the Empire. The Queen of Hungary being congratulated in the Cesile by the Pope's Nuntio, and the Venetian Ambassador, on the Evacuation of Bohemia, and the Recovery of the Capital of that Kingdom, answered in these words: '*Vous vous trompez; J'ai le Coeur trop Anglois, pour y prendre plaisir.*'¹

"The French Army, (tho the Accounts differ widely, as to Numbers) certainly suffer'd greatly in their march to Egra, and are in Garrison there, at present, in a miserable condition.

"Lobkovitz is to follow them, and if they remain at Egra, to cantoon his Army, Eastward of that town. But if they shall have left Egra, He is then to take his Quarters in the Upper Palatinate.

"The Appearances in Holland are extreemly good, but as yet, only Appearances.

"I am with the greatest respect My Lord,

"Yr. Graces most Obedt. & Most Humble Servt.

"ANDREW STONE."

Now one does not like, when things are assuming the "couleur de rose," to revert to old grievances,

¹ "You are wrong; my heart is too English to take any pleasure in it,"

but I cannot resist asking you to put back the clock for a brief space and return with me to Ghent. For there we shall find two ardent lovers of fox-hunting, in the persons of Generals Hawley and Honywood, engaged in making the best of things, in spite of the mismanagement and indecision at home which had effectually prevented any forward move on the part of Lord Stair.

These two worthies were amongst the most prominent supporters of the Charlton Hunt; their names appear constantly in the list of the company that shared the sport provided by the Duke of Richmond, and I have no doubt their thoughts turned often Charlton-wards, during the discomforts and disappointments which they were now forced to endure.

General Hawley's letter runs as follows :—

“ GHENT, *Sep.* 16, 1742.

“ I had the honour of your Grace's the day before yesterday, and yesterday by the poste wee had a full account of all youre counterorders at Gravesend, which I assure you nobody here is sorry for, for whatever the Plan of this Winter Campagne is nobody here (exclusive of us Englishe, who are quite in the darke) can conceive any prospects of success. Our Contonement is fix'd, the right at Dixmude, the left at Courtray, the regt's of Ligonier and Cope marche to-morrow. The regt of Honywood march'd yesterday from Lierre, the rest are all to follow by regts, this by Count Neuperg's orders, for Ld. Staire's came to Brussells but last night. As 'tis morning now he may be here tonight, but that's not yeat certain; if all

this goes on it points for the frenche lines at Dunkirke. Wee find the Austrians hold the party of Monsieur Neuperg very low, and our Gen'll's best Friends cant help saying '*qu'il joue gros jeu !*'¹ Our next G., tho' no more in the secrett, than I am, actes such a part as hurts all those that knew him before ; *cela fait pitié.*² If I could describe the way wee are in you would not believe itt. The truthe will be knowne some day ; hithertoo, 'tis plaine, 'tis not yeat knowne on youre side ; but marche wee muste into a Countrey which the inhabitants have deserted with all their Effects and Cattle, and as for the Troopes that joine us, if they are like six battallions that came thro' here Monday last wee are not like to do muche, they are very indifferent, one Regt loste 190 deserted on the marche, they, the Hanovers and Hessians lye behinde us ; as to numbers I still say the English for a Day of Action will not be 9,000 men, rank and file, tho' they were call'd 16,000 upon paper, the sicke still continue aboute the same number, aboute 2,000 at Bruges, and some dying every day, the rest going into a worse countrey out of warme beds, no victuells to be gott but Rye bread ; for the Boors have even dug up theyr potatoes and carryed them off ; you may guess if our numbers wont encrease—I wish I could say, in the *hospitall*, for to this day there's no orders for any to goe with us, and whats more amazing is, wee are told by our Genll here that this little one for 150 men is to goe two days back to Antwerpe, and wee goe three days forward from here, in short wee cant believe what wee are tolde,

¹ He's playing a big game.

² The pity of it !

'tis so contradictory to comon sense ; 'tis no matter how many men the French have here nexte Spring, for this body of men who came withe us muste be destroyed, exclusive of our Enemy, I put that out of the question, nor I dont speake as a Collonel, having been no more here this five weekes paste, but I speake as an Englishman, and so I am resolv'd to acte and speake too if I am ever to be looked on here above a Collonel, and so are others besides me. Wee depend upon a great deale tomorrow when our Genll is here, 'tis certain the Hanover Troopes and Hessians are stop't in theyr marche on this side the Maize, and two Regts of Austrian Dragoons are stopt at Brussels. What this meanes wee dont yeat know, may be wee shall before night in the mean time I am withe all sincerity Your Grace's most obedt. humble servant

“H. HAWLEY.”

“My Lord the affaire is now all over, the Can-
toonement and all marching is stopt for a weeke under
pretence of the very bad weather and to staye for
the King's further orders, but in short there's a strange
doubte of farther reasons, for here's some letters
come from Collogne to People here, that say there's
a suspension of Arms in Bavaria or Bohemia, and my
Lord Staire in his letters hints att somethinge for a
strong reason for all this stoppe, but does not name
itt ; if 'tis so wee are in a pretty way and 'tis well
wee did not disturbe the Waspes Neste.

“My Lord Staire has sent for our three Lt. Genlls
to Brussels, to consult whats to be done, and as I
guess, how wee are to subsist this Winter, for hithertoe

it lookes more like starving for the horse and Dragoones than otherways ; the Dutche have forbid any more Forrage coming out of Hollande and wee have been fed here only from hand to mouthe this three weekes ; there never has been at any time a fortnight's Forrage in the place.

“ Our Officers are all ruined by the Expense they have been at buying horses at an exorbitant price, and now wont gett twenty shillings apiece for 'em, and cant afford to keep 'em if there *was* Forrage ; however wee shall save our men either to bring them home or do something in *spring*, if there's occasion.

“ Lord Staire has owned the plan was to attacque the line at Dunkirke and what then ? wee could not have taken the Towne nor have blocaded it, as will appear when the truthe comes out, nay even the *first* I fancy you'll find would have been too toughe a morsell, since wee were not to have so many Foot as they, and they could have relieved those in the lines in spight of us, every twelve hours, by a Channell they have made thro' the part which they would have lay'd under Water.

“ I am sure I have tired your Grace so am again yr moste obedt. . . .”

Hawley does not seem to have been sanguine as to the success of an attack upon Dunkirk, but General Honynwood's letter is more cheerful reading, as it appears that he was concerning himself chiefly with preparations for the King's Birthday Parade ! He says :

“ I am agoing to give you a description of two Fine Corps of Troops which I saw reveiw'd near Brussels, the Hanovarians and the Hessens.

“ Tho’ the weather was very bad yet they appear’d very Britely, their Horces as fatt as Mudd, with Tailles tuchin the Ground, and butifull foorhands, and seem’d to be as well drest as Riding Masters could make them. All their Horces furnitur extreemly good and a very exsact uniformety, and all very well cloathed, their Officers Hussings and Capes a’mongst the Hanoverians of the finest embroidery, what any General in our Armey might Review on the Horse Guards.

“ The Regimeant of Horces of our Lord Delaney are magnificently fine, the Foot extreemly good, and their Officers look lick Gentlemen, and Saluted together, which is more than I can say ouers ere will ; how ever we are to shew them a way the 30th, his majesty’s birthday to a very numrous audience, as I am told, the Count Harrack, the Great Marshal Nipperg, the two Princes of Hesse, George and Fredrick, and half the Town of Brussels, besides Hanoverian and Hessen Officers, all invited by Lord Stair, you may be ashured, my Lord, we will put our best foot foremost, and all I shall aske of our peopell is *sobriety and Silens* ! with that I am sure we cannot be outshewen ! ”

Two very essential conditions for the success of a Ceremonial Parade, General !

And here the two hapless Generals remained until the following February, for the British went into Winter Quarters at Ghent, the Hanoverians and Hessians at Liège and Luxemburg.

Benjamin Keene, as you may recollect, was British Minister at Madrid, and in that capacity he had

signed the Convention which had failed to avert the war. He was recalled when war was declared, and at this particular date he occupied a seat on the Board of Trade. And accordingly we find him writing to his old friend the Duke of Richmond from that Office, concerning a no less important matter than the supply of snuff for the Goodwood family. I blush to learn that the young ladies were addicted to the habit!¹

“MY LORD,

“Notwithstanding I am at the Plantation Office, and consequently must have a great deal to do, (because very little is done) yet I cannot omit sending you a Translation of our Spanish Friend’s Letter, and if you think proper to return an answer to it I will cook you up one at very short warning. I can’t say whether one of our Captains would have remembered his obligations in Spain, as Dn. Pablo has done his in England, But I can say that no Spanish Duke could be half so good to one of our *Fish* as your Grace has been to that old Cod Dn. Pablo.

“As to snuff, My Lord, I have repeated my orders to Seville; and till that snuff arrives your Grace shall share with me, for I would not have the Remorse of Conscience of keeping to myself what can do you the least Pleasure. Castres writes me that He has sent

¹ The habit persisted among ladies for at least two generations more. The poet Cowper’s *Egeria*, Mrs. Unwin, it will be remembered, was extremely fond of a pinch of Rappee. Turkish cigarettes have now usurped the place of the “excellent Portuguese;” I will not call down upon my head the wrath of twentieth-century drawing-rooms by venturing to assert that one is as bad as the other!

a Pound of excellent Portuguese for Lady Caroline by Mrs. Goldsworthy, and that he shall direct 2 Pounds more to me by the first opportunity.

“ Yes, thank God, we have had an admirable Sessions, but it is not yet known whether *their* People will come up after the Holydays to give us some little Teazings, for Great Matters They can not do, and I hope matters are at present on such a Footing that nothing but great folly or great villany or Both, can unhinge them. I take the liberty to assure Her Grace of my humble respects and have the honour to be

“ My Lord

“ Your Graces

“ Most humble and

“ most obedt Servant

“ B. KEENE.

“ PLANTATION OFFICE, *Dec. 21, 1742.*

“ Mr. Brudenell’s Love attends you, and your foreign Letter went without any alteration.”

I do not know what the purport of Don Pablo’s letter can have been, but friend Benjamin had no great love for him, it seems !

He returned to Madrid in 1748, and earned the warmest thanks and praise of the British Government, by the able and successful manner in which he conducted our affairs in Spain ; in fact, he died in harness, for it was not until 1757 that he was permitted to retire, so valuable were his services ; and he died at Madrid in December of that year.

CHAPTER XXII

The King in Flanders—He commands at Dettingen—The Duke's comments on the yellow sash—and dislike of his Hanoverian colleague—Discontent in the army—Our inaction—Honour of the Blues at stake—His Grace to the rescue—Count Bentinck—Caustic comments on the military situation—His Grace of Montagu and his unsavoury neighbour.

THE inactivity under which the Allied Troops of England and Hanover had been chafing during the winter of 1742 was dispelled early in the following January. The death of Cardinal Fleury gave a strong impetus to the war, on the part of France ; his pacific policy died with him, and the French Ministers thereupon redoubled their efforts to collect a large army under the Mareschal Duke de Noailles, to support their other forces in the Empire. King George left England on April 21, and hastened to Hanover, accompanied by his son the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Carteret the Secretary of State, and the Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse.

Meanwhile the Allied Troops had left their winter quarters in Flanders, in February, and were advancing into Germany, but so slow was their progress that they did not cross the Rhine until the middle of May. Upon the King's arrival at Aschaffenburg, on the northern bank of the Mayn, to take command of the army, he found affairs in a most critical state.

The men were on half-rations, the horses were starving, and a violent feud was raging between Lord Stair and the Duc d'Arenberg, the two commanders. Facing them, on the opposite side of the river, was a superior force of French, ably commanded, well supplied, and confident that the Allies must either surrender or be cut to pieces during their retreat.

The British supplies were at Hanau, some thirteen miles west of Aschaffenburg, and the expected Hessian and Hanoverian reinforcements were there also, but quite useless, as they were themselves in imminent danger of being taken by the French. Under these circumstances King George decided to fall back upon Hanau, and at daybreak, on June 27, the Allies struck their tents and began their march towards Dettingen. The battle which ensued at first boded ill for the Allied Arms. The French horse charged with such impetuosity, that some regiments of British cavalry were put in disorder; but the ill-advised action of the young Duc de Grammont, the French Cavalry Commander, in abandoning a defile which was the key to the situation, coupled with the intrepidity of the British and Hanoverian Infantry, decided the fate of the day in favour of the Allies. The French lost 7,000 men in killed, wounded, and taken, whilst the Allies' losses amounted to over 2,000.

King George behaved with the greatest gallantry. Wearing the yellow sash of Hanover, he was here, there and everywhere amongst the troops, encouraging them by word and action. The Duke of Cumberland was shot through the leg, Lord Albemarle's horse was killed under him; General Huske, a particular

friend of the Duke of Richmond, was severely wounded, and many officers of distinction were killed. But Hanau was reached in safety, and from the King's Head Quarters at that village the Duke of Richmond wrote as follows, to the Duke of Newcastle, on June 30 :

" KING'S QUARTERS AT HANAU, *Sunday, June* ²⁹/₃₀, 1743.

" MY DEAR LORD,

" As to be sure Your Grace will have a very particular account of the Battle of Dettingen from My Lord Carteret, I shall say nothing to you upon it, only that our brave troops are in high spirits and long to be at it again. Poor Clayton¹ is a great loss, to give you any particular account of the wounded would be too disagreeable a subject to trouble you upon. Poor young Honeywood if he survives is the worst case I believe of all, haveing nine or ten wounds. H.R.H. the Duke, thanke God, is in a very fair way of doing well, if they can butt keep him quiet, butt his spirits are so high and his tongue runs so fast that we are in eternal fears that he will talke himself into a fever. Huske will do well, tho' the wound is a bad one, the ball being gon quite thro' his heel. Albemarle is very well, and I assure you that the Horse Gardes did remarkably well; poor Bury was unluckily in the rear with the foot gardes, that never were engaged. I must now thanke you for your very kind and obliging letter, which I received here, but as the messenger is just going I have only time to assure you my dear Lord that I am and ever

¹ General Clayton.

shall be your Graces most faithfull, obliged, and ever affect. humble servt.

“ RICHMOND &c.

“ . . . I have order'd a little entertainment for my friends at Chichester for the victory.”

There was a disquieting feeling abroad that King George had shown an unjust partiality for his Hanoverian countrymen at Dettingen. When the excitement of the battle had worn off and inaction taken the place of deeds of valour, folks began to ask themselves why his Majesty had not worn an English Order instead of Hanoverian yellow? A petty matter, one would think, in the face of his personal gallantry on the field, yet it was made a subject for unfavourable comment in mess and bivouac; so that the Duke of Richmond touched upon it freely, when he wrote, on July 5, to the Duke of Newcastle:

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ . . . I do assure you that nobody in this army has time to write, nay hardly even to eat or sleep. Poor Holderness is very much out of order with violent head aches, Harcourt is in high spirits; is now in waiting; he was sent yesterday by His Majesty with a compliment to the Emperor at Frankfurt, who received him graciously and sends another in return to His Majesty to-day. Harcourt I find has already hinted some things in a letter to you. I will tell it you more plain since I have not any fear of this letter being opened by the enemy, butt if by

accident the King himself sees it, I shall not be sorry for it, it is that, as really and truly wee all love him here, as it is undoubtedly our duty so to do, it hurts us on his account more than our own to see his great partiality to the Hanover troops, of which there are butt too many instances, however as the officers only know it, I hope they will do their best to keep it from the men's ears, for really after their brave and gallant behaviour at Dettingen twould be a pity to have them mortified; tho' they grumble very much at one thing which tho' a seeming trifle, as they in general dislike it, is of consequence; it is that of his wearing a yellow sash upon the Day of Battle, which is the Hanoverian sash, and ours you know is red,¹ I told My Lord Carteret of it, I hope he will persuade him to put on a red one another time, most people had a notion he putt himself at the head of a Hanover Regiment of foot at the Battle, butt the real truth was, that he was sometimes at the head of them, butt indeed as often at the head of Pulteneys, and sometimes at the head of Onslow's Brigade, so if you hear him accused of that, you may say I vouch the contrary. I have troubled you with a long letter, I am sensible the latter part of it is on tender points and such as I have not, nor would not mention, to any soul in England butt yourself, butt I thinke it my duty to your station and to the friendship you honor me with, to tell you every thing I know, so I hope you wont thinke it from love of title tattle, that I say it, for I believe you know that is not my turn. My Lord Carteret has

¹ The Order of the Bath.

promis'd to speake to him about it, and I hope he has, and that his advice will be follow'd, As for my own part I am sure I have no reason to complain, for His Majesty has always been extreamly kind and good to me, and I should be the most ungratefull of men, if I did not love and honor him with all the affection and duty that is due from a servant and subject to a kind and good master, butt tis for these very reasons that my heart is grieved to see and hear some things, and I am sure it will hurt you as much, for I know your duty and affection for him and his family, butt I hope it will mend. I must now tell you that Monsr. de Piosasque, who came here this morning with a compliment from the Emperor to His Majesty, told me that His Imperial Majesty was so good as to ask kindly after me and Albemarle, and to say that he should be glad to see us, upon which I have asked the King's leave, when he changes his quarters, and is nearer Frankfort, to lett me wait upon His Imperial Majesty, which he readily consented to. Our Troops are really in fine spirits, and I am sure will *redoubler leurs coups*¹ if we come to blows again. Bury is much your humble servant, and is in perfect health, tho' he lay three nights upon the bare ground; and the night of the battle he lay not only on the wett ground butt litterally in the mud, and nothing to cover him butt his cloake, from the most violent rain I ever saw and which lasted all night, so that now I fancy he will not be in a fuss to see that his bed is air'd. Adieu, my dear Lord, forgive this long letter, you desir'd me to write to you, and you

¹ "Double their efforts."

see I thinke I can never obey your comands too much.
I am with the utmost truth and gratitude,

“Your Grace’s

“ever faithfull and most affectte.

“humble Servant

“RICHMOND, etc.”

From the earliest days of his appointment, the Duke of Richmond had taken especial pride in the Mastership of the Horse.

Yet it was a billet which caused him a certain amount of uneasiness as well, for upon his arrival in Flanders he found himself compelled, for a time, to play second fiddle to an official for whom he entertained a strong British dislike!

He wrote as follows to the Duke of Newcastle :

“KING’S QUARTERS AT HANAU

“Wednesday $\frac{29 \text{ June}}{10 \text{ July}}$, 1743.

“MY DEAR LORD,

“As this goes by Lord Harcourt I can venture to write with the utmost confidence to you, he will tell you his own story ; butt as I know you love me, I believe I need not aske your pardon for telling you myne. I wrote to Lord Carteret long before I set out from England to beg to be inform’d whether, as Hanoverian horses were to come to the army, it was understood they as well as the whole stable should be under my direction ; he answer’d me that I need not be in any doubt about it, for that he had no notion of any bodys interfering with me, for I had told him if that was the case, I certainly should not

come. Upon my arrival here I found 80 Hanover horses, and I plainly saw they were not to be under my comand, upon which I desired my Lord Carteret to tell the King that if they were not I could not possibly serve His Majesty, butt that I desired he would give me leave to stay as a volluntier, for that I was very desirous to see out the campagne, which I am resolv'd to do at all events, butt between friends I believe my Lord Carteret deliver'd butt half what I had said to him for he told me the King was determin'd to keep his Hanover establishment of his stables seperate from the English. I had told him I only desir'd the appearances, for that as to really meddling with his horses I certainly did not desire to do it, but that I desir'd only that all orders might go through my hands, butt even that is deny'd me. he has a puppy of a *Vice Grand Ecuyer* here as he calls him, young Freechappell, who in effect is Grand Ecuyer, can you imagine then my Dear Lord that I can bear this? can you think I ought to bear it? no, I am sure you cant and I most certainly will not. My Lord Carteret very obligingly says that my leaving his service at this time will have a very bad effect; and that with the Duke's illness, which has certainly very justly given the King great concern, I am determin'd for a few days to remain quiet; butt indeed it is impossible for me to go on in this way; the Duke has had a violent attack of a fever, and Ranby thought him in very great danger the night before last, but he has given him so much barke that he hopes he will have no return; he is very cosy to-day tho' very low with the severe fitt he has had! however

we are in great hopes he is now in no danger, it has not only given concern to the King, butt I really believe to every man in the whole army, for by his brave behaviour upon the day of Battle, by his love of the service, by his generosity and compassion to prisoners, and by all the good qualities that ever a young Prince was endowed with ; he has justly gott the love and esteem of every body. I know your attachment to the King so well that I will not vex you with a detail of the cruel partiallitys he shows to his Hanoverian troops and servants at our expence, butt if you care to hear them Lord Harcourt can give you a full account of them. Butt the discontentedness of all his English subjects from the highest down to the lowest man in his army is not to be express'd, it grieves me to the heart and soul to see it, you know my duty, and you know my affection to him ; I was bred up from a child in Whig principles and consequently my attachment to him and his family is so fix'd in my mind and heart, that not even ill usage can efface it, butt to serve him in my present station is impossible. However I am determin'd to remain some dayes as I am, for great events are soon expected, as Prince Charles¹ is so near Broglio's army, certainly with upwards of 80,000 men, and wee imagine that Broglio's army will join Noalles in a day or two at furthest. I own I should be glad to see the event, which I thinke cannot butt turn out well, and then whenever I do quit His Majesty's service, I am determin'd to do it in the most dutifull and respectfull manner I can. I would have this private

¹ Prince Charles of Lorraine, commanding the Austrian Army.

discontentment of mine talked of as little as possible in England, so I hope you will mention it to nobody butt my two dear friends the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Pelham ; I must add indeed the Dutchess of Richmond, who (tho I give you my honor I never trusted with the few polliticall secrets I have known) yett as this concerns me and only me, I thought it butt right and reasonable to acquaint her with it. I am and ever shall be in all times and upon all occasions, with the utmost truth friendship and attachment, My dear Lord,

“ Your Grace’s

“ most faithfull

“ & affectionate humble servant

“ RICHMOND etc.

“ *Friday. morn.*

“ The French are all decamp’d butt we are very quiet here. The King has been very much out of order, he kept his bed yesterday, butt is much better thank God now and so is the Duke.

“ Coll. Mordaunt has desir’d the King’s leave not to serve him during the Campagne as Equerry, so I look upon him as already out of employment, butt I look upon that as a trifle, butt what’s of more consequence is that there is not a general, nor a comon soldier in the whole army that is not in some degree discontented ; its butt too true and it is with a most deep concern that I say it—pray burn this letter.”

The success of Dettingen was not followed up, despite the fact that the French were in full retreat, and no future plan of campaign appears to have been

decided upon after the battle, for the Duke writes again, on July 17, telling the Duke of Newcastle that :

“ KINGS HEAD QUARTERS AT HANAU

“ Wed. $\frac{6}{17}$ July 1743.

“ MY DEAREST LORD,

“ You did well to rejoice at our Victory, it was certainly a great one, butt might have been the most compleat one that ever was gain'd, however it is now too late to reflect upon past mistakes, butt our inaction now must surprise all those that are not in the secrets of the closset. I am very sure I am not, nor do I desire to be, so you can really expect no news from me, for I do assure you Bury and Southeby know as much as I do, I name the last because what I am going to tell you I had from him, it is what a french officer said to an English one at Franckfort, *Parbleu Monsr. vous est bien pollis après nous avoir rossé à Dettingen de nous laisser partir en désordre sans nous suivre, et puis de nous laisser decamper come cela a vostre barbe avec plus de désordre mesme qu'après la bataille, sans nous incomoder d'aucune façon.*¹ butt he was a pert talkative French Puppy, so nobody minded him, butt indeed I am afraid the generallity of people begin to talke very idly here, and I fear the longer wee stay here the worse twill be, you say you are impatient to know what will be undertaken in consequence of the Victory. I cant tell you what

¹ “ Egad, sir, it was mighty polite of you after routing us at Dettingen, to allow us to retire in disorder without pursuing us, and then to let us walk off like that, under your nose, in even worse confusion than after the battle, without worrying us in any way ! ”

will be undertaken, butt I can assure you nothing has been done, and it is just now twenty days since the action. The French army are march'd quite off and wee conclude them pas'd the River at Openheim, and Broglio is also running away for the Rhine as fast as he can. so to be sure the first great point is gained ; that is wee may safely say the French are out of Germany ; and twas as surely owing to our victory at Dettingen. I have nothing more to say to you at present, I wish I had, so that I shall only add that I am, and ever shall be, My Dear Lord,

“ Your Grace’s ever faithfull

“ & most affectionate humble servt.

“ RICHMOND ETC.”

The undue partiality shown to the Duke of Richmond’s rival in the King’s Stables, came to an end in August, and he had the felicity of putting Monsieur Freechappel in his place.

He attributed the King’s momentary lack of consideration for his Master of the Horse to the evil effects of the yellow sash ! And so he writes to the Duke of Newcastle again on August 21 :

“ KINGS QUARTERS AT BIBERICK.

“ Wednesday $\frac{10}{21}$ August 1743.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I must say that things are rather mended, Monsr. Freechappel does nothing now butt the part of a head groom, that is in taking care of all his Hanover horses, and I do all the *fonctions* of the Master of the Horse, that is of helping him into

his voiture, and setting in it by him and so forth, butt have nothing to do with his Hanover horses nor voitures, only the Privilege of going in them, butt the greasing the wheels and all that is entirely under Monsr. de Freechappell, so you see I have cloak enough to cover my discontents, butt between your Grace and I, I can never forgett what I thinke litterally was a barbarous and cruel usage, which was that of not even letting this Freechappell so much as offer me a horse, upon a day of such consequence as that of the Battle; I thinke I should have some merit with him in my private station, butt then thinke of that day, and that the King of England's Master of the Horse must have been that day on foot, if Generall Honeywood had not been so kind as to lend him a horse. I own the reflection of it shocks me, butt I never have mention'd it to any body butt the Dss. of Richmond and yourself, the two best friends I thinke in the world, there can be no excuse for it butt the *yellow sash*. Without bragging I believe I may say that it was the King of England and not the Elector of Hanover that beat the French that day. I had one piece of luck by it tho', for had I attended him, I should not have seen what was done beyond one Brigade, whereas, as I found butt too plainly I had nothing to do by him, I attended my Lord Stair the whole day and had the advantage to see as much as any one man could of the whole affair. After it was over I went up to His Majesty, had the honor to dine with him upon the feild of Battle, and after he had got into his voiture, and Monsr. le Baron Luxenberg his Chancellor (very like Clavering by the by, tho' not by a great deal so

lively) was seated by him, he did me the honor to ask me if I would go in his chaise, upon which [not a little in the *Falstaff* stile] I rub'd my face and said I was so hott with the heat of the day that I rather chose to ride. I own I thought of *there lyes Percy kill the next yourself*, for God knows I was as cool as a cucumber, butt my pride would not lett me sett backwards, this is the truth of my story and too long and too silly a one it is to trouble you with, so I shall say no more on't.

“ You will hear by this post at least of our scituation, if not tis soon told. The Austrians are on the other side, having pass'd over our own bridge, The Hanoverians I believe march to-day, and all the rest, that is, English and Hessians, to-morrow ; then we encamp a little beyond Mayence, and my own private notion is, stay there till wee hear what success Prince Charles has had and till the Dutch come up, who are expected in less than a fortnight and surely then wee may go where wee please. Prince Charles has collected his whole army together between Fryburg and Brisack in order to make a push across the Rhine, butt Monsr. de Saxe with 8 or 9,000 men has *cottoyed* him all the way from before Strasbourg, so there certainly will be some bloody noses there. I am quite in love with Prince Charles, he is to the full as agreeable as his brother and surely he has great military merit. I presented your duty to the Duke, and he returns his sincere compliments to you, he is prodigiously mended within these few dayes, and yesterday he gott on horseback for the first time. Poor Huske is in

no danger of loosing his life or limb, butt Ranby sayes it is impossible he can do any service this year so that wee are all trying to persuade him to gett to England before the cold weather comes in. This is a tedious letter, butt its your own fault, for haveing given me so much encouragement. My love to dear Mr. Pelham, and be assured my dearest Lord, that I am for ever

“ Your Grace’s

“ faithfull and obliged

“ RICHMOND &c.”

Now it fell to my ancestor’s lot to free the gallant Blues from a charge of cowardice and indiscipline that was most unjustly cast upon them by certain officers of other regiments. Conspicuous amongst their traducers was Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Russell, of the Coldstream Guards. That officer wrote to his wife, very shortly after Dettingen :

“ The behaviour of all our horse officers was commendable, but the private men, especially of that regiment called the ‘ Blues,’ was scandalous ; one general officer had ordered some platoons of his regiment to present, and was going to fire upon the latter cavalry, but in consideration of the officers of that corps prevented it. ”

And a few days later he writes again :

“ As for the Blue Regiment of Horse, they fairly one and all faced to the right about and never stood their ground. Though there was not one man nor horse of that corps hurt by the great cannonading, yet when they should have attack’d the enemy’s horse,

they failed, but suffered their officers to charge without 'em, which in some measure occasioned that slaughter among 'em."

The infuriated Blues lost no time in laying their case before their brother officer, the Duke of Richmond, with a request that he would bring it under the notice of the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State.

He did so at once, and here is his account of the affair :

" KING'S QUARTERS AT HANAU *July 13 1743.*

" MY LORD

" I must beg leave to trouble your Grace with an affair that is of the greatest consequence to a corps that I shall ever love and value. They have been cruelly, falsely and scandalously aspersed in England, and we have traced it to the spreader of the lye and find it to be Over, the Messenger.

" The enclosed is a Coppy of part of a letter from a gentleman in London to Coll. Beake,¹ which as soon as the Coll. received he layd before my Lord Stair, who publicly declared that the whole was a lye and this has obliged the officers in vindication of their own honour to publish a fact which otherwise they never would have mentioned. It was, that they were not broke by the enemy but by the Kings Own Regiment of Horse, commanded by General Honeywood who, turning from the enemy, ridd in full amongst them and broke their ranks, which was the very first time they were accused of giving way

¹ Commanding the First Squadron.

themselves, but they afterwards formed, and I saw them myself in perfect order, and before this hapned everybody agrees they stood the strongest cannonade with as good a countenance and as much intrepidity as any regiment in the King's service, as you may easily imagine when I tell your Grace their loss by cannon shott :

Killed	Wounded
8 Men	1 Cornet
22 Horses	11 Men
	14 Horses

besides Sir J. Chamberlayn's horse, who commanded a Squadron, that had his jaw broke. I only mention this to show your Grace the cannonading was hott, and everybody is witness to their standing it like brave men. I must therefore join with them in desiring that example be made of the messenger. Enclosed is a letter to your Grace signed by the commanding officer of each squadron. I hope you will give attention to it, as it really comes from injured men of honour that claim your protection.

"I am, my dear Lord,

"&c., &c., &c., RICHMOND."

The petition of the three Squadron Commanders runs as follows :

"The most scandalous reflection having been cast on the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, in which we have the honour to serve, by one Over, a Messenger, we who commanded the three Squadrons on the day of the Battle of Dettingen do in the name and at the request of the officers of the whole Regiment

beg leave to acquaint your Grace that upon the receipt of Mr. Sharp's letter, of which the Duke of Richmond is good enough to send you a copy, we did wait on My Lord Stair, who declares the whole substance of it to be false, scandalous, and groundless The Duke of Richmond who has thoroughly examined into this matter, hath promised to set the whole affair in a true light before your Grace.

"In him we entirely confide to do us justice, and we beg of your Grace to get some severe punishment inflicted on the author of our dishonour, and that you will publish to those who had this story in so false a light, just in the same manner as the Duke remits to Your Grace. We have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

"Your obedient Servants,

"P. BEAKE,

"A. JENKINSON,

"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

And he wrote again, ten days later :

"KING'S QUARTERS AT HANAU

"Wednesday, July $\frac{13}{14}$ 1743.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I must return your Grace my most sincere thanks for your very kind and obliging letter of the 1st instant, which I will answer as fully as I can, butt I must first of all say or rather add something to the letter herein inclosed that I have troubled you with in relation to the blews, here (*sic*) has been an outcry against them here, and I find the same in England

spread first of all by Over the Messenger [as Sharpe has writ word to Beake] in which I hope, or rather believe, your Grace and the Duke of Grafton will do them justice, for I can never doubt of the contrary of either of you ; Butt now I apprehend you will say ‘ how came you to be obliged to go to them yourself,’ as I fear you saw I did by my letter to the Duchess of Richmond ; to which I answer that I really then had heard they had turn’d tale, as everybody in their rear thought by seeing them broke to pieces, tho’ they were quite form’d again by the time I came up to them, butt that is now fully explain’d in my enclos’d letter, not butt that I own, as do their own officers, that the men did not then show the spirit they should have done and what was expected of them on such an occasion ; that is, they did not rally so fast as they should, nor did they go on with that chearfulness that the foot and some of the Dragoons did, butt to say that they ever *ran* away, or even *gave* way, is absolutely false, and to do justice to the officers they have in this affair behaved like men of honour ; whilst nothing was said they accused nobody, butt when their reputations was call’d in question they declared the truth and saddled the right horse. I beg pardon for giving you so much trouble, butt could not avoid it, as it is in vindication of a sett of honest and brave men that I have always loved and esteem’d As for intended motions and operations I have already often told your Grace that it was impossible and indeed improper for me to know them, and as little do I know of the enemy’s operations. In short I can only tell

you two matters of fact ; one is that the two French armys have gott safe to the other side of the Rhine, and wee have all been here as quiet as lambs for near a month, as to other *particulars* which you say are more to be lamented than cured, they go well enough at present as every thing is so quiet ; I have fully enough explained myself upon that subject particularly as to what relates to myself, by the letter I sent by Lord Harcourt, this very moment my old friend Jack Parker has just brought me yours of the 5th. . . . What my Lord Carteret meant by telling you that wee expected another action soon I cant tell ; but I am sure nothing has look'd like it since Dettin-gen. . . .

“ Your Grace’s

“ ever faithfull

“ & obliged humble servant

“ RICHMOND ETC.

“ . . . I had like to have forgott what you would with reason have been very angry with me for ; it is that I obey’d your Grace’s comands to his Royal Highness the Duke, who comands me to return you his compliments with his thanks for your great concern for him ; he mends prodigiously fast. Huske answers your letter to-day, he also grows better butt it will I fear be a long affair. Major Honeywood with his nine wounds will do well ; I saw his brains the other day when he was dres’d. Poor Major Johnson is in a very bad way.”

My ancestor wrote several notes, on the subject of the Blues, to the Duke of Newcastle, besides those

which I have quoted, for he did not intend to miss a single point that might serve to vindicate the "sett of honest and brave men that I have allways loved and esteem'd," as he puts it in one of his letters ; and his efforts on behalf of his brother officers met with complete success, for on July 26 the Duke of Newcastle wrote from Whitehall :

"The Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Grafton and my Brother are all of opinion that the certificate given by Lord Stair and your Grace is the best justification that can be of the Behaviour of the Regiment, and that the turning out this poor Devil of an impertinent ignorant Messenger would not have the effect intended, and therefore it would be better to drop it. However as you can never desire anything of me that I will not do, as far as depends on me, I will be entirely guided by you."

The Duke and his comrades of the Blues did not press the point ;—the Messenger was allowed to go unpunished. After all, he was only the mouthpiece of the originator of the slander, but I am malicious enough to hope that Lieutenant-Colonel Russell was hauled over the coals, for his ill-natured and unfounded story, in such a manner as to make him careful in future to confine himself to facts.

The Duke of Richmond returned to England, with the King, in November, and for a time, military service was relinquished in favour of his duties at Court.

He became Major-General in the following February. But the good turn, which he had done the Blues

in clearing their honour of the stain that had been so unjustly cast upon it, was not forgotten when he obtained command of the Regiment some seven years afterwards.

Upon the departure of King George for England, the troops retired into their winter quarters. For a long time there was a lull in the hostilities. But they broke out afresh in the spring of 1744, and in March of that year France and England mutually declared war. The Declaration would seem to have been almost unnecessary, for, early in February, Marshal Saxe had assembled 15,000 troops at Dunkirk, with the boldly avowed intention of invading England. His attempt was foiled, partly by the stormy weather, which drove the transports back upon the French coast, and partly by Sir John Norris, whose ships frightened away the French fleet which lay waiting at anchor off Dungeness, although, from a combination of delay and want of energy, Sir John never came to close quarters with them.

The chief disturbing element now, however, was Prince Charlie, and the encouragement which he received from France was the direct cause of the Declaration of War in the following March.

Count Bentinck,¹ the second son of William, Earl of Portland, had married Lady Margaretta Cadogan, the Duchess of Richmond's sister, in 1737. At this time he was serving in the Dutch Army, and writing from Mons, on February 25, he makes amusing allusion

¹ Afterwards Dutch Minister at the Hague.

to some of the events upon which I have touched. He does not appear to have entertained a very high opinion of the genuine nature of the young Prince's policy.

“MY LORD

“To be sure Yr Grace is ye lazyest Grace upon ye face of ye earth ; not one word of what passes on ye other side of ye water ; not a Syllable about Your self, whether we shall have ye pleasure of seeing you in this Country this year or no ; you cannot think tho' that I am indifferent as to that matter, I am certain you do me ye justice to think it would be ye greatest pleasure to me ; one day ye King is to come over, ye next ye case is alterd.

“What is ye French Fleet of Brest going about ? I am afraid old Sir John wont be time enough to compliment them but should be mighty glad if he could get a sight of them to see how they would agree ; I suppose ye young Pretender pretends to be on board Mounser, for I heard some time ago that he was at Brest, and that he pretends into ye bargain to have taken a dislike to ye Roman Cath. Religion ; I dont doubt but he would be circumsis'd tomorrow if that would get him ye Turkish Empire ; but I hope he may go on pretending, and that he and his Company may be sent back in a greater hurry than they went out ; a French Emperor in Germany, a French B—h in Russia, French Burgemasters not far off, a French Prince of Liège ; a pretty many French tools, no more of them pray.

“I dont know whether you will have much sport

in Sussex, for ye frost is not well over yet ; 'Titie'¹ is pretty well harden'd at present.

"About two months ago I sold ye *Englishman* for two ducats ; ye air of ye place agreeing no better with him than ye German air did ; what is worse than that is I have two and twenty to buy for my Troop, a bloody Campaign.

"Titie desires to be very kindly remembered to you and Ly. Dutchess and I too, being ever most tenderly and sincerely

"Yours

"C. B."

Flanders now became once more the centre of international strife, and in the middle of May, King Louis XV. took the field in person, with an army of 80,000 men.

The Allies had undertaken to have 75,000 troops in Flanders, but the Dutch and Austrians had failed to produce the contingents required of them, and the whole united force did not exceed 50,000 men. This was a bad beginning, but there was worse to follow, for the dissension and jealousy which prevailed amongst the Commanders resulted in the campaign closing without enterprise or glory to the Allied Arms.

And Count Bentinck wrote again to the Duke of Richmond, from the Allied Camp at Braine le Comte, giving a dispiriting account of the state of affairs. His letter is amusing, though, in spite of the emphasis which he lays upon the uncertainty that prevailed

¹ Lady Margaretta.

amongst all ranks as to what they were there for, he says [writing on a huge sheet of foolscap] :

“ BRAINE LE COMTE, *May ye 11th.*

“ As a great Scribbler I know Yr. Grace is very fond of a Folio sheet ; so I will treat you with one without knowing whether I shall find either stuff or time to fill it, as for ye first I dont much trouble my head about it, because nonsense takes as much room (and commonly a great deal more) than sense ; but time is very precious in a camp, where there is no lack of business, especially when half of ye day must necessarily be employed in scraping ye clay off ones Boots or Shoes ; by this Yr. Grace may judge that we are beforehand with you this year in ye dirt or field, as you please, for its all one, but what we do in it ye Lord knows for I am thoroughly persuaded no body on earth do's. As for attacking Mons, if it must be done, your Papers are in ye right to take ye charge and trouble of it, for ye French wont set about it yet. At Mons they dont know why they sent us out, and at Brussels they cant guess what we came here for. For these three or four years pass'd there have been Hostilitys without War, but now ye case is alter'd and there is a War without Hostilitys. The Austrian and French Hussards meet now and then but have strict orders not to touch one another. There was a comical story happen'd at Chimay, which is quite close to ye French territorys ; The French troops desert prodigiously, and a great many go through Chimay and sell their Horses there ; some Officers went to see to get some back ; ye Provost of Chimay,

sold them much dearer than he had bought them of ye Deserters, and never told them it was forbid carrying Horses out of ye Country, and in consequence of those orders when ye Gentlemen went away he had ye Horses seiz'd at ye Comptoir ; a good trick enough ; however ye French did not relish it as much as I do ; for Mr. d'Asfield sent a Detachment to Chimay and took away Mr. le Prevost, and it was said that he demanded very high contributions, but he has been obliged to send him back again without paying any thing, all Hostilitys being forbid. This Story has done me Service, it has taken up a good deal of room, I wish it was longer, or I had another. There was a Gentleman spoke to me or writ to me of a couple of Baugh Horses, I dont know what is become of them, I want to know whether I could sell them at ye end of the Campaign for two Ducats apiece ; but as I am afraid not, I had as good not have them, for I have as many as I want if I can but keep them alive. I wish His Maj. would resolve whether he will come or no, because if he do's not, I should humbly desire he would send us over his Equerrys table with Jack Mordaunt to do ye honours, and Master Teddy to make ye Coffee, and keep Sir Thomas at home to take care of his butter ; I suppose Major General Richmond must stay at home to prevent further invasions ; pray, by the by, how do you agree with my fat Cozin our Lieut. General or his Excellency ; I reckon with good keeping, Beef and pudding, good Claret, a cup of Ale or two or three pints of Sack he wont fall away ; between you and I, in my humble opinion he will act his part better than our Embassador ;

for if ye last dos mighty wonders, I shall be much mistaken; Smissaert will come back mightily pleased with England and ye other pretty ill satisfyd; you may depend upon my Prophecys, for tother day I foretold in ye morning that our *Voerman* would overturn us between ye Moerdyk and Antwerp, and ye Dog did not fail doing it in ye afternoon.

“I have not seen my Lord Duke of Ar. since he came back to Brussels, I must get leave to go and get me self clean’d there one day and have a little chearful talk with him. Ld. Bury is got well after his dangerous accident which I am extreemly glad of. ’Twould have disturbed Capt. Hudson’s gravity to have seen him get such a devilish knock on ye pate.

“I heard at ye Hague that your Aid de Camp Martin Fowlkes has had ye same misfortune near his House in London. I thought I had something to write to you but I have been talking so long that it is gone out of my head; and it does not signify, since I have almost fill’d my paper without it; ye rest shall serve for ye Dutchess and ye young Ladys, Squire Bluecoat¹ and George, to whom I desire to be most kindly remembered. How dos Gen. Huske go on? dos he mend? my humble service to him; & don’t forget me to your Aid de camp and to Tom Hill.

“If I was not kept in my Tent all day, and had an opportunity of getting to a Cabaret or with Company I liked, I should not write such Letters; but if you will favour me with an answer, as long as you please, I can find time to read it, and be so

¹ Lord March had by now been promoted to the dignity of a blue hunting coat, the old Goodwood colour.

good as to direct to Mr. Kinschot, Resident de Hollande à Bruxelles, for him who is ever most sincerely and faithfully

“ Yours

“ C. B.”

The other day I came across a singular complaint concerning one of the Duke of Richmond's friends. It was lodged by the Duke of Montagu, early in the Spring of 1744. For some time I was puzzled ! Who on earth was this unsavoury neighbour to whom the Duke referred ?

But at length I fixed the identity of the unlucky wight, whose nearness had offended the nostrils of his Grace of Montagu. She was a vixen !

Young Lord George had taken a fancy to her in earliest youth, and she was now established in a snug kennel at Richmond House. From thence, when the wind proved favourable, (or unfavourable) her presence made itself disagreeably known to those in residence at Montagu House, next door !

Thus wrote the Duke (he was at fault, by the way, concerning his neighbour's sex) :

“ There is a gentleman that has been *attaché* to your famely for some years, and for whom I have a very great regard, as I have for all his Relations, some of whom pretend to have been ill used by you, tho' he can have no reason to complaine of ill usage himself, but quite the contrary, for you have realy been a father to him, and in a great measure he owes his lyfe to you. Tho' I have not the happiness to be personally acquainted with him I cant help being

concerned for his health which I fear must be greatly impair'd by his living allwais in town, and I am persuaded if he was at liberty to follow his natural inclination he would lead a Countrey lyfe, and I am persuaded that Goodwood aire would be much better for him than that of London, provided he could have a safe and easy cariage down into the Countrey, for by his having lived the greater part of his lyfe in London I fear he would be very onable to travell any other way than in a wheele cariage; and as I realy wish him well with all my heart,—nay, I may say I love him,—I should be very sorry to have him put to any inconveniency, or that anything should happen to him that myte make him the least onhappy or oneasy. I must own that altho' I say so much about him and that wee have been neighbours for some years, I have no personal acquaintance with him; I have indeed had the pleasure of seeing him severall tymes in company with Lord March and Lord George, and have been pleas'd with his pretty behaviour in their company, and to be shure he is a very agreable prety gentleman, and one whom I should be very glad to do any good office to, and therefore it is (without his having said one word to me about it I do ashure you) that I wish you would let him go into the Countrey; I have not seen him lately, but since I have liv'd a good deal in my new Room, as that is very near his Lodgings, I have smelt him extreamly, and I am sorry to say an onmannerly thing of so honest and agreable a person, and one I love so well, but the truth is he stinks like a Fox, and is enough to poison the Devil, and as I know his inclination is a Rural Lyfe, if you would let

him go into the Countrey I am shure it would oblige your faithfull servant and slave *Mr. Renny* as much as it would

“Yours sencerely etc. etc. etc.

“MONTAGU.”

Whether the cause of the Duke of Montagu's annoyance was at once removed or not I cannot say ; but that she eventually took her departure for the land of her birth there can be no doubt, and at considerable risk to her safety too, for in the pages of my ancestor's *Hunting Diary* there is the following account some nine months later :

“Whilst the hounds were beating of red Coppice a fox was hallow'd out of a hedge row by East dean lane ; and as wee were going to lay the hounds upon it, they cross'd upon a drag and found in East dean parke and ran down the feilds between Eastdean and Charlton, then turn'd to Eastdean Street where the fox was hollow'd and by their seing a collar and linke of a Chain about his neck, *it proved to be Lord George's fox*, butt the hounds ran him so hard that they could not be taken of, and ran him into the above holts, where wee certainly changed to a fresh fox.”

A narrow shave, was it not, for the exhausted animal that crawled with heaving sides along the friendly hedgerow, listening with relief to the fresh burst of music that proclaimed her safe for the nonce !

Charlton, at that time of year, was a sorry exchange indeed for the comfortable quarters at Whitehall, and perhaps it was this contretemps that induced Lord George to brave the wrath of the Montagus

once again; for, exactly two years afterwards, the "Sussex Laureate," friend Sam Chandler, delivered himself of a pathetic lament for the lady's absence. He addressed it to Lord George, who was disporting himself upon "Fat Jack," his pony, in the hunting field, and rejoicing the while that Fanny was safe in town.

The verses run as follows :—

TO LORD GEORGE LENOX

27 Dec. 1746.

Muse, sing of neither ASS nor ox ;
 But Fanny, dear Lord George's Fox.
 Fanny, a Fox of such renown
 That search the Country, and the Town
 The Teggless, Charlton, & Rooks' Hill
 Where Hounds and Horns your Ears do fill
 They cant another Fox afford
 So well belov'd by Fanny's Lord.
 Think, then, how much unlucky matters fall ;
 Whilst one is here, the other's at Whitehall.
 Oh Fates ! Bring Fan to Goodwood down
 Or send Lord Georgy up to Town.

There can be no question as to which Fan would have preferred !

CHAPTER XXIII

The runaways—Reconciliation—Henry Fox, Secretary for War—William Keppel's commission—and his father's opinion of him—Peter Collinson—his gouty toe—Presents from Barbadoes—Mick Broughton at Boughton—Indiscriminate hospitality—William Adair's journey—Cheale amuses the children—and makes a hole in the Goodwood wine cellar—Solomon Dayrolles's hunting mishap—Fontenoy.

IN 1744, early in May, there took place a romantic event in fashionable circles which set gossiping tongues a-wagging with a vengeance. Lady Caroline Lenox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, had eloped with Mr. Henry Fox, Member for Windsor, and a Lord of the Treasury.

Horace Walpole, out of his never-failing store of tittle-tattle, gives the following account of the affair to Sir Horace Mann :—

“ LONDON May 29 1744

“ The town has been in a great bustle about a private match ; but which, by the ingenuity of the Ministry, has been made politics. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox, asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman ; her great-grandfather a King ; *Hinc illae lacrimae !*¹ all the blood royal have been up in arms.

“ The Duke of Marlborough, who was a friend of

¹ “ Hence these tears ! ”

the Richmonds, gave her away. If His Majesty's Princess Caroline had been stolen, there could not have been more noise made. The Pelhams, who are much attached to the Richmonds, but who have tried to make Fox and all that set theirs, wisely entered into the quarrel, and now don't know how to get out of it. They were for hindering Hanbury Williams, who is Fox's great friend, and at whose house they were married, from having the red ribbon; but he has got it, with four others . . ."

Dire was the wrath of the Duke of Richmond, and it was not until four years afterwards that the parents became reconciled to their daughter. The birth of her eldest son was made the occasion of the reunion, and the delight of both Lady Caroline and her husband must have been intense, when they received one day a letter from Goodwood, signed by both the Duke and Duchess, and concluding thus:—

"So, my dear child, you and Mr. Fox may come here at the time that shall be settled by yourselves, with my Lord Ilchester, and be both received in the arms of an affectionate Father and Mother,

"RICHMOND.

"Sa : RICHMOND."

The match was a very happy one; there never lived a more devoted couple. They lived together for thirty years, and Mr. Trevelyan has placed it on record that:—

"Neither of them ever knew content except in



From a pastel.

LADY CAROLINE LENNOX, FIRST LADY HOLLAND,
The eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond.

the possession or the immediate expectation of the other's company, and their correspondence continued to be that of lovers until their long honeymoon was finally over. Perfect trust and passionate affection breathe through every page of the letters, so close upon each other in date and so ungrudging in length, in which Harry Fox's easy, kindly and humorous words lie disordered in the paper, just as hearty nature speaks them."

In May 1746 Fox was appointed Secretary for War. He filled various offices during his lifetime, and his jovial manners and cheery nature stood him in good stead in Society. He was created Baron Holland of Foxley, in 1763, and died the following year; Lady Caroline survived him only twenty-three days.

Their third son, Charles James Fox, the celebrated statesman, was born in 1749, a year after they had sought and obtained the forgiveness of Lady Caroline's parents.

For a long time, of course, the topic of the runaway marriage was carefully avoided by the many friends and relations of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond. Nowhere, amongst the mass of letters, that the Duke stored away, can I find the slightest allusion to the erring couple, during the years that preceded the reconciliation!

But I am digressing.

The Duke's brother-in-law, Lord Albemarle, was now (August 1744) in command of all the Household troops in Flanders. His second son, William Keppel, received a commission in the Coldstream Guards during his father's absence, and this was obtained for

him by the Duke, his uncle, to whom Lord Albemarle wrote in gratified strain :

“MY DEAR DUKE,

“I own ye receipt of three of your Letters, I own that every one of them deserved an answer but I must also own what you already know that I am an Idle dog, but bad as I am, I Love you, and yours, with Sincerity and warmth, you must therefore forgive me some faults ; I am most extreemly pleased at the Kings Kind manner of giving colours to William and next to him, to you, my Dear Brother, in giving yourself ye trouble to apply to His Majesty for ye Boy, It is a thing I have been desirous of for some-time, for ye Foot service is of more benefit to a Youth than ye Horse, and tho ye pay is not equal, still they rise faster, and ye Company they meet with in the Foot Guards is to be preferred to any other Corps. By what I can learn from his Mother and others, ye Gentleman wants both advice and correction, and I promise your Grace he shall have both, as ye only means to make him good for something ; his Brother has orders to be very severe with him, I wish my master would putt it in my power to have an immediate eye over him ; To presume to give a Cabinet councillor news from ye army is throwing water into ye Sea but I must confirm what you already know that wee only want *de la grosse Artillery* to be in a most flourishing condition, for ye whole country is ours, but without weighty Metal we can do nothing, and I am confident that if wee had been provid'd with canon when wee first came to *La Marque*, Lisle had

been ours immediately, for ye consternation ye town was in is not to be expressed, and ye whole garrison consisted of four Battallions of Millice and one weake Battallion of Swiss ; our Marshal ¹ is very ill, and was an accident to happen to him wee should be in a bad situation, he is severe and passionate, but has very valuable qualitys and wee all pray for his Life. Adieu my Dear Duke, my respects to ye Dutchess and believe me with ye greatest

“ truth and affection Yrs.

“ ALB.

“ ANOSTAIN CAMP, *Aug. ye 19th N.S.*”

The young gentleman evidently wanted steadying !

Field-Marshal Wade had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British troops in Flanders in the preceding December, in place of Lord Stair.

He was turned seventy years of age, in failing health, and had never before commanded an army in the field. The discord and opposition—no new thing in the Allied Camp—which he encountered must have told upon him severely, for in October his health broke down completely and he returned to England.

During the autumn of 1744 the Duke and Duchess remained quietly at Goodwood. The Duchess's delicate health and her daughter's runaway match made them disinclined for Society.

But this did not deter them from extending invitations to intimate friends, and amongst others bidden to visit them in Sussex were Peter Collinson and his wife. Collinson's membership of the Royal Society

¹ Marshal Wade.

had brought him into frequent contact with the Duke, and he enjoyed a high reputation as a botanist as well. This especially appealed to my ancestor, for he found Collinson's advice invaluable regarding various improvements which were being carried on in the Goodwood gardens.

Collinson was head of a large firm of mercers that traded with the American Colonies, and it was the necessity of attending to this business that compelled him to regretfully decline an invitation to Goodwood, thus:

" LONDON, Aug. 27, Wed.

"I am greatly obliged to my Dear Lord for so kindly inviteing mee to Goodwood, It is almost impossible for Flesh and Blood to Resist so delightful a Temptation Many are the Inducements, the Motives very Strong—To see you and the best of Women ye Dutchess &c and our good presidt.¹ who I would gladly Support on his Left att a Slice of a Fatt Haunce &c.

" Butt Alas—It cannot now be, the Main Chance Calls Mee, and I must Mortifie as indeed I have all this Summer, For when I and all my Family went to Winchester; I & my Son had fix'd the Day for a Visit to Goodwood—that Very Night I was Sez'd with a Fitt of the Gout and now with a Fitt of *Trade*, which you'l allow is much the best of the Two. Well whats to be done; nothing but the old Remedy—Patience and Flannel; the Gout a little off, I and my Heavy Bagage with Slip-Shoe and Flannel was

¹ Martin folkes.

transported to the Isle of Wight, there I made a shift to Mount, and Rode to the Hills about St. Helens—from where I cast many a wistfull Look to St. Rooks Hill and the Charming Groves and Lawns below,¹ so that if a Text will not offend, I may Truly Say tho' I have been absent in Body I have been present in Mind.—and now, if there was not 3 Ships going to New York and one to Philadelphia on whom I must Ship this Week and Next some Considerable Cargoe I would knock off my Fetters and come down.

“I have Lately try'd again [and I think with a probability of Success] Havving sent some Goods to Venice; I hope next year to oblige you with some of the large Echinated Cup Acorns, in short I cannot Rest untill I gett some; and I have writt to Padua for all the sorts growing in that neighbourhood. Lord Pembroke has a Carrus Oke full of Acorns this year, my Train of Artillery moved that way so I had the pleasure of seeing his fine Villa &c. which is amazing improved since I saw about seven years ago—you know his antiquities which are Admirable—my best Services and best Wishes attends you and yrs. I am with great Respect

“Yr. affectionate friend

“P. COLLINSON.

“P.S. I have sent a Letter to Mr. Millar to tell him that I cant have the pleasure of going to Goodwood for I would by no means Disconcert his Journey.

“I was in hopes of seeing Carlton Seat [*sic*]² from

¹ Goodwood Park; he could see it plainly enough from the Isle of Wight.

² Carné's Seat.

the Hills in the Island but it was so Hazey that Wee could gett no Distinct View.

“I have desired Mr. Millar to show yr. Grace the 3 Leafed Passion Flower—att a proper Season, if there is young plants Ripe from the root, shall be obliged to you for one; if there is no young Suckers I beg the Favour you’l please to Order a branch to be Laid down to take root and when it comes should be glad of a root of Climbing Euonymas of which you have plenty.”

He was no stranger, you see, to the common complaint of our convivial ancestors! And perhaps it was as well that he was unable to accept the Duke’s hospitality, for a short time before this there arrived at Goodwood a mixed cargo of gifts from Sir Thomas Robinson, Governor of Barbadoes.

Conspicuous amongst them was a cask of Rum of such potency as would infallibly have sent a twinge through the gouty toe of Peter Collinson!

Thus wrote Sir Thomas :

“By the London Fleet I intend sending your Grace a Pipe of most delicious Spirit, the Charlton Hunt will taste such Punch, of it’s sort, as I believe they will approve, it has been two years in my cellars here, is made of the pure Cane Juice, and reckon’d among us Barbadians the wholsomest Liquor in the World—& I flatter myself of Your Graces acceptance of it.

“The Vessel that carries this, will being your Grace one of the most beautiful Civit Cats I ever saw,—and I am now making a Collection for the Dutchess

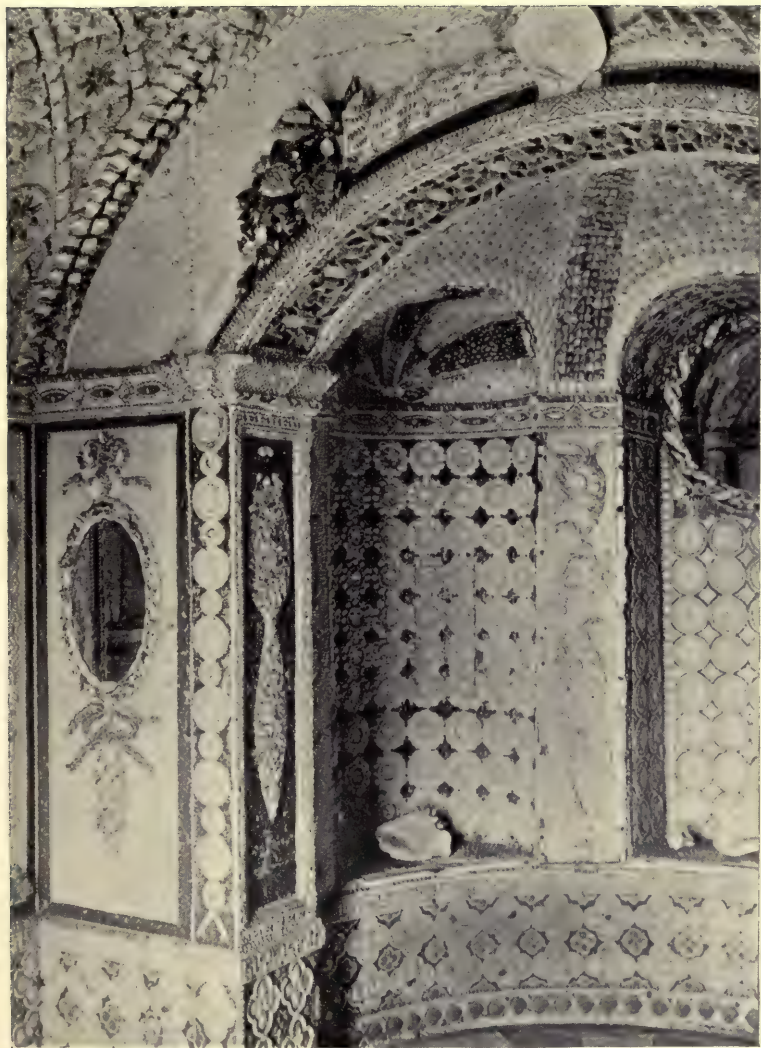


Photo by W. J. Roberts.

THE SHELL-HOUSE,
Carné's Seat.

of Richmond of Shells—as we hear her Grace is fitting up a Grotto,¹ under one of the finest Roomes in Britain, built lately in Goodwood Park by your Grace.”

Mick Broughton was invited to meet Collinson (and to pronounce his opinion of the rum punch) but he was unable to obey; his duties as Chaplain to the Duke of Montagu kept him in Northamptonshire.

He was not without entertainment there, however, for in his reply to the Goodwood invitation he waxes eloquent upon the success of a two-day banquet, given at his patron's expense to the Northamptonshire Blues. He says :

“ BARNWALL 28 Aug. 1744.

“ May it please your Grace,

“ I have yours dated at Goodwood the 24th instant, and return my thanks for that honour, and the gracious Contents of it. The Duke of Montagu is, as you intimate, expected in Northamptonshire, and that in a very few days; as yet I have not had any notice of it from his Grace, but may, I hope, by the next post receive a short Order to repair to the head Quarters; his Visit will be but short, and I purpose to decamp soon after him, of which I will inform yr Grace, in order to visit my old friends in new Goodwood. The week before the last, the Northamptonshire Blues (about 4 or 500) received the Duke's thanks for their readiness to attend his Standard, and a very grand entertainment at

¹ The “ Shell House ” at Carné's Seat, which took the Duchess and her daughters seven years to complete.

Boughton ; for more conveniency they were divided for two days ; besides Ale and Wine, five hogsheads of punch : Mr. ffolkes presided, and on the 2nd day, when my Neighbours were there, I was Chaplain at the first Table ; the others said a Soldiers Grace for themselves ; all ended well. . . .”

However, much as Mick wished to repair to Goodwood, he could not get away !

Well, he cannot have been dull, for a month after the above he favoured the Duke of Richmond with an account of hospitality so indiscriminate, that the Boughton chef de cuisine must have been severely taxed !

His letter is interesting in other respects, though. The Duke of Montagu was busily engaged in improving the surroundings of his Estate, and Mick gives full vent to his approval of the results. Writing on Sept. 26, he says :

“ BOUGHTON, *Wed. 26 Sep. 1744.*

“ May it please your Grace,

“ Very soon after my Letter to Goodwood, I was favour'd with the Notice, from the Duke of Montagu, of his intentions of being here on the 3rd instant ; but he was prevented coming (I think by some indisposition of Lady Duchess) at the time propos'd, and din'd at Boughton, not before Monday the 10th. The only Companion was Mr. Swinney,¹ in the new Post Chaise. The Revd. Mr. Barton follow'd as soon as Madam was deliver'd of a daughter. We have had Captain Bodens for a week, who went

¹ Owen McSwiney.

of very early this morning, for Molesy to-morrow ; he was the whole time in very good humour, and in spirits, *when awake*, to which Mac's kind manner of whetting his wit, contributed not a little ; at taking leave last night, knowing I should write to Goodwood, he laid his position and repeated Commands on me to make his Compliments to yr. Grace.

“ We have likewise had, from Stamford, the Revd. and learned Antiquarian Dr. Stukely, who besides agreeably entertaining within doors, as well as without (by tracing the Romans in our daily Airings, by their Camps, Ways, Tumuli, or such like) has given great satisfaction by his Invention and Draught of a Gothick Bridge, (3 Arches, and a Square open Tower with Pinacles on it) for the Passage of the Brook in the Park, where the old bridge was tumbling : It has quite hit my Ld. Duke's fancy, who, after some improving touches of his own, has deliver'd it to his Joyner for a Model, and I believe is quite fix'd in his resolution of having it executed. Lord Cardigan has been here almost from the first ; and Mr. folkes *daily* driving off just before supper : notwithstanding the decrease of daylight, the whole neighbourhood of Gentry have dined here ; several faces, whom I had not seen here before ;—of the Clergy, the Rector of Kettering has shew'd his phiz oftner than was necessary, considering how fully his Grace is attended with Chaplains of his own.¹

“ The Duke's genius for enlightening, or some-way improving this place, can never be idle ; 'tis impossible not to mention the Plantations, which, with the

¹ Mick's appointment entitled him to write with some feeling !

Woods they are tied to, are really surprisingly extensive and magnificent, the Long Circuit to Deene (all upon the Father's or the Son's, and I pray God they may be long in separate hands) is upwards of 20 miles. . . .

"Your Graces,

"Most devoted, & humble Servant

"M. BROUGHTON."

Disappointed by the unavoidable absence of Peter Collinson and Mick Broughton, the Duke invited another old friend, and Mr. William Adair, Army Agent in Pall Mall, accepted with alacrity for his wife and himself. Their return journey to London, in bad weather, over the Sussex roads, notoriously bad in those days, was disagreeable. I do not know the name of the philosophical Colonel with whom they travelled; but it is certain that he was a most accommodating fellow voyager. They reached London in twenty-four hours, in somewhat bedraggled condition, I should imagine.

Thus writes Mr. Adair :

"MY LORD.

"If I had not had your Graces Commands to give an Account of our Journey, I shou'd not have omitted the first opportunity of acknowledging the Civilitys I mett with at Goodwood.

"The Conveyance to Medhurst for which we were very much obliged to your Grace, was extremely easie, and convenient, but to leave that Chaise and encounter the difficultys of Farnish Lane was not a little Terrible; however a foot and on horse back we

got thro it without any accident, or even complaint on the Colonel's part, but I afterwards discovered his patience and silence was owing to a vow he made last year in Germany, viz. never to complain of the worst Roads he cou'd meet with in England; we got to Godalmin about two, when he told me, he wou'd either halt or go forward, just as I pleased. I had not complasaince enough to lye by there all the afternoon, so we arrived safe and sound at Guilford about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after three, when he run great Encomiums upon the virtues of a Hare Skin, and desires it may be recommended to any Lady (if she is not already provided) who prefers riding on horseback to travelling in a Coach. We set out from the White Hart (which is an Excellent Inn and the Clarett good) about Seven yesterday morning, in bad roads and worse weather, my friend left me to make a visit near Ripley, where I am sure he staid last night, for it rained very heavily and without ceasing the whole day, I made the best of my way through it and got to town at two clock, got dry and dined with Genl. Huske¹ who has had a little inflammation in his wound which is gone off and he goes abroad again.

"There arrived two Dutch mails this day, and by the letters from France (for there is none from Turin) Coni is not taken; a Fresh Batalion thrown into it. by the same letters the French own their loss greater and that of the Piedmontese less than was at first reported in the late Action. Our Expectations from Bohemia are great, tho' no accounts by these mails.

"I am sorry to tell your Grace there are as yet no

¹ Severely wounded at Dettingen in 1743.

Accounts of Sir John Balchen¹ tho some people of knowledge still think he may be heard of. The Dowager Dutchess of Marlborough has been these eight days past ill of a Fever with St. Anthonys fire, both which are gone off, but as she has neither taken Sustenance nor Medicine its thought she will not get over this Bout.

"There are six of the first Regiments of Guards taken up for Street Roberys—I hope they will meet their Reward.

"My most humble Respects waite upon the Dutchess of Richmond Lady Albemarle and Lady Emely. I beg your Grace to belive me with the greatest Respect

"Your Graces

"Most Obligated and most

"Obedient humble Servant

"WM. ADAIR.

"LONDON Oct. 16th 1744.

"Lord Winchelsea has (voluntier) said that he will provide for Keppel. The Flanders Troops are all gone into their old Quarters. The Marshal² Sir Philip Honeywood and Sir Jas. Campbell have got leave to come home. G: Huske desires his Compliments to her Grace and thanks for ye Pork."

In the spring of 1745 the Duke of Richmond was compelled to spend some weeks in London. His presence was required both at St. James's and in the House of Lords, for the Quadruple Alliance which

¹ H.M.S. *Victory*, commanded by Sir John Balchen, was totally lost at sea early in October, with eleven hundred souls on board.

² Marshal Wade.

had been concluded in January between England, Holland, Austria and Saxony, and the death of the Emperor Charles the Seventh of Austria, constituted factors which were very shortly going to disturb anew the peace of Europe.

But before we pass again to so grave and weighty a matter as international strife, let us take one parting glimpse of those at Goodwood.

The Duchess and her children remained there during the Duke's absence in Town, and Lady Emilie, aged fourteen, was wont to write letters for her mother now and then.

Writing one day in the beginning of March, she says :

“DEAR PAPA,

“As mama has nothing particular to answer in your letter she has made me write again to tell you that she continues still extremely well. George's cough continues still, Truesdale attends him every day, he eats and sleeps better than he ever did yet and desired Truesdale would Physick him for this Twelvemonth that he may be kept from School.”

Dr. Truesdale's remedies cannot have been of a very drastic nature ; they evidently caused but little discomfort to the patient, and naturally George was in no hurry to exchange home comforts, and perhaps the company of Fanny, his fox, for the chilly classrooms of Westminster School. He was only seven, you see !

There was an additional attraction at home, too. John Cheale, Squire of Findon and Norroy King at Arms, was a great favourite at Goodwood, especially

with the children, to whom he was a never-failing source of amusement.

And Emilie continues her letter with odds and ends regarding the old man, which the children must have discussed with huge delight.

“As I have always some ridiculous story of Cheale, if Dear Papa is not tired of them I will tell him another which is that this evening in Mama’s Room as he set in a very high Chair and was pretty warm in Discourse, according to usual, we saw him all at once *Break down the Chair* and fall with his *heels over his head* which set us all a laughing most *prodigiously*, but he says the *ligg* of the Chair was so weak and he so heavy that that caused his fall. I dined with my Lady and Cheale today, we waited dinner for Ld. Lincoln till past five; Cheale was extremely impatient and I believe never wished so much to see him in his life; but to make it up besides the quantity he Drunk at Dinner he dispatched two Bottles afterwards while we were drinking Coffee

“I am Dr. Papa’s most Dutyfull and

“Obedient Daughter

“E. LENOX.

“P.S. I forgot to tell Dr. Papa that to stay his stomach Cheale eat a whole Role and Drunk two vast Bumpers of white wine before Dinner.”

There came another visitor to Goodwood very frequently in the person of Mr. Solomon Dayrolles.¹

¹ He was of course the godson of the polite Earl of Chesterfield and the recipient of his last articulate words—polite to the last—
“Give Dayrolles a chair.”

He was an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and I find constant mention of his name amongst the records of the "Gentlemen of Charlton." And he was something of a celebrity as well, for his social qualities gained for him the important post of "Master of the Revels," to George the Second. There is much humour in his semi-rueful description of the misfortunes which attended his appearance in the hunting field.

He wrote from Euston, the seat of the Duke of Grafton :

"MY LORD,

"According to your Grace's directions, I wou'd have taken the liberty to trouble you before this time with a letter, had anything occur'd worth intruding upon a few minutes of your leisure. There was ne'er a good Fox Chace that I cou'd give you an account of, and it wou'd have neither moved your pity nor given you any Entertainment, had I inform'd your Grace of the exquisite and unaccountable pains I suffer'd in one of my Feet, when I lay at Chesterford in my way to Euston, and told you the discourse I had with a Physician that happen'd then to be in the House, who declar'd to me, (tho' he did not say it to frighten me) that it was the forerunner of some dreadfull distemper, and that the shortest and safest method to cure my complaint, wou'd be to apply directly a Caustick to my Foot. This terrible Sentence did not however prevent my coming here, and it has had no other bad Consequence than the loss of a very good Chace this day sennight. Since that I have been out three times. The first day we

found two Foxes but lost them both in a very little while. The second day we kill'd one in his kennel, run another about five miles and then lost him. This morning we had a chace of about an Hour and very hard running, but the Fox was headed and lost. Here I must again make mention of Myself and perhaps move your Grace's compassion, tho' the Duke of Grafton had no more bowels than a Flint; *tout au contraire*, express' Choler; but this was more owing to his disapointment than to my misbehaviour. As I was galoping over one of his Heaths, my Horse struck into a Cony burrow, fell down flat upon his side and flung Me some Yards before him with my side against an Old Mole Hill. It was such a bang that I was speechless for some time, however I mounted my stead again, and when his Grace came up with me, I was comforted in the same manner as Job was by his Friends. After this we tried for another Fox, but my pains increasing I went home to be Doctor'd a little, but finding myself better after some inward and outward applications, I return'd to the Company when in my way I spied Renny who had stolen away from behind the Hounds. I then gave them a view hollow, brought them back, run him for an hour and a quarter over the finest part of this Country, and kill'd him with the whole Pack at his Brush. This has made his Grace unknit his brows, and curse the Rabbits and their Burrows. Tomorrow he sets out for London and is to be here again next Monday. For my part I remain here.

“etc. etc. etc.

“S. DAYROLLES.”

But Solomon Dayrolles was soon compelled to write upon less congenial subjects than gout or fox-hunting.

In January 1745 the Earl of Chesterfield set out for the Hague, to try and persuade the States General to engage heartily in the war with France, and Dayrolles accompanied him as his Secretary.

On April 30 the French invested Tournay, and it was the Duke of Cumberland's endeavour to relieve that town that brought about the sanguinary battle of Fontenoy. The Allies lost some 12,000 men, but the victory cost the French almost an equal number of lives, for the British and Hanoverians fought with such valour that had they been properly supported by the Dutch the result would probably have been in their favour.

Solomon Dayrolles wrote a fortnight later :

" HAGUE Friday 14th May 1745.

" MY LORD

" I am sorry to write to Your Grace upon a melancholy and unfortunate Subject, I have just time to acquaint You that our Army has had a disgrace in attempting to relieve Tournay, they march'd on the 11th at 4 in the morning but as the Cavalry was not come up on account of the defiles they cou'd not begin the attack not till 7 during which time they underwent a Canonading nowise Inferior to that of Dettingen. The right Wing compos'd of English & Hanoverians headed by the Guards forced two of the French Intrenchments but cou'd not Master the Third, they were repulsed, and returned again,

and no doubt wou'd have carried their Point had they been supported by the left wing compos'd of Dutch Troops, who it seems did not behave on this occasion like Men, at least some of their Regiments. About One, when the Guards found the impossibility of carrying their Point they retreated in great order, so that the French never attempted to follow 'em. Our Loss has been the more considerable, especially among the Guards, The Blues have retrieved their honour And the Duke has behaved with a Courage Calmness and Resolution worthy of a Prince born in England. The French have lost a great number of Men, among others, the Duke of Grammont; but as our accounts are but just come in and very imperfect it is impossible to tell your Grace many particulars, Only in General the English have distinguished themselves very remarkably. It is imagin'd the Loss of the Allies may amount to about 3,000 kill'd besides the wounded. The Army is retired to Ath and talk of having another brush with the French before they are Masters of Tournay.

“ I am with great respect

“ Your Graces Most

“ Obedient Humble Servant

“ S. DAYROLLES.

“ Ld. Albemarle has had a narrow escape by a cannon ball that has even occasion'd marke of a bruise upon his shoulder, Ld. Bury is well, Sir John Campbell's leg shot off, Kelleetts both legs, Ponsonby, Blygh, Gee, Berkeley, Clemens kill'd.”

CHAPTER XXIV

“ THE ’45 ”

The Governor at Fort William and his profit from porridge—
Scotsmen the worst of Thieves and greatest of Savages—
The Duke of Cumberland and a “giddy youth”—The
Duke appointed Lieutenant-General—Goes to Lichfield—
Watching and waiting for Prince Charlie—The Duke of
Newcastle is unnerved.

THE tidings of Fontenoy came as a welcome relief to Prince Charlie, as he lingered impatiently at the Château de Navarre, in an uncertainty caused by the discords of his own adherents and the dubious sincerity of Louis XV. Here, indeed, he thought, was an opportunity not to be neglected; and so, swiftly and secretly, he began to make his preparations to strike the blow which, could he but have foreseen it, was destined a few months later to bring death and disaster to the devoted upholders of the Stuart cause.

Nowadays the magic word “Scotland” conjures up the happiest of memories for soldier and civilian alike; we require no pressing to induce us to accept an invitation to the “Land o’ Cakes,” and as we look forth from our sleeping-car, of an August morning, rejoicing in the keen Scottish air, with what delight do we anticipate the varied delights of river and loch, of moor and forest! For who knows whether it shall

not be our envied lot to secure the heaviest salmon of the season ? Or perhaps, with throbbing heart, and every nerve strung to fullest tension, we may to-morrow draw a bead upon the big stag to whose antlers we shall proudly point in after-years as having graced the record "beast" of the year ? But, to the British officer of those troublous times, the country had no such attractions : very much the reverse ! Garrison life in the Highlands was only another word for martyrdom, they considered ; and, as a forcible exponent of the disfavour with which it was regarded, I would introduce Colonel Martin, of Wolfe's Regiment, to my reader.

A native of Sussex, and a sportsman and "bon camarade" as well, it was often his privilege to enjoy the Duke's hospitality at Goodwood, as well as to join the merry throng that assembled at Charlton during the hunting season.

Long before the actual outbreak of hostilities he wrote as follows, and his letter is remarkably interesting from the information it affords concerning the manner in which the Highlands were garrisoned. But I take exception to his comment upon an Oxford education !

"MY LORD DUKE

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than ye recpt of Your most kind and obliging Letter. I was affraid I had the misfortune of Displeasing You, and had not ye Courage to write, tho I attempted it two or three times and as often burnt it. I am extreamly sorry my Nephew had ye Impudence to

apply to You ; I knew nothing of it, if I had he should not have done it ; I never thought an Oxford Education was fit for anything but a Parson, and they a Nuisance to ye Commonwealth.

“ I heartly thank Your Grace for Your care of me, tis certain I shall be miserable when broke,¹ but at this time of life tis no great matter what becomes of me !

“ If You are pleasd to have any acct. of this Highland Country I am enabled to do it, for I have been thro’ ye whole ; tis not like ye Alps or Piranees which You have seen, no chain or ridges of Mountains, but detachd naked Rocks ; in ye space of one mile one must decend and mount perhaps two or three times. Here is one long Vale that runs E.N.E. and W.S. West above 70 miles from Sea to Sea, no where above a Mile broad, in many places much less, most of ye way Navigable Loughs that empty into one another ; the rocks on each side inaccessible. A very good level road is made, and cut thro rocks at an immense expence ye whole way. Here, at ye West end is Fort William, built by K^g. William, where I am quartered with 4 Companys, ’tis ye best of three Garrisons (as they are calld) that are seated in this chasm, for ye Vale deserves no other name. ’Tis over-lookd by vast high Mountains, the Sun will not shine on us in Winter but two or three hours. The Governor, by Oatmeal Suttling &c, makes a good perquisite by us, they say 6 or 700 pound p. an.—but we are miser-

¹ He was in the Duke of Cumberland’s bad graces at this time ; but the storm blew over, probably thanks to the Duke of Richmond’s intercession on his behalf.

able! ill Lodged and Ill Fed. No Fire or provisions but what we must have ye Industry to provide our selfs—the Officers I mean,—for ye men have Oat meal and Ale, and now we are salting up beef for ye Spring half year. The lands to ye South of us belong to D. of Gordon, to ye N. to ye Camerons, the common name of all ye people hereabouts; their Chief Loucheal is 8 mile from us, has about 1000£ a year, his country 20 miles extent. Glen-garie is to ye East of him. These are Formidable names at Your end of ye Island, but are not so to me, for tho they are disaffected enough, their country is thinly peopled with the worst of Thieves and greatest of Savages. A Dull stupid people.

“Midway to Inverness is Fort Augustus, a new thing, where ye publique mony has been thrown away profusely, they say it cost 30000£ on spacious buildings, a Governors house &c, but it is no fortress; one would be amazed at ye Folly and profusion that appears there! Twas this Year erected into a Government with an Establishment for Gunners &c, it has 4 Companys of our Regt, five Cannon & Ordinance stores are thrown away there! Half their Garrison are left out of ye new Fort and quarterd in a Barrack a quarter of a mile from them.

“Fort George at Inverness is at ye East end of this Vale, I believe I mentioned it to Your Grace and ye Clans about it at ye time of ye expected Invasion, tis another of Genl. Wades buildings somewhat like Augustus, commanded by hights and without water, as this is, within ye works but near a river.

“There is two other Fortified Barracks for one

Company each, Bernera on ye passage to ye Isle of Skie, and Ruthven, on ye river Spey on the New Road.

“The Highland-roads are indeed Admirable; they are truly Roman. They begin near Sterling, run by F. George, F. Augustus, to this place; 115 miles besides some of communication, with Oblisks to mark the Miles, they have a vast many Bridges, two the finest in Britain, Taybridge cost £5000, Highbridge 9 miles from hence butts on two Rocks, ye peers are 70 or 80 feet high. There are a vast many paved Gutters to let ye Waters pass, but there is such Torrents in this hilly country all will not do, Six or 7 hundred pound allowd p. an. will not do, there is still an additional charge. But tho these Roads are so fine there are no Carriages or hardly any body to travel them; when we march this way we must leave our baggage behind or send it round by Sea.

“They are making a new road, this year on ye D. of Argiles estate 50 miles, the Estimate 6000£ twill be of little use to any body but ye Duke,—sure you do not want mony in England to carry on ye War! If Fernhurst¹ lane had some Scotsman to patronize it what an advantage it would be to my Dirty Country!

“I beg Your Graces pardon for ye length of my letter and ye inpertinent Subject of it, I have just nothing at all to do at home, no Books and the weather so rainey that for forty days I have been here not one Dry, it's allmost perpetual rain in this Situation open to ye Western Sea and confind by high Hills.

¹ The Colonel came from Fernhurst, in Sussex.

The little Corn they have here is still as green as Grass, and ye tops of ye hills white with Snow.

“Your Grace’s

“most Obedt. humble Servant

“EDM. MARTIN.

“FORT WILLIAM, *Sept. ye 17th, 1744.*”

We next hear from him in the following May. And it is very evident that during the interim nothing had occurred to induce him to alter his opinion of his surroundings! It is noteworthy too, that he dates his letter three days after Fontenoy had been fought; but the news of that disaster cannot have reached him at the time of writing, as he makes no allusion to it. Little did the honest Colonel think that the ennui from which he and his brother officers had so long been suffering was shortly to be dispelled, by a turn of Fortune’s wheel. For the daybreak surprise of Prestonpans and the panic-stricken rout of Falkirk were destined to be for many of them an ill exchange from the uneventful routine of which they so bitterly complained! His letter runs as follows:

From Colonel Martin, Fortwilliam, N.B., to the Duke of Richmond, Goodwood.

“May 14 1745.

“MY LORD DUKE

“I am glad to find Your Grace has not left off Fox hunting which I suppose is Your diversion in ye New Forrest. No body is more strongly prejudiced for bodily Exercise than myself, who have

allways used it, and I fancy it has preserved my Agility and Vigor beyond many I see Younger and of better Constitution than myself. Col. Gardiner,¹ since he is growing rich and Lazy, is ye most alterd man I have seen in so short a time; he stoops, pockes out his head, and has ye appearance of a Very Old Man.

“I am sorry I can’t have ye happiness to be in an old Corps for I am terribly affraid of reduction; I think verily this War² is too Expensive to last long, if there is no better Economie of ye publique mony than there is here. You Gentlemen who pay so largely to support ye State must soon grow weary of it. They are making a piece of road here to please one Great Man³ that he may drive easily to his house (when he gets one) tis about 40 miles where there is to be 17 bridges, *one* will cost 2 or 3000£, thro’ a country all rock and Bogg, where nobody will ever have occasion to pass but he himself and that perhaps but once more in his life if he does that. The roads that are made allready by Mr. Wade are very good of themselves especially to ye man he has appointed to look after them, but of very little use to ye publique, for theres neither lodging, meat, or drink, or horses or Carriages to be got on them. I have lately passd 4 times thro’ these West highlands where there is no road or hardly track, but ye mountains stand all round like a parcel of sugar loaves on a grocers counter, where I got nothing to Eate or drink but what I carried with me, and at night no bed to lye on. Your

¹ Killed at Prestonpans the following September.

² In Flanders.

³ The Duke of Argyll.

Grace may well call this a cursed Country; and I must beg leave to Anathemize the animals bred in it, for the Tartars themselves are not half so Savage as ye common highlanders. The Gentry are so proud and National there is no conversing with them, they are at home quite different from what you see them about ye Court. To give You a small instance of what they are, and how affected to us of ye South, a Gentn. of quality where I was last quarterd was very shy of being acquainted with me till he saw I was known to a certain Earl with a Green Ruban, a great speaker in Your house, he asked ye Earl what sort of man I was, he reply'd 'a good sort of man, one of ye best that come from that Country.' All ye Good Genl. Wade did for this country by laying out Thousands of ye Governmts mony can't procure a good word from any of them, they say he is no friend to Scotland which a man must be, or pretend to be, or he cant live here.

"My Lord Duke

"Your Grace's most obedt. Servant

"E. M. MARTIN."

It was upon July 25, Old Style, that Prince Charlie landed at Moidart. His voyage had been fraught with no little excitement. Embarking on July 2, on a brig of eighteen guns, *La Doutelle* by name, and escorted by a ship of war, the *Elizabeth*, of sixty-seven guns, they fell in with the *Lion*, a British man-of-war of fifty-eight guns, and after a hard-fought engagement the two battleships found it necessary to withdraw to their respective countries, so disabled were they. The

Doutelle, however, kept on her course, and after a fortnight's voyage, there took place that "landing of seven men that could shake an empire," (to again quote Lord Mahon). The utmost uncertainty prevailed, even in the highest quarters, as to the state of affairs both at home and abroad. There was no definite news. Nothing was known as to the whereabouts of Prince Charlie, nor how it fared with our land and sea forces across the water; and I can offer no better illustration of the consequent uneasiness than by giving you the following extract from the Duke of Newcastle's letter of August 3 :

"As to publick news," he writes, [a favourite phrase of his,] "I conclude you know Ostend has been besieged since last Saturday or Sunday. The Fort of Plassendall surrendered immediately, and yesterday the Lords of the Admiralty had a very bad account from Commodore Smith, that the Garrison would not hold out long. That the communication with the Sea would be very soon cutt off, and Com. Smith proposes the sinking Transports with Stones, in order to make the Harbour useless to the French. I had a letter yesterday from Consul Hutton but nothing from Chandos. The Consul does not write so despondingly as the Commodore, Chandos has sent for water and vinegar, which is sent him. As to the Young Pretender, He was as they say, on board the *Elizabeth*, which was attacked by the *Lyon*, but He was afterwards put on board the Fregate, which they suppose is gone on to Scotland, the *Elizabeth* is returned to Brest. We hear accounts that there are seventeen large French ships in the Western Ports of France,

besides three or four Spanish Ships at Santander and Ferrol. The French ships are supposed to be designed to convoy their trade to America, but some imagine they are intended to support the Young Pretender, and that seems the more probable. At present I am afraid, we have very little to oppose them. However we have at last determined to send for Admiral Martin, home, to collect all our Sea Force together, and for them to rendezvous at the Lizard, when Admiral Vernon is to have the command of the Whole. I am afraid the French will be very soon Masters of Ostend; Where they will go next, God knows,—I hope they will not come hither. We have ordered Transports to be taken up for 10000 men, and I shall send them to Flushing in Zealand, to be ready to bring back a number from our Flanders Army, and the Duke will have them in readiness. This is the only scheme for any real Defense, in case we should be attacked, tho' I hope we shall not be obliged to put it in execution. They talk much of a great Detachment going from the French Army in Flanders to the Rhone, but there is no certainty of it. The whole view of the Austrians is to get the Great Duke elected Emperor, and indeed that would be a great Point. I hope it will succeed, but there are other things also, which we must have a Regard to. There is Nothing Material from Hanover since you was here. We have got no answer either from the King of Prussia or the Court of Vienna, upon what I think the most material point of all, I mean the accommodation with Prussia. We have repeated our earnest advice to His Majesty to return immediately to His

Kingdoms, which it is generally thought He will do. . . .

“ Marshal Belisle, will start for France on Monday or Tuesday next. He has signed the Declaration I prepared for Him. We have orderd a Proclamation offering 30,000 pounds for apprehending the Young Gentleman, landing, or attempting to land. I beg My Compliments to all the Ladies, and am My Dearest Lord

“ Ever and Unalterably Yours

“ HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

“ I beg leave to add a line, with Compliments to the Dk. of Richmond, and Lady Emily, and should be much oblig'd to yr. Grace, if you wd. tell my Lady Albemarle, that I return her ten thousand thanks, for six of the prettyest Fowles that ever was seen, which came to Claremont this day.”

It was not until after the battle of Prestonpans, on September 26, that the English Government roused itself sufficiently to take proper measures to cope with the victorious Highlanders. And on the very date of that disastrous affair we find the Duke of Cumberland writing from Flanders to protest against his troops being taken away from him “ at this criticall juncture.” He little knew what had befallen General Sir John Cope ! Captain “ Meggott,” to whom he refers, received a commission in Wolfe’s regiment early in the following year. Let us hope the giddiness of his youth did not prevent him from becoming a smart soldier ; he was, at all events, an excellent correspondent, as you shall see anon !

Thus writes his Grace :

" WILWORDEN, *Sep. ye 26th 1745* N.S.

" MY LORD,

" I am always glad of any opportunity I may have of obliging you at any time, and as soon as a Vacancy may happen where no great injustice will be done I shall place Captain Meggott ; tho I am not fond of bringing Officers into our Service over the heads of those who have done their duty well, as you answer for him I have no doubts about him, tho I have been told that he was a little Giddy in his youth ; but he may be improved as I hope we giddy youths all shall !

" I am sure that you feall for me at present since this considerable detachment is ordered from me at this crittically juncture, I am doubly, both for the occasion, tho I hope it will be short and severely punished and for this diminution of our Army when we began to flatter ourselves we might look the Enemy in the face without Cannalls or intrenchment. Compliments to the Dutchess and I am your affectionate friend

" WILLIAM."

Any misgivings that may have troubled His Royal Highness regarding Meggott must have been speedily dispelled by the high opinion which the Duke of Richmond entertained for that young gentleman. And in his reply he hastens to call attention to the serious situation of affairs at home. He was on the spot, and consequently felt himself bound to write in most forcible terms concerning the National peril.

No doubt, by the time the Duke of Cumberland received the following letter his eyes had been opened to the true state of things, by the arrival in Flanders of the news of Prestonpans. At any rate, the result of my ancestor's advice, and that of others, to the King was, that ten English battalions were despatched from Flanders, together with other troops; and not long after their departure the Duke of Cumberland returned to England to take command of the Forces in the field.

Thus wrote the Duke of Richmond :

" GOODWOOD, Oct. 3, 1745.

" SIR,

" I cannot express my gratitude to your R.H. for your receiving of my recommendation of Capt. Meggott with so much goodness, as for giddiness in his youth I really do not know that he ever was guilty of any excepting that of a little extravagancy, and spending more money than he could perhaps afford,¹ but I assure you, sir, that I never heard him accused or even suspected of doing any bad thing in his life, for if I had I should have been a wretch myself for recommending him to your R.H. butt so far from it that I have always looked upon him to be a young man of thorough good principles and great honor, with more than a common share of bravery, and I am confident your R.H. has been misinform'd if you have ever heard to the contrary; so much for Capt. Meggott, butt now I must beg your indulgence, Sir, for two words for myself, for fear you should look upon

¹ " A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind ! "

me as an idle adviser in the late measure of withdrawing so many troops from your R.H.'s army. I plead guilty to it at once, and what is more I have been of opinion for these last two months, that your R.H. with your whole Brittish army should be sent for home to save this Kingdome, and I have declared this my opinion to the King your father. It is not the Scotch rebels that I fear, tho they have now gott posession of Scotland, and have proclaimed the pretender at Edinburgh, butt I now look upon an invasion from France to be no longer a bugbear, butt a real danger, and a most certain thing if not prevented by force at home, and in the name of God Sir what is all Europe to us if your Royall father looses his crown, and wee consequently all our liberty, and every thing that is dear to us, which I am very sure wee can never enjoy butt under the government of your family. You will forgive my apprehensions I hope Sir upon this occasion, they proceed from my Zeal, for which I shall make no apology; His Majesty and all his servants know my sentiments, weake as they perhaps are, and it is some comfort to have this opportunity of laying them before your R.H. whose constant goodness persuades me I shall be forgiven. The Duchess of Richmond is very sensible of the honor of being remember'd by you, and begs you Sir to accept of her dutifull thanks, and I beg leave to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect, and most unalterable attachment

“ Ever Your R.H.'s most faithfull, &

“ most obedient humble servant

“ RICHMOND &c.”

Meanwhile, in spite of the success of Prestonpans, (which had made him temporarily master of all Scotland, except the extreme Northern districts and the Castles of Edinburgh and Stirling) things were already commencing to look black for Prince Charlie. He had invaded England, and reduced Carlisle, 'tis true; but now his foes were gathering apace. Marshal Wade was advancing against him through Yorkshire; in his front was the Duke of Cumberland, with his headquarters at Lichfield, and a force of some 8,000 troops. The command of the Cavalry was entrusted to the Duke of Richmond, and on November 8 he was promoted to the rank of full General, with orders to proceed to Lichfield.

Shortly after the Duke of Richmond's arrival at Lichfield he wrote in some perturbation to the Duke of Newcastle respecting the state of affairs that prevailed amongst the troops. It was a match with time, every moment was precious if they were to prevent the rebels giving them the slip:

" LITCHFIELD *Saturday noon*

" *23rd Novr. 1745.*

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I received Your Grace's of the 23rd by express, as also one from Sr. John Ligonier of the same date containing severall orders from His Royal Highness the Duke, my answer to all which Your Grace will see in the enclosed copy of my letter to Sr. Everard Fawkener, & the result of the consultation I had with the two Major Gen^{ls}. here. I have had no less than three expresses from the north and one

from Yorkshire since last night, all which I take for granted you are aprised of, so I do not send them to you not haveing time to take copys of them, butt the principall part of them is that the Rebells are certainly marching forwards, & towards us, that the greatest part of them are at Kendall & are expected at Lancaster as to night, this proves that they avoid fighting Marschall Wade, & intend to take Chester, & gett into North Wales, or to attack us before wee are formed into one corps which cannot be even here before the 29th or 30th instant. Altho I have done all I can to press forwards the Divisions in our rear butt what gives me great concern is that by our computation the Rebells if they do not amuse themselves in Lancashire may be at Chester by the 27th, take that and slip into Wales before wee can possibly come up to them, butt if they thinke fitt to come here we shall certainly be prepared for them, & if they should move towards Yorkshire wee hope also wee may cutt across to them, butt you see plainly that the reason why we cannot thinke of advancing towards them is because our Artillery, all our Cavalry, and severall Battallions are not yett come up, butt when they are you may depend upon it wee shall do our duty. As I want to dispatch this express to you, I will answer the other parts of your most obliging letter by this night's post, & am with the greatest truth my dear Lord, most faithfully & sincerely yours

“RICHMOND &c.”

He wrote again the same evening, less uneasy about the movements of the Highlanders; but terribly

concerned for the safety of the Duchess. She had started for Yorkshire, in order to be nearer to her husband.

" LITCHFIELD, *Saturday night*

" *Novr. 23rd, 1745.*

" MY DEAR LORD [he says],

" I have just received Your Grace's of the 22nd by express, and am mighty happy to find that His Majesty approves of what I have done. I own that the quick advance of the rebels, & our not being strong enough to oppose them had wee advanc'd gave me great perplexity, butt since the resollution (of which I have this morning sent you a copy) was taken, to advance our head no farther than Stone, till our rear comes up, I am very easy, because I am sure now they cannot come upon us till we are thoroughly prepared not only to receive butt meet them, & as Marschall Wade is retired to Newcastle I hope & beleive we shall have the honor of defeating & also destroying these villains; which I really look upon to be certain if wee can butt meet them in a fair field, & that wee keep a good look out for fear of a surprise, not butt that I wish we had more force with us for in such a cause I must always wish to be more than morally sure of success and as for the two battallions of Gardes I fear they cant be up before wee have a brush with the Rebels, that is if they advance, butt now Wade is retired suppose they should after raising great contributions at Lancaster, Liverpool and other places, retire again to Carlisle, then Mr. Wade is quite out of their way, & we shall be march'd to death for follow them I take for granted we must, & in my

poor opinion ought to do it. Now as to your first kind letter relating to the advice gave to my dear Taw,¹ I am vastly obliged to you for it, & am entirely of your opinion that she would have done much better to have stay'd in town, & I have sent a servant across the Country to meet her at Grantham, or Stilton, to desire her either to return, or if she does go on to stay but three or four days at Worksupp for that really I should be in very great pain about her if the Rebels should gett into Yorkshire, which by the by, if they make forced marches I dont see how wee can hinder it, then wee must follow, & Wade meet them; butt if they should march that way as I have said, it would be a most shocking circumstance to me, so as she has all her life taken my advice I hope she will do so now. Nothing new is come in since I wrote this morning to you, tho I have had one from the Duke of Devonshire, and one from the Post Master of Yorke, butt they contain nothing butt what we had accounts of before. I am my dear Lord, most sincerely and affectionately

“ Yours

“ RICHMOND.”

To yourself.—Secret

“ For God's sake don't think of sending Hawley from us, indeed he is equall to anybody, & will speake his mind. Leg is a good man, butt in my poor opinion too complaisant, besides that, one of his legs was numb'd the other day, and I dont thinke his life to be depended on, this is only between you & I,

¹ His pet name for his wife.

butt pray make good use of my hint. I am sorry to say wee are in a strange irregular way, & if the Rebels had attack'd us at Stone on Munday night, as wee thought they would, wee had been undone, & Ligonier said so himself, & it must be so, if they ever attack us in the night, if wee are not encamp'd; and at Stone it was impossible for want of straw.

“It is necessary to hurry on our troops, else they'll be in London before us, & yett these dreadfull fattiguing Marches, will make them incapable of fighting, wee none of us know what rest is. I wish wee could have speedy help from London, if not wee must & will do our best without it. The Duke is not here so nobody knows of my writing this—pray shew it to nobody butt the Chancellor & Mr. Pelham, and I desire you would shew it to them.”

In his next letter he alludes forcibly to the shocking condition of the medical and pay departments. In neither of these does there appear to have been any provision made for service in the field; and he writes on November 25 from Lichfield:

“I must now inform your Grace that wee have neither paymaster nor hospital here, wee cant move without the first, & shall be in a most miserable way without the latter. I know the answer to the first will be they are pay'd till Christmas, which is true, butt as it has been mostly sent in bank bills & that there is no specie to be gott in the country, we dont know who to aply to for the subsistence of the troops. I know the agents are greatly to blame for not sending the cash down in specie, therefore I could wish there might be some directions given to them about it. I

may write very ignorantly as to these money matters, butt that you know is a detail I never understood in my life, butt the fact is they are in great distress here for want of specie. Now as to an hospitall, wee have not seen the face of a Phisician, Surjeon or Apothecary, nor is there an ounce of druggs, or a surjeon's needle, but what belongs to the Regiments, which I do say is a most shamefull thing. I do not know nor do I care who is to blame, butt it is a most cruel thing to thinke that every poor soldier that is sick must be left at best in a barn without help, & our wounded men, if wee have action, upon the field. I have sent to look upon a house here for that purpose & every thing that is in my power shall be prepared."

The confident tone of the following letter from the Duke of Cumberland seems to denote that he awaited the approach of the Highlanders with calmness.

The large force which was now assembled, and the dispositions made by his subordinates, gave him every reason to feel assured of the result.

Writing to my ancestor from St. James's on November 25, 1745, he says :

"MY LORD

"I received yours late last night and had the satisfaction to find the King as well pleased with what had been done as I was, as I shall be with you at Lichfield early on Wednesday morning I have nothing else to suggest ; except that the most advanced regiment of Dragoons may be sent forwarder than Stone towards Warrington and that all the roads towards Chester, Warrington, and Stockport be surveyd

and repaired and Marche routes, Cantoornments, &c, be prepared against the troops are assembled,

“ I remain your affectionate friend

“ WILLIAM.”

Thus wrote the Duke of Newcastle on November 30, in a confident strain which is not borne out by his subsequent letters :

“ NEWCASTLE HOUSE, *Novr. 30th, 1745.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ . . . Hawley came here last night, and sets out for Litchfield tomorrow morning, I shall send a very voluminous Letter by Him to the Duke, We extreamply approve His R. Highness' Disposition, I send the advices we have recd, of nine sail of transports said to be arrived in Scotland with *Ld. I Drummond's* Regt on board, the Highlanders are getting together again, & are already got to the number of 3000, to join ye Rebels, this makes it necessary as soon as possible to send a strong force thither, which the Duke and *M. Wade* will be orderd to do as soon as they can be spared from both armies, under the Command of *Wade*. But this is not to be done 'till you are in a condition, by the Junction or approach of the two armies, to do it. *Wade* marched from Newcastle last Tuesday, and You must now soon hear of Him. By a route that has been taken from one of the French Ships, it seems to have been the Design of the Rebels, to come directly from Carlisle to London. There is the greatest reason to think, that the second Son of the Pretender is taken in the '*Soleil*'

and passes for your Cousin Rattliff's ¹ Son. We have sent a strong Guard to bring them up to London. Wade is to have what Officers He likes with Him, I wish He would choose Hawley and Huske, for the Duke can do without them. I wrote four or five lines to Sr. Everard, by the Express to prepare the Duke for Hawley and my long Dispatches; I must think with you, that you dont shew this letter to any Body. For it would be indecent in me to write to any Body about H.R.H.'s orders, before He receives them Himself. tho My letter has not yet been with the King, so I cannot send it away to night. I pray God grant you good success, and be assured that I am ever, (as I ought to be) Most affectly &

“Unalterably yrs

“HOLLES NEWCASTLE.

“P.S. My Compliments to Albemarle, & Bury.”

The state of suspense in which the poor Duchess of Richmond was now lingering regarding the welfare of her beloved husband found vent in an urgent letter to the Duke, beseeching him to remind his Grace of Newcastle of his promise to keep her informed of all that was going on! And so the Duke of Newcastle received the following from

¹ This was Charles Radcliffe, the titular Earl of Derwentwater. He had been concerned in the 1715 Rebellion, and sentenced to death, but he escaped from the Tower and fled to France. In '45 he threw in his lot with Prince Charlie, was captured on board the *Esperance* [Privateer] by H.M.S. *Sheerness*, committed to the Tower, and beheaded on his former sentence on Tower Hill in December 1746 (*See Dict. Nat. Biog.*). He was a cousin of the Duke of Richmond by marriage with Lady Newburgh, a sister of the first Duchess of Richmond.

" LITCHFIELD, *Saturday night, 30th Novr. 1745.*

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I never thought I should have had reason of complaining of your unkindness to me, which is in the little notice you have taken of my poor dear Taw who has been a most miserable creature ever since I left town, where she hates to stay, butt does it merely in obedience to my positive directions, & strong assurances I have ventured to give her that you will, as often as you can, let her know our scituation, tho' that I have constantly done myself, butt she was in hopes to have seen you sometimes, & that you would at least have given her notice when you send a messenger or express this way, she sayes she has never seen you once, nor has had any message from you, expect a *How do you* since Thursday last was sennight, nor any news, nor notice of any messenger or express either going out or comeing in, & that the only letter she has sent me by express, was by her porters finding out at your office that one was just then going out, tho' she had just before sent to Newcastle House, & the answer was they knew of none that was to go that day. I acknowledge women are often figgittingly troublesome, butt in this very particular case I thinke you might excuse the person in the whole world you know I love the best, I beg pardon for saying so much on the subject, I am sorry to do it because I know it will vex you, butt I could not help telling it you, & you know I have often promis'd you that if ever I am dissatisfy'd with you I would lett you know my reasons for it."

CHAPTER XXV

“THE ’45” CONTINUED

The Highlanders march to Derby—Panic-stricken London—Count Bentinck counsels common-sense—The fall of Carlisle—Prince Charlie withdraws to the hills—A political storm at St. James’—My ancestor returns from the North—Colonel Martin’s forced march.

IS it necessary to enter at length into the details of the renowned advance to Derby? To dilate upon the astonishingly rapid march by which the Highlanders got between the Duke’s army and the metropolis, so that there followed in that city a panic the like of which had rarely been seen before and never since? Or to set forth the arguments and entreaties to which his senior officers had recourse in order to induce Prince Charlie to order a retreat ere it was too late? I think not; but I may quote from His Grace of Newcastle, whose letters of this period denote that he, at all times easily perturbed, was in a most unenviable state of mind! In fact, it has been alleged it is true with very little probability that he went so far as to shut himself up for a whole day, in order (so asserted the ill-natured ones) that he might deliberate whether ’twere not best to declare, whilst yet there was time, for Prince Charlie!

On December 1 he wrote :

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ Tho’ I am in such a hurry, that I have scarce time to dine, I cannot avoid returning you my best thanks for your most kind letter, where on are the Proofs of Zeal for the Government, Detestation of the Rebels, and good judgement in not slighting them too much, and also of friendship, and affection for me, that words can express, and for which I never can be sufficiently grateful. My Dear Duke, be assured, I most sincerely love you, and esteem those rare Qualities, I know in you. God send you good success, and safe back to us. The Rebels certainly intend to give you the slip, but I hope you will not let them. I have wrote strongly on that head to the Duke. We shall assemble soon our Army about London, in expectation of them. A million of thanks for your Goodness to Linky, ¹ ’tis the prettiest little boy I ever saw, I call Him *Pigg*, for he is just like one, I will tell My Brother how good you are to us. My Dear Lord, I can never forget it, or cease to be unalterably yrs,

“ H. NEWCASTLE.

“ P.S. My love to Alb. and Bury. I dont think Hawley will want you, before Tuesday Night, or Wensday Morning.”

This letter was speedily followed by another ; I can almost picture him sitting down in feverish haste to write something, no matter what, to relieve the suspense from which he was so acutely suffering.

¹ Lord Lincoln, his nephew, had just been presented with a son and heir.

Writing on December 3, he says:

"MY DEAR LORD,

" . . . I have just sent a little note of the News I have received this day from Ld. Lonsdale, of the March of the Rebels towards Wales. For my part, I can hardly believe it, and for that reason have been very sorry to hear Your Army was dispersed, by Your Horse &c, being advanced so far towards Chester. I still think their design is to push for London, all the Accounts say so, and of Desperate things, that seems the most reasonable. We have an Account of their (i.e. the French) getting all sort of French Craft together at Dunkirk, to throw over a great number of men, into Kent and Sussex, or Norfolk or Suffolk, and this may encourage the Rebels to come Inward. For God sake dont think it impossible or improbable, Ld Duke says they may very easily give you the slip.

" Ever and Unalterably Yrs.

" H. NEWCASTLE."

His letter must have crossed the following one from the Duke of Richmond, for he writes from Lichfield on December 5 to urge that troops should be massed for the protection of London—a matter which was already in progress.

" LITCHFIELD, Thursday morning, nine o'clock,

" 5 Decr. 1745.

"MY DEAR LORD,

" Enclosed are coppys of intelligence I have received from Dr. Taylor, & of my letter to Sr. Everard Fawkenor upon it both which I thinke right

to send to your Grace, as I am a days march nearer to you, than H. R^l. Highness. I am indeed apprehensive they may gett to London before us, as a Generall I dont presume to advise, butt as one of His Majesty's Council I do advise a Camp to be formed immediately upon Barnet or Finchley comon or some where thereabouts, & immediately else you will be too late, if the rebbells think propper to advance, for I know by this short experience that cantonements will not do, for you are liable to be destroyed every night, for there is no formeing from a Cantonement, whereas tis done instantly from a Camp. . . I am my Lord

“Your Grace's ever faithfull

“humble servant

“RICHMOND &c.”

No sooner had the retreat from Derby commenced than the Duke of Newcastle gave full vent to his dread of an attack by France. It is almost pitiable to read the hysterical appeal for assistance. True, it was necessary to garrison the South of England against the much apprehended French invasion, and consequently the Duke of Cumberland was recalled from Carlisle, and his Infantry from Lichfield, to guard the south coast ; but the peril was surely not so imminent as to call for an alarmist letter of the following nature ; nor had the landing in Pevensy Bay any material existence !

“WHITEHALL Dec. 12th 1745.

“MY DEAR LORD

“We are under the greatest alarms of an immediate Invasion from France, it was even reported, that

they were already landed yesterday in Pevensey Bay. Adl. Vernon expects them every Hour. For God sake hasten to us, for if they should come before Legonier with his Foot, we shall not have 6000 Men to oppose them. I wanted you extreamly this day in Council, where I was forced to differ even with My good and valuable friend The Chancellor, and Ld. Harrington. But the King decided for me, and it is now all agree'd. The Question was whether Legonier, or rather the Dukes whole Army should come hither immediately, or only Six Batalions, or that Six old Batalions should be detached to Wade. I was for all coming, London is the great object, and must be prefer'd to all other considerations. At last we agreed to let you detach just Cambels, and Semples, with one Regt of Dragoons, and four New Regiments. The Six Thousand Hessians are coming over immediately into Scotland. The Dutchess of Richmond will be very happy, I will soon go and congratulate Her. I doubt I am Ill with the Duke but I can't help it. I must, if I can, keep out the Pretender

“ Ever Yrs.

“ H. NEWCASTLE.”

Count Bentinck, Dutch Minister at The Hague, and a connection of the Duke by marriage,¹ was astounded at the panic that possessed some of those in office in England. It is quite conceivable that the absence of English news of a reliable nature, for a fortnight, may have caused him to wonder if

¹ He had married Lady Margaret Cadogan, younger sister of the Duchess of Richmond.

the worst could have happened,—in fact he hints as much ; but whether he really thought thus or not, he could not resist pointing out that the situation in Flanders was again becoming very serious. Nor was he mistaken in his warning, for even as he wrote, the campaign in that country was being reopened by Marshal Saxe, and with what disastrous results to the Allies I shall endeavour to sketch in a later chapter. He says :

“ HAGUE *Dec. ye 31st.*

“ You shall have a second, my Dear Lord Duke, before you answer ye first. I desired you would favour me with some news, but besides that I must beg you would explain some small matter which I own to me is inconceivable. Is there so little Spirit left in England, that six or seven thousand Scotch can frighten ye whole Nation out of their Senses, are they such terrible fellows, that one must be persuaded that they will beat ye Duke, or that after contrary winds have kept back English letters about a fortnight one must be in doubt whether ye King is still on ye Throne or no ?

“ ‘ *Risum teneatis, amici ;* ’ these are discourses that are held. Has any body stirr’d in England in favour of ye new Pretender ? I have heard of none, and yet it is said by ye same that ye Country people bring nothing to ye Army, but that they supply ye Rebels. I own I should never have expected to hear such talk from one that was a great friend of mine, and whom I took to have more sense. I should not speak of it if it was not his common Topicks with every

body all Day long and so publickly that at ye Coffee house here they call him a Jacobite.¹

"All this looks excessive ill for us ; and I dont doubt but ye greatest danger is at our door. They say ye Declaration of War against us is printing, and then if our wisdom is to help us, we are gone farr enough ; and I cant see we have a friend in ye world ; this is all French work, they have undermined all harmony and union between us and our Ally's, and then they have us cheap enough. Pray let me hear from you my Dear Lord Duke, and ever believe me most sincerely, faithfully and tenderly Yours

"C. B.

"Titie² desires to be very kindly remember'd to you."

Even as Count Bentinck wrote, the Duke was witnessing the siege and reduction of Carlisle, the last incident of the campaign in which he had any share, for he returned to England immediately afterwards.

The ink of his letter can have been scarcely dry before the Castle surrendered !

He writes, to the Duke of Newcastle from

"UPPERBY NEAR CARLISLE, *Mund.* 30th Decr. 1745.

"MY DEAR LORD.

"Our six gun battery has been playing these two dayes upon the Castle, tho butt gently yesterday, for wee were short of amunition, however enough came up last night from Whitehaven, & wee erected

¹ I cannot tell you to whom he refers.

² Lady Margaret, his wife.

another three gun battery last night, & as the engineer reports not a shott fired at them by the Rebels dureing the whole time they were at worke, & some of our artillery officers say they are sure they fired three times yesterday from the Castle without shott, so their amunition certainly fails them; & as there is a good deal of their wall beat down, & a great crack made in it I thinke the head will certainly be made by to-night or to-morrow. & then the whole is our own. You will hear of a very odd letter the Duke has received from a French officer of Artillery *sujet de France* as he sayes, butt his name is *Geoghahagan*, which is Irish enough, they want extreemly to capitulate, butt to be sure the Duke cannot treat with them, yett if they putt out the white flag, I really cant see how he can putt them to the sword after it, tho' to be sure they ought all to be hanged, this letter I mention'd shows how useless these damn'd Dutch Troops are, I actually thinke they should not be pay'd butt transport themselves home again, for it will be very odd to pay troops, that wee know will not fight for us. I wish you joy of this Prussian Treaty. if it is well follow'd it will sett every thing to rights again—I am my dear Lord for ever yours

“RICHMOND &c.

“The Rebels have just hung out the white Flag.

“Munday Night. Our Troops are now marching into the Town, pray send the enclosed quick to my dearest Taw.”

A fortnight later the rout of Falkirk may have altered Count Bentinck's opinion of the “Rebbells!”

But this triumph was to do more harm than good to their cause. Laden with plunder, the Highlanders deserted in thousands ; Prince Charlie was left with but a skeleton army, with which he proceeded to resume the siege of Stirling Castle, thereby giving his enemies full time to recover from their second defeat.

At St. James', it was considered necessary to send another General to Scotland, and the Duke of Cumberland was accordingly despatched at once to take supreme command. On approaching Falkirk he found the rebels already in retreat, the siege of Stirling abandoned, and the Highland Army dispersing into the mountains for the winter. He therefore established himself at Perth, and sent out detachments to reduce the surrounding districts.

And whilst there, he wrote the following mysterious letter to the Duke of Richmond :

" PERTH, *Feby.* ye 20th, 174⁵/₆.

" MY LORD DUKE OF RICHMOND, I shall not begin with excuses for not having writ sooner, as I really am pretty much taken up here ; but I shall sincerely congratulate you on the happy turn things have taken at St. James ; I never fealt more concern than when I heard the bad, nor more joy than when the good news came. I had really double reason both for the publick, and as most of the Kings old Servants were my particular friends, and nobody more so than your self, as I flatter myself. it is the first time I have been glad to see Scotland for I had rather been any where then at St. James. I have recomended Capt. Magot

to the King for a company in Wolfes and that bring's him in the eldest of five at once.

"I remain your affectionate friend

"WILLIAM."

Very briefly, what had taken place was as follows : For some time Lord Granville had been in high favour with His Majesty, and had succeeded in arousing him to a display of much coolness and disfavour towards the Duke of Newcastle and Henry Pelham. Bound by their promise to Pitt, they concentrated all their energies upon an attempt to secure an office for that statesman ; but the King, guided by Lords Granville and Bath, and by his recollection of Pitt's former unfriendly attitude towards Hanover, flatly refused to grant the request. Nearly all the Ministers resigned ! Amongst them the Duke of Richmond handed over his appointment as Master of the Horse.

The King sent the two seals of Secretary of State to Lord Granville, that he and Lord Bath might form a new Ministry. But—in slang parlance—the thing was a frost !

Scarcely any man of weight and reputation was found willing to join them ; and this new Ministry lasted but forty hours, at the end of which time the King's former Servants were reinstated upon their own terms, prominent amongst which was the appointment of Pitt to be Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, whence he was shortly afterwards transferred to the Paymastership of the Forces ! Truly, as the Duke of Cumberland naïvely remarks, I have no doubt he *would* rather have been anywhere than at St. James'

whilst this stormy transformation scene was taking place.

The Duke of Richmond had not crossed the Border with the pursuing forces. I am glad that his share in the campaign came to a close with the surrender of Carlisle and the retreat of the Scottish army. Returning South, he repaired to his hunting box at Charlton, and it was here that he received the next letter from Colonel Martin. That officer had found it necessary to make a somewhat disagreeable journey to Edinburgh, in order to contest a law-suit, arising from his dealings with a member of the Mackintosh Clan.

It is evident that he came off second best in the argument; and probably most deservedly so, for I fancy that the "small revenge" of which he speaks was a euphemistic term for an act of reprisal which, by reason of its harshness, called down upon him the concerted action of the Clan to which his unlucky victim belonged! He is discreetly silent as to details. His account of the affair runs as follows:

"MY LORD DUKE,

"Tis a very great pleasure to me to hear Your Grace remains where You are; tis not quite so well with me who am chased from my quarters by a prosecution at Law by ye whole Clan of the Mackintoshes for having taken a small revenge on a raskal of that name, but I have got over it at ye Expence of a Hundred Guineas.

"I do not know whether I should call myself an Old Whig or not, for that Epithet, which I should have Gloried in is so prostituted and assumed by every

one that is out of humour with the Administration that it denotes no Principle at all.

"There is a Gentleman of our Regt., one Lieut. Christy who has some Interest in ye Earl of Berkley¹ and wants prefermt by his means has Importuned me to write to ye Earl or You to give a Character of him as an Officer which I can do, for I think him a very pretty Fellow, but I can do no more to serve him than that; and dare not trouble Your Grace with my Friends and my self too.

"I am glad to hear Fox hunting is not over with You, every old Woman is fond of prescribing those things she likes her self, I shall soon acquire that title, and have a great oppinion of Exercise, and to show You that I use it I came thro' ye Highlands on foot² a 100 miles in ye greatest Snow that has been known in ye memory of man and in very great danger of being frozen to death with no house or Shed to cover me. I am very well qualified for a Campaign in Westfalia if His Majesty would be pleased to send me over, but I hope ye Death of the Emperor will make some change for our advantage.

"I shall return to Fort William as soon as ye Weather will permit from whence I shall take ye liberty to write to Your Grace sometimes if I meet with anything fit to trouble You with.

"I am My Lord Duke

"Your Graces most Obedient humble Servant

"EDM. MARTIN.

"EDINBURGH Feb. ye 4th."

¹ The Duke's nephew. His father died at Aubigny in 1736.

² Pursued by the infuriated Mackintoshes!!

For some weeks after Falkirk the war dragged on in desultory fashion. Inverness was invested and taken by Prince Charlie on February 18, Lord Loudoun retiring with his army of some 2000 men into Sutherland, where his force disbanded.

"Your Grace will have heard," wrote Mr. Stone to my ancestor on March 4, "that upon the Rebels having possess'd themselves of Inverness, and Lord Loudon's Retreat from it, H.R.H. has thought proper to detain the Hessian troops in Scotland, and to send the Transports away with the Dutch. The Hessians are advancing towards Perth by Cantonments, in order to stop the Passage, should the Rebels attempt to return into the Lowlands by the Blair of Athol &c. Count Fitz James, the Major-Generals Tyrconnel and Rooth, and the Brigadiers Nugent and Cook, and a Colonel Nugent are returned to France, on giving their Parole, not to serve against the King or his Allies, 'till they are exchanged . . .

"I am with great Truth and respect

"My Lord Your Graces

"Most Obedient Humble Servt.

"ANDREW STONE."

And in similar but more gossiping style wrote Tom Hill, from his desk at the Board of Trade :

"MY LORD

"If my troubling you again so soon needs any excuse, the enclos'd letter must be it. You had had it under cover of my last, if it had come an hour sooner, For my part I shal not think of making any answer,

unless I have yr Grace's directions so to do. The same cause, that is, the being too late in point of time, prevented my acquainting you that I had had the agreeable surprise of a letter from Genl. Huske dated from Perth, Feby. 20 wherein he desires me to assure you of his respects, and of his intention of writing to you soon and thanking you for your kind letter of two words. He informs me the Army was upon their march to Montrose, where he was to be with the last of the foot on Sunday (i.e. yesterday was sennight) in the way to Aberdeen. Among other things he says 'this Rebellion may soon be over, but I promise you that if some speedy method is not soon fallen upon, and soon executed, you will have another rebellion before it's long. But as you please.'

"The General is rather more sanguin than usual, when he sais this rebellion may be soon over. An account came yesterday that they had made themselves masters of Inverness, and that some troupes were landed from France, which had made the Duke countermand the orders that had been given for the return of the Hessians, and they are now commanded to march northwards. In my humble opinion tho' the fire does not flame so violently as it did, it is very far from being extinguished, and therefore no one can be for sending away the fire engins, but those that desire to see it get head again. My Lord Loudon is retired in to the Shire of Ross with upwards of 2000 men, as they say; the consequence to be drawn from thence, I think is very plain, either that they are afraid of a few, or that the number of the rebels is too great for him to hazard an engagement. I shall answer the

General's letter out of hand, as I have an opportunity of sending it by yr Aid de Camp Captn Meggot, who tels me the Duke has at yr Grace's recomendation given him a comission, and that he shal set out for Scotland after tomorrow. I dined yesterday at Lord Pembroke's with Mr. Pelham, who was as he always is to me, very gracious, *but not a word of the pudding*. We have had most excessive cold weather. It is I think something mended today, and the wind is come about to the West, where I hope it wil continue for our good in general, and for your sport in particuler. My intention, when I sat down to write was not to have given you above a line or two, but I have insensibly spun them out to an intolerable length. Not to go on further in the same way, it is high time to subscribe myself with great truth

"Yr Grace's

"Most faithful humble Servt.

"THOS. HILL.

"PLANTATION OFFICE, *Monday March 3 1745.*"

Sad indeed, that the mysterious allusion to the "pudding" cannot be unravelled to provide for you some crumbs of the merriment which it probably afforded to honest Tom!

News travelled slowly in those days. It was not until the middle of March that bluff Vice-Admiral Townsend received the Duke's letter from Lichfield, written in the preceding November! Like many of my ancestor's friends, the Admiral was no stranger to Goodwood and the hunting box at Charlton, and consequently must needs add his congratulations to

the many which the Duke received on the successful conduct of his share of the Campaign.

Writing from Antigua, he says :

“ ‘ DORSETSHIRE ’ ANTIGUA, *March 14 1745-6.*

“ MY LORD,

“ I have received the honour of your Graces comands from Litchfield of the 26th of Novr. in regard to Mr. Harman, who was my Lieutenant in the ‘ Dorsetshire,’ but have lately made him Captain of a Prize taken by Mr. Lee in the ‘ Suffolk ’ called the ‘ Dauphin,’ but I have named her the ‘ *Richmond,*’ in regard to your Grace.

“ I was not a little overjoyed to see your hand and to find by it you were in good health and able to go in quest of his Majestys Enemys, since which I observe by the news papers your Grace attended the Duke and was at the retaking Carlisle. I heartily congratulate you on the success as I do on your command of the Horse.

“ I gave you the trouble of a letter from the Island of Dominica after the Defeat of the French fleet which I presume came safe to hand as the Sloop I sent it by arrived safe in Great Brittain.

“ I find the Rebels are retireing to the highlands, I hope they’l meet with little mercy, as they deserve none. My most ardent prayers and wishes attends your Grace where ever you go and in all you undertake, being with great truth and gratitude

“ My Lord Your Most Obedient and

“ Most faithfull humble Servt.

“ F. TOWNSEND.

“give me leave to add my Duty and compliments to her Grace and all the family, to his Grace of St. Albans, and Mr. Brudenell.”

Writing towards the end of March, Mr. Stone gives some account of the consternation caused at Perth by Lord George Murray, who had been successful in capturing two detached posts at Blair and Bun Rannoch. Emboldened by this success he laid siege to Blair Castle. So perturbed was Lord Crawford, then commanding at Perth, that he resolved to abandon that city, despite the fact that he had with him a garrison of four battalions and one Regiment of Dragoons! He was, however, dissuaded from his intention by Prince Frederick of Hesse, whose troops were quartered in the city. The alarm soon subsided, the siege of Blair Castle was raised, and Lord George fell back upon the main army further north.

The Duke's “return” of the state of his troops is curious from the disparity it shows between the “Effectives” and those “fit for service.”

“MY LORD,

“An Express came in this morning with Letters from His R. Highness, datrd the 19th at Aberdeen. M. Genl. Bland was never nearer surprising, and cutting off, a party of about 1000 of the Rebels. They fled, upon His Approach with the utmost Precipitation; there was some Skirmishing, and Roy Stewart, a Colonel, and a noted man amongst them, is said to have been kill'd.¹ On the other side, the Rebels have

¹ Colonel John Roy Stuart was not killed. He was one of

surprised some very small parties of our Highlanders (I think) in Athol; which has occasion'd a Kind of Alarm at Perth, but without any Foundation. A Council of War was held there; and some Resolutions taken, which H.R.H. to whom they were transmitted, did not altogether approve; and sent Colonel Yorke to Prince Frederick, and Lord Crawford, at Perth, to prevent the making any motion in consequence of them.

"The Duke is fully persuaded, the Rebels do not exceed 7000 Men, in their whole Numbers. H.R.H. very much commends the Duke of Kingston's Regiment of Horse. He was preparing to go on to Inverness; but does not mention any certain time for His march. He sends a Return of the Troops, with Him; which are as follows:

<i>Foot</i>		<i>Cavalry</i>
Effective—Fit for Service		Fit for Service
9400	6500	Between 6, & 700
		Effective more than 300

and this is exclusive of Bligh's Regiment and about 700 recover'd Men, that were daily expected to join him from Edinburgh. No mention is made of Fort William. Lord Loudon with his Highlanders is to remain where he now is; which I think is in the Shire of Sutherland."

those Chieftains that re-embarked with his Royal Master, when all was lost, from the self-same spot where he had landed fourteen months before.

CHAPTER XXVI

“THE ’45” CONTINUED

The Duke of Cumberland sets out from Aberdeen—Defeat of the Rebels—Pretty Peggy Banks—Rout of the Rebels followed by carnage—Hawley’s ferocity—Lord Lovat found in a tree and taken prisoner.

UPON April 8 the Duke of Cumberland set forth from his headquarters at Aberdeen at the head of some 8000 foot and 900 horse, to take the offensive against the Highland Army.

The eagerness that possessed all ranks of his force to have a share in the final battle, is well described by the following letter from Lieutenant Thompson, of Wolfe’s Regiment. He writes :

“ May It please your Grace,

“ If it will not be troublesome, to acquaint your Grace that this day the Army March out of Aberdeen, against the Rebels. his R. Hiness follows to morrow, to put an utter end to this Rebellion, a Hundred or more of the Rebells are desert’d and gone off with their Arms, and are dayly fighting among themselves, such unheard of vileness, and Cruelty that they commit is not to be describ’d, all the prisoners which they tooke at Firkirk has made their escape. These Savages are in the utmost confusion and distress on the Movement

of our troops, they are pin'd in, on all sides. I hope the troops will take a sweet revenge of them. I am at present so unhappy as not to be able to march, by reason of haveing a fever which has confind me for this Month passt to my Roome, but bless God am some thing better so hope soon to be with them, before they come to action ; If hindered, it will be great grief to him, who is,

“ Your Graces Most obedient and
“ devoted Servt.

“ THOS. THOMPSON.

“ ABERDEEN, Tuesday April ye 8th 1746.”

The last act of the tragedy was close at hand, now. Lord Albemarle writing from Nairn April ye 15th, says :

“ MY DEAR DUKE,

“ My Letter must be short, for my time is very precious, besides my usual idleness. I shall therefore give you but a short narration of ourselves. I joined y^e army last friday at Cullen from Strathbogie, where I commanded y^e advanced post 19 days 30 miles from Aberdeen, consequently Lying ye whole time in hott water, haedly ever pulling off my coat and breeches. Saturday wee forded y^e Spey, and encamped on this side, meeting with little or no opposition ; Sunday wee marched to Alves, halfway between Elgin and Forres ; yesterday we forded y^e Findhorn and y^e Nairn [y^e first very deep] ; near y^e last wee took our camp ;¹ wee mett with no difficultys

¹ Cumberland left Aberdeen on April 8th, and concentrated his forces at Cullen on Friday the 11th. He crossed Spey on the

at any of these Rivers. The Rebels might with ease and no danger to themselves have disputed ye passage of every one ;¹ at this town [whether insolence in them or whether they did not expect us so soon I cant tell] wee heard they proposed waiting for us ; y^e Duke immidiately sent y^e Cavalry forwards, who not only drove them out of itt but four miles beyond, where having taken a few prisonners they were forc'd to stop for want of the foot coming up to sustain them. This body of theirs, consisting of about 4000, retired to Inverness to join [as they say] a great body of their Clans, and then to meet and fight us on our march thither, butt I dont believe itt ; from Inverness I am ordered back to Perth to join y^e Hessiens, a commission I don't like ; when I left London I thought I should bee a soldier in Scotland and not a privy counsellor to Prince Frederick. . . Now that I have answered your letter I must beg of you, my Dear Duke, to do a Job for Buty, [if not disagreeable to you] The case is this : Lord George Sackville has Monroe's Regiment, and consequently an Aid de Camp commission to the King is vacant. The Duke has writ for Bury, And I have writ to y^e Duke of Newcastle for his Interest ; Quiry—would you care to speak to the King in your own name and myne ? Upon y^e success of this depends the future happyness of that valuable Boy ;—Huske is well, and begs his respects

12th, was at Elgin on the 13th, at Nairn on the 14th, halted on the 15th, and defeated the Prince at Culloden on the 16th.

¹ The Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond evacuated the posts they held as the Duke advanced, and joined the Prince at Inverness on the 14th.

to you. I desire myne to Her Grace, and believe me etc. etc. etc."

A whiff of the briny is, to me at least, at all times acceptable, and especially so when accompanied by such a gift as the gallant Vice-Admiral promises in his next letter ! It is a relief, too, I think, to turn for a few moments from the impending bloodshed, even though it be to read such a tale of peril by sea, as that set forth by the following :

" ' DORSETSHIRE ' : ST. CHRISTOPHERS *Aprill* 16 1746.

" MY LORD

" By the ' Dorsetshire,' Captain Toll, I pray leave to send your Grace a pipe of Madiera wine which I think is uncommon good, I hope it will come safe and answer the character I give. the good old ship I am under a necessity to send home, she being no longer servicable ; I recd the Lords Commissioners of the Admiraltys Orders to proceed to Cape Breton and sailed accordingly from this place the last of January reached the Lattitude $34^{\circ} 10'$ and there met with a very severe gale of wind which had almost foundered the ship, and it was with great difficulty we kep her above water, having five feet water in the hold and four pumps going, if another gale had overtaken us I am persuaded we should not have lived to have seen a third, in which situation I thought it prudent and necessary to put back to Antigua where I arrived the first of March and of six sail of men of war that sailed with me two only returned, the ' Kingston ' and ' Pembroke,' the former was in as bad condition as the ' Dorsetshire,' having six feet under water in

the hold, the 27th of March the 'Hampshire' arrived very much shattered and disabled, the 'Princesse' and 'Ipswich' I hear nothing of. Having put the 'Kingston,' 'Pembroke' and 'Kinsale' in tolerable repair I shall once more attempt Louisburgh, and am now under sail, at which place I hope to receive the honour of your Grace's commands. We expect a visit from our neighbours the French, but they having so many affairs on the Tapis I can't say wether they will be able to put their designs in Execution. I hope this will find your Grace, Lady Dutchess, and family in perfect health, to whom please to make my compliments, I am ever

"My Lord

"Your Graces Most Obedient

"& Most humble Servant

"J. TOWNSEND.

"Mr. Lee and Bertles¹ have had both a very Severe fitt of the gout,² they dined with me the day I left Antigua on purpose to drink your Grace's health, poor Bertles was obliged to be hoisted out in a Chair from the 'Suffolk' and into the 'Dorsetshire' he is your most gratfull humble Servant, my compliments attends our good friends at Charlton."

I shall not pause to recount the details of the

"Cruel day that quelled the fortunes
Of the hapless Stuart line!"

The battle was fought on the 16th, and the impatience with which the news was awaited at St. James' is set forth by Mr. Stone in the following terms :

¹ Of the Marines.

² The Madeira!

“ WHITEHALL *April 23rd, 1746.*

“ MY LORD

“ This day at noon an Express arrived from the Lord Justice Clerk at Edinburgh, with the Account which your Grace will find in the inclosed Gazette, which My Lord Duke of Newcastle orders me to forward to your Grace by Express, and to congratulate you, in His Name, upon this great and glorious News. We wait with great Impatience for Letters from His Royal Highness with further Particulars. the Lord Justice Clerk thinks, some accident must have befallen the Messenger, who, He concludes, was dispatched from the Army, with an Account of this Action. Some Letters say, that the Pretender's son escaped with only twelve men in his Company ; Others that He retired too soon. But all agree, that His Royal Highness's Victory was compleat. . . .”

The Duke of Richmond's nephew, Lord Bury, was the messenger whose tardy arrival was awaited with so much impatience, and he reached London a very few hours after the dispatch of Mr. Stone's letter, for he writes again the next day :

“ WHITEHALL *April 24th 1746.*

“ MY LORD

“ Lord Bury¹ arrived this morning with a full confirmation of the good News, that I had the honour to send Your Grace, last night. He was dispatched by His Royal Highness, immediately after the Action ;

¹ He was Captain [Lieut.-Colonel] in the Coldstream Guards at this time, and A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland. He was appointed A.D.C. to the King on his arrival with the Culloden despatches, and received a handsome present as well !

But, as He came by Sea, and met with contrary winds, & bad weather, He was glad to be able to land, on Monday last, at North Berwick, from whence He came post to London. He brought only a short letter from His R. Highness to the King, which confirms the particulars received yesterday from Edenburgh; with very little variation, or addition. One Thousand of the Rebels were left dead on the Field of Battle; and I don't find, that many were kill'd in the pursuit. Ld. Strathallan is said to be kill'd. Secretary Murray of Broughton is among the Prisoners. The Rebels made their Attack, in two Columns; and at first made some little Impression on Barrel's Regiment, where Lord Robert Kerr was kill'd, and Lt. Col. Rich lost his hand. Captain Grossette of Price's was kill'd; as were about 130 private men. General Hawley's and Kingston's Horse are extremely commended; and all the Troops in general behaved perfectly well; tho I apprehend they could not all be engaged. Three piquets of French surrendered themselves prisoners, amounting to about 300 Men. John Drummond is escaped. The Duke of Perth is said to be kill'd, but without any Certainty. The Rebels were upwards of 8,000.

“Ld. Ancram was upon the point of killing Ld. Kilmarnock his near relation without knowing him; But, upon his telling his name, made him Prisoner. The enclosed Letter, which is just now brought me, from Lord Albemarle to your Grace, I dare say, contains more particulars than I have told Your Grace, and than are yet known here. But we expect further accounts every Hour.” . . .



From a painting.

GEORGE, THIRD EARL OF ALBEMARLE
("Lord Bury").

Lord Bury was not to dally long amongst the delights of London, however. Writing to his uncle, at Goodwood, he comments on the paucity of News; he manages, however, to send him quite a respectable budget of odds and ends, concluding with a sly dig at his cousin Emily and her friend, with reference to some joke between them, which must share the honours, alas, with Tom Hill's allusion to the pudding story, in completely baffling any attempt at explanation.

" LONDON *Thursday ye 29th April 1746.*

" MY LORD

" I am very sorry I could not have the pleasure of Supping with Your Grace last night, which nothing could have prevented, but the Duke of Newcastle's telling me I was to go as this day, or to morrow at farthest, which I think will not be so soone by what he said to me this Morning.

" I have not been able to Pick up much news today, there are letters from the Duke, he marched from Inverness last Friday, and mentions some few of the Camerons and McPhersons being still in Arms, the McDonalds and Frasers have surrendered, the two best Clans, that suffered most. the Citadel of Antwerp is surrendered, I have not heard the Capitulation, but conclude Prisoners of War.

" The Duke of Grafton proposed writing to Your Grace to acquaint you that the Prince of Hesse is expected here soone, he desires his Complmts to you and the Dutchess and says my writing will do as well, he seems to expect you in town, and sends this notice by way of a preparative, and will let you know when they are certain of the day of his arrival.

"Lady Albemarle desires her Compliments to you and the Dutchess, and proposes coming with My Lord and Lady Lincoln, they stay in the Country till Monday and then will fix a time.

"I must trouble Your Grace with my compliments to the Dutchess and all the Company, and beg you will tell Lady Emily and Miss Banks, that last night was so bad, it was impossible to go to VauxHall so that I have not had the pleasure of abusing of them as yet.

"I am My Lord

"Your Graces

"Most obedient humble Servant
"BURY."

I cannot let slip this opportunity of introducing you to Lady Emilie's fair companion.

Miss Banks was a celebrated beauty of the day. She was a great friend of the young ladies at Goodwood and her departure from that place a few weeks later was made the subject of a valedictory poem, composed by Sam Chandler, Mayor of Portsmouth, and nicknamed the "Sussex Laureate" by his friends. He delivers himself as follows :

"See how the Fawns surcease their wanton pranks

Grieving the loss of pretty Peggy Banks,

The woods, too, murmur, and the warbling grove

Is silent, and endites no tale of Love.

All Goodwood mourns, and Findon's pow'rful King¹

Looks like a mere inanimated (!) thing.

With dandling pace he stalks the Gardens round

In search of Peggy, but no Peggy found.

¹ John Cheale, Norroy King at Arms.

To babbling Echo tells his mournful tale
 Now climbs each Hill, now searches ev'ry Vale.
 But Sussex Hills or vales no Bankes discover
 And yet they furnish many a faithful Lover.
 Pelham's fair daughter can't our cares repel
 Nor her own Lincoln,¹ tho' belov'd so well
 But Peggy's absence gives a general pain
 Not to be eas'd till she returns again ! ”

Let us hope that the fair Peggy soon returned to dispel the gloom into which Goodwood was plunged at her departure.

Having dispersed the Highland Army, the Duke of Cumberland established his headquarters at Fort Augustus, and from that centre he proceeded to lay waste the surrounding districts. There ensued a reign of terror, of vindictiveness, and brutality upon which one does not care to dwell.

Better, perhaps, that I should quote but sparingly from the sentiments which animated those entrusted with the pacification of the country. For I believe that the bitterness which must have rankled in the minds of the survivors of Prestonpans and Falkirk inspired them to acts of wanton cruelty that would never have taken place had they not been actuated by the universal craving for revenge.

The tone of the following letter, written by Captain Meggott, whilst in a mood which clearly demonstrates that he possessed the saving grace of humour, leads one to hope that he may have looked back in after-years with no little remorse upon the ruthless destruc-

¹ Lord Lincoln, eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, had married Henry Pelham's daughter in 1744.

tion of life and property, in which he and his brother officers had been so actively concerned.

Writing on May 26 from Fort Augustus, he says :

“MY DEAR LORD,

“Wee left Inverness last Fryday, and the next Evening reach'd this Place, where, upon the Banks of a little Serpentine River, Wee have the most Droll, romantick Camp your Grace can possibly conceive ; It is in a Basin at ye end of ye Loch and is surrounded to ye North, South, and West, by clusters of prodigious, high, barren, rocky Mountains, that seem thrown upon one another, as Boys heep up Stones, and shew us, Poor Dame Nature, in a much worse light, than I ever yet met with her, even in Westmorland ; or indeed, than, I believe, she has ever appear'd in, any where else, since the Chaos—and to ye East, the Loch opens to us ; it is a most Noble Piece of Water, nigh a mile broad, and above 20 long, and as it is allmost strait, and shut up between two vast Ridges of Mountains, makes one of ye most Picturesque Scenes I ever saw. At the end of it, upon a Small Eminence stands all that remains of the Fort and Barracks, and seem to upraid us, that One of Our Countrymen has abandon'd them in a most Scandalous and shamefull manner, to ye Insolence of the Rebels, when he might with ye greatest Safety have preserv'd them from the least Insult, and have laughed at all their Impotent Menaces, and ridiculous Attempts ; but that Affair will, in all probability soon be ye subject of a general Court Martial, when I hope ye Guilty will be rewarded, as they Deserve. His Royal Highness's

Quarters, which add much to our Prospect, are just before the Fort, He is lodg'd in a Scotch Palace, built on purpose of Turf, and by ye bye they are ye prettiest and most convenient Quarters he has had, since he entered this damn'd Country—for his Levée Room is nigh thirty feet Square ; He lays indeed in a Tent, as do all his Family, and most of ye Genl. Officers. But however agreeable Our Situation may be, I hope 'twill not be a lasting One, and that before 'tis long Wee shall move towards Fort William, and so incline Southwards, tho some Regts I am satisfied must stay in this Part of the World, and if it falls to our Lott, Wee must be content, but I hope in God, that may not be ye Case. From Inverness to this Place Wee came along Mr. Wade's Road, which indeed is a most Compleat piece of Work, and must have cost infinite labour, and Expençe. Wee are employ'd at present My Lord, in sending out Detachmts. and obligeing ye Rebels, tho' dispers'd, to surrender, and bring in thier Arms, by burning and destroying every thing Wee meet, but as yett they come in but slowly. Our Men are well and hearty, and Wee want for nothing except Hay, for H.R. Highness has taken Care, in regard to Bread and Oats ; Fish and Cattle Wee find in Abundance, and as to Straw, Wee want none, for Heather is almost ye only Produce of the Country. I would fain have deferr'd writeing to yr Grace, till I could have form'd some Judgemt. what Wee were going about, but as I am, and am like to be quite in the dark in regard to that, I cannot prevail with myself to putt it off any longer. This Instant, I am favour'd with a Letter from Mr. Sedgewick, and feel a much

greater Satisfaction than I can express, My Lord, to hear you are well, and give me Leave in this to thank him for the trouble he has given himself about my Trunk &c. The Storey of the Pretenders Cook is nothing but a Storey, but when I wrote last, as I had it from ye Duke's own mouth, I believed it; It is Master Perkin, Wee have reason to believe, still in Scotland, and I hope Wee shall in time be able to send you some acct. of him, tho' if Wee must have a Pretender, I think Wee cannot have a more ridiculous or insignificant a One. Our Generals are all well, Huske has order'd me never to write without assuring yr Grace of his most hearty respects, and Col. Martin, who is now walking before my Tent does the same. I am glad to find your Grace received mine from ye field of Battle, and often intended sending you more Particulars of that days work, but omitted it, as I imagined you would hear them from much abler and better hands. But since I see ye Publick has not done us the Justice Wee deserv'd in that Affair, I cannot help just hinting, that notwithstanding ye Puffs some Regmts have made in the Papers, upon my Honour twas the Behaviour of our Regmt that turn'd ye scale that Day, Nor indeed if One considers the Disposition, could it be otherwise, for as Barrells were upon the left of the first Line, Wee were of the Second, and upon their being a little disconcerted and forced to fall into our rear, Wee advanced, and by pouring in such a fire upon them, as I never heard before, soon chang'd ye face of Affairs, and sent ye Rebels to ye right about. But if I run on any farther, I shall be too late for ye Post. I am endeavouring to get yr. Grace a Couple

or two of Tarriers, and hope I shall succeed. Adieu, My Lord, and do me ye Honor to Believe me with the greatest Truth and Sincerity your Graces most Affecte and Obedt. Humble Servt.

“ RICH^d. MEGGOTT.

“ Begg Love and Service to Pauncefort.

“ Wee have only eleven Batts. here, and Kingstons Horse for Wee have left 4 Regts at Inverness and at Aberdeen, & 3 are gone to Perth to replace ye Hessians. Our Dragoons have left us sometime, and are gone into their Cantonments Southwards. When I say our Men are all well, The Itch must not be reckon'd a Distemper, for that is almost universal, and I have as merry a Company as any One in the Whole Army, for, as yr Grace may Imagine, of 50 Private, No less than forty Six perform very notably upon ye Scotch Fiddles.”

And more light is thrown upon the work of devastation that was now in full swing, by Lieutenant James Hamilton ; his letter affords a remarkable instance of the total disregard of correct spelling which characterised much of the correspondence of the period. Thus :

“ CAMP AT FORT AUGUSTUS *May 30th 1746.*

“ MY LORD DUKE

“ The 17th, Howards, Prices, Cholmondeleys Regimts, came here ; the 24th His Royal Highness came here with eight Regimts of 200, Kingston's Horse and the Train. the Royal, Sempels, and

Poltneys are at Perth; Flemings are at Aberdeen, Hautons is at Fort William, we have had partys out Several times and has destroy'd all the Leard of Lock heels Country, and has brought in above two thousand head of Catle, Lord George Sackville Coln. Cornwallis a major eight Captns. Sixteen Subs, and eight hundred men are gon out last night with tents and fourteen days pay, the Duke went this morning very early to Fort William and is to return back this night, every thing is very plentey in this camp our men has plentey of money, for the Catle is sold the money is given to them, a hiland army never will dare to look an English army in the face any more.

“I am your Graces most

“Faithfull and obedt. Servant

“JAMES HAMILTON.”

Prominent among the instigators of the excesses, that were now being committed upon the defenceless Highlanders, there stands the name of Brigadier Henry Hawley. Bravery he possessed, there is no question of that, from the manner in which he had endeavoured to rally his panic-stricken troops at Falkirk; but the ferocity with which his name is associated has gained for him a most unenviable reputation.

He was a signal exception to the rule that brave men are never cruel! And his uncharitable remarks upon poor Colonel Martin denote a tendency to merciless criticism of those whose lack of means precluded them from competing with their better-dressed brother officers.

" AUGUSTUS CAMP *June 16 1746.*

" MY LORD

"by laste poste I had the honour of youre Grace's of the first, I do moste truly acknowledge your goodness to me in this affair, as to the good opinion you have of me indeed you over rate my merritt, I hope the worlde wonte thinke that I putt myselfe upon a foot to choose where I will serve, as some of late have done, for once more I assure you I am no longer fitt for this employ, for the very reason you are pleas'd to mention. if his Majesty would leave me the Foot here, and the Parliament give the men *a guinea and a pr of shooes for every rebell's head they brought in* I would still undertake to clear this country, but as to Law and Polliticks I beg to be excused, I have no Tallent that way, but as Ld. Allbermarle is now declar'd, who I pittie, I assure youre Grace he was not one of those I hinted, my two were first Tyrawley who would, if I dont mistake, have worked them well for six months, by that time they would have trip't up his heels, the other was Huske, who if they had made a Lt. Genll. 'twas but making two.

"As to your Friend Martin I cant helpe saying he is 'un pauvre sujet' in a Military way and he has certainly left all his good sense at Chichester, his covetiousness or his generosity are not at all points in question, his ignorance that has appeared in some things and his mean appearance I doubt he will have a hard taske to get the better with the D[uke], I assure you I have nothing to say against the man but that he is beyonde his sphere and was surely intended by God Almighty, when made, to be only a Capt.

“As to affairs here I can give you no acctt when the Duke goes, nay even from hence, for here’s so many prisoners dayly coming in, old Lovett and above 50 more were brought in yesterday, theres still some hopes of theyr P. Charly too, there’s still so many more houses to burn and I hope still some more to be put to deathe, tho’ by computation there’s about seven thousand houses burn’d allready, yeat all is not done.

“I won’t, nor cant stire, untill the Duke does, and now he dont go to Flanders I believe he’ll stay to try to breake theyr hearts, but I defye him to make any one of the Countrey honest or sincere, God did not make them so, and that you will all be convinced off at laste as well as youre Grace’s moste obed humble

“H. HAWLEY.”

Could any more striking proof of the savage disposition of the man be afforded than the latter portion of the above letter? Truly, he was exacting from these poor wretches a fearful toll for the rout of Falkirk, a disaster brought about by his own negligence. For he had such a contempt for the “Highland rebbells,” as he called them, that he neglected to take the commonest precautions for the safety of his force against surprise. We are told that he was hated, not merely by his enemies, but by his own soldiers, for his violent and vindictive temper; one may well believe it.

He had one redeeming point, though, this man of blood and iron! He was an ardent lover of fox-hunting, and his name appears constantly among the pages of the Duke’s Hunting Diary as having been well to

the front in many a good hunt. In fact, he was one of the favoured few that were up at the finish of the "Great Chase" in January 1739, "when the Glorious Twenty Three Hounds putt an end to the Campaign and killed the Old Bitch Fox 10 minutes before six" [in *January*, mark you!] which they had found in East Dean Wood at a quarter before eight in the morning.

"Billy Ives, whipper in, His Grace of Richmond, and Brigadier Hawley were the only Persons at the Death, to the Immortal Honour of 17 stone and at least as many Campaigns!"

And after the bloody work was over in Scotland, he was not sorry to transfer his quarters to the peaceful neighbourhood of Charlton, for in September I find him writing from West Green:

"Your Grace knowes that wee Draggones comonly choose [when the Campagne is over] to take our Winter Quarters in an Enemy's Countrey, but I have made my Dispositions to be in a Friend's Countrey for this winter, but as 'tis the way now I must aske your leave first, for unless I have youre consent I marche in upon some less powerfull Prince. Does your Grace care to lett Capt Bury Quarter at Chichester, if you do I propose Petersfield, Midhurst, Arundell, and Godalmin for the rest of the Troops, wee leave a great deale of money behind us and never any complaints. I shall take no step in this till I know your Grace's pleasure, for 'tis equall to me where I go, so I do but change."

His departure from Fort Augustus, when he re-

linquished the post of Commander of the Forces in Scotland in favour of the more humane Lord Albe-marle, must have been welcome news indeed !

By the same post the Duke of Richmond received a few lines from Lieutenant Hamilton, briefly and graphically describing the capture of old Lord Lovat, in the following words :

“ CAMP AT FORT AUGUSTUS *17th June 1746.*

“ MY LORD DUKE

“ Last Sunday Lord Lovett was brought in here, from Fort William, as allso Sixtey of his Clan with a strong Party of men, he was taken by a Capt of a Man of war in a wood, the Capt with part of his crew was in persute of him some hours but could not find him, they met one of his Servants, but he refus'd telling where his master was, the Capt orderd his Boatswain to tye him to a tree and whip him, when he had received about thirty lashes, he beg'd to be untied, and he then would tell them where his master was, he brought the Capt to a oak tree which was hollow, and there this Lord was, he told the Capt he had lived twelve days on male and water.

“ I am your Grace's most

“ Faithfull and obedient Servant

“ JAMES HAMILTON.”

CHAPTER XXVII

“THE ’45” CONTINUED

Louisburg—Disposition of the Troops in Scotland—Prince Charles to join the Army—Lord Bury elected Member for Chichester—The Duke of Newcastle’s “favorable intentions” queried as to materialisation—Louisburg again—The “Goodwood Miscellany”—Lady Francis Gardiner’s Petition in favour of her husband—Scotland for ever.

THE persecution of the rebels continued until July, when the Duke of Cumberland proceeded to London. And events in the Netherlands now claimed the presence of all the troops that could be spared from England, so we find Lieutenant Thompson writing from Perth, en route once more, to take part in that protracted campaign. And yet, despite its non-success, as far as the Allies were concerned, and the fact that it shed no great lustre upon the British arms, it could at all events claim that it was not marred by barbarities and excesses, such as followed with such awful swiftness upon the track of the fugitives from Culloden. He says :

“ May it please Your Grace,

“ I receiv’d your Graces kind letter the 13 instant the day I arrive hear from Aberdeen ; there are so many kind wishes in it, I cannot exprest them, but wish them all return’d to Your Graces unbound’d Goodness. I recover my strength dayly, our Cloathing

arrived hear to day, And I Expect the Regiment to come
 heare a Saturday to be Cloath'd as soon as posible,
 and Embark for holland I meatly. The Regts that
 go with our's are Ld. Semples and Pountneys. I
 hope to injoy my health better in any place than in
 this Rebellious Country, where there is nothing but
 pride and falsehood. There no news for certain of
 this Ittalyan dog tho it is said that he is lurking about
 the highlands Yet. I am greatly uneasy I had not a
 share of that Glorious Victory of Coluden. I hope
 yet to serve my King and Country in a better way
 than killing a parcel of mob, for I could never call
 them any thing else. I heartily wish Your Grace
 and family health and happyness

" I remain

" Your Graces

" Most obedient humble Servt. to Command

" THOS. THOMPSON.

" *PERTH July ye 14 1746.*"

The Duke of Richmond had evidently found time
 to write to his old friends abroad, even whilst himself
 engaged in the field, for *six months* after the despatch
 of his letter to Vice-Admiral Townsend, with an
 account of the doings at Carlisle, we find that gallant
 sailor replying as follows, solicitous as to the safe
 arrival of that pipe of Madeira wine of which he
 mentions the despatch on April 16 :

" KINGSTON LOUISBURG *July 9th 1746.*

" MY LORD

" I have received the honour of your Graces
 letter, of the 3rd of January, in answer to mine from
 Dominico, by which I have the pleasure to find you

were in perfect health, and Successfull against the Rebels at Carlisle, and hope by this, the have met with their just reward, not only them, but the Army, that was engaged, in so vile and traiterous an undertaking.

“ I gave your Grace the trouble of a letter, from St. Christophers, before I sailed from thence, and by the ‘ Dorsetshire ’ I took the liberty to send you, a pipe of very Excellent Madeira wine, and hope, it reached Goodwood, in very good order, having desired Captain Toll, to take particular care of it. I sailed from thence the 16th of April, and had a favourable passage, to this place, and anchored the 9th May in Louisburg harbour, where I am very busie in assisting to put it in a state of defence, against the attempts of the Enemy, as we have four Regiments in the place, and Several men of war, we are in no pain from their threat. I am in dayly Expectation, of the great convey from Great Brittain, which as I am told, was to sail, the beginning of May, if they are late in the season, I fear it may put of what is proposed, to another year, I hope in God, this will find your Grace in good health, and all your family, which is the dayly prayers, and wishes of

“ My Lord

“ Your Graces Most Obedient

“ & Most humble Servant

“ J. TOWNSEND.

“ The letter to Fletcher is delivered, those to Mr. Lee and Birtles are forwarded, your Grace ever commands me, but I apprehend, *the* Prizes are told, otherwise, I should have paid due regard to your recommendation.”

At this juncture a word concerning Louisburg may not be amiss. It was the harbour of Cape Breton, captured by us from the French in June 1745, and of great importance, inasmuch as it commanded the Gulf of St. Lawrence and consequently protected the Newfoundland Fisheries. Cape Breton was strongly garrisoned and, despite continual scares, was retained by us until 1748, when, under the conditions of the Aix-la-Chapelle Peace Treaty, the island was restored to France.

And one may well believe that to John Fletcher, Officer of the Louisburg garrison, the news of Cullo-den came as a welcome bit of news, as he and his brothers-in-arms grew weary with straining their eyes, week after week, into the "foggs" which might perchance lift at any moment, and disclose that French Fleet whose movements were so mysterious! John Fletcher, too, was an ardent votary of the chase, and consequently he must have been a Godsend to the Vice-Admiral, for when lovers of fox-hunting are thrown into one another's company they have at all events one topic which can never grow stale! He writes, by the same mail as his friend, thus :

" LOUISBOURG 9th July 1746.

" MY LORD DUKE

" I am favoured with Your Graces Letter from Carlisle and Since that by a Ship wee met with at Sea on our Cruize that Came from Liverpoole, who gave us an Acct of the Battle his Royal Highness had with em, and of his Entire defeat over em, which caused great Rejoyceings here, wee are allarmed by

an Advice Boat from Mr. Martin at Sea of the Brest Squadrons beeing Sailed, so have got our selves in readiness to defend ye Harbour and fancy that those that attempt to Come in will Spend their time Warmly 600 men of the Battalions are every day Exercis'd by the Gunners on the Works to the Cannon, and fancy by the Disposition of ye Garrison it wont be given up so Easy as taken. The foggs here beeing a good defence agst a Fleet staying long on the Coast least they should drive on Shore in the Foggs and Calms, but I fancy the French Fleet has directed their Course to the Leeward Islands where there's little fear of being Engaged or molested. I own Ime unlucky in not being in England when Prefermt was so Easily got and rank given to Gentlemen to serve Domestick Campaigns and hope I shall some time have served long enough for a Company, which I shall allwayes with Pleasure leave to your Graces decision and hope youl Judge favourably in my behalf. I Begg my Duty to Lady Dutchess and Complimts to Lords March and George and Lady Emilla and am with greatest esteem

“ Your Graces

“ Most Dutifull & Obedt Servt at Comand

“ JOHN FLETCHER.

“ I Live on Shore in Capt Blayneys Quarters and Pass our Foggy weeks together and Mr. Townsend is vastly Kind to me on all occasions, I've his Table when ever he goe which is not a bad thing here. I dined with him yesterday and Drank your Grace and Goodwood and the Gentlemen of the Brush at Charleton.”

It was necessary, of course, to leave a considerable garrison in Scotland, of which Lord Albemarle, the Duke of Richmond's brother-in-law, was appointed Commander-in-Chief in succession to General Hawley (a post, by the way, which he in no wise appreciated); and the following letter from Lieutenant Brereton is interesting, in that he tells us of the disposition of the troops in the various districts. One may well imagine that the young officer was looking forward with considerable impatience to the day when he should feel himself justified in applying for leave of absence, to enjoy the more congenial surroundings of his Sussex home. He writes :

“ MY LORD,

“ I was honour'd with your Graces Favour by the hands of Captain Magot of Wolfes, the Regiment is since March'd, I hear to Burnt Island, where I suppose they will continue till they Embark for Holland; Howards and Cholmondley's March'd the same day under the Command of Major Genl Bland, they took under their care Ld. Lovat, I here those two Regiments are to halt at Sterling and get Cloath'd, and then Cholmondley's Regiment goes to Newcastle, and Howards to Carlisle. Since the receipt of your Graces, I have spoken to Major Wilson who at present commands the Regiment, acquainting him that I believ'd my private affairs would soon require My attendance in Sussex and I beg'd to know in Case they should whether I might have his consent, for leave of absence, he readily comply'd and told me when ever I thought proper. Now My Lord as it is the least

of my thoughts leaving the Regiment till we are settled in Quarters which I hope will not be long first, I will take the Liberty to acquaint your Grace when in Quarters, and then shall be greatly oblig'd to your Grace for leave of Absence, till then shall not think of it. His Royal Highness left this place Fryday last, his absence makes this place very dull, Three Partys went out about a week since in quest of the Pretender, I dont hear as yet they have had any success. The Detachments are commanded by, Colonel Conway, Lt. Col. Cornwallise, Lt. Colonel Gray.

"I am, My Lord

"Your Graces Dutiful Devoted,

"much oblig'd humble Servant

"THO. BRERETON.

"My Lord, following is the Disposition of Quarters for the Troops in North Brittain

"Lieut. Genl. Earl of Albermale commander in chief

GENERALS AND THEIR COMMAND	REGIMENTS	QUARTERS
Major Genl. Blakney from Fort William along the chaine by Inverness, and Coast to Spay mouth.	Haughtons . Ld. Loudon's Regt. & Independent Comps Blakney's Battereau's .	Fort William Fort Augustus Inverness
Major Genl. Skelton from Spay mouth along the Coast to Dundee.	Mordants . Handesydes . Dejeans . Flemings .	Nern &c. [Nairn] Elgin &c. Collin &c. [Cullen] Aberdeen &c.
Major Genl. Huske { Brigr. Mordant	Royal Skelton Sackville Artillery } Barrill	Perth
Major Genl. Bland { Brigr. Ld. Sample	Price Conway }	Sterling
North British Fusiliers	.	Glasgow
Lees . . .	.	Edingburgh "

The unwillingness of Lord Albemarle to accept the post of Commander of the Forces in Scotland, and the difficulty which he anticipated in making both ends meet, owing to the inadequacy of the pay which that appointment offered, are quaintly but forcibly set forth in a letter he wrote to his brother-in-law, on July 13. Without in any way disparaging the importance of his command, he draws an unfavourable comparison between his own position and that of Sir John Ligonier, "gone by his own choice to the Land of Promise," and implores the Duke to interest himself on his behalf, in the following terms :

" CAMP NEAR FORT AUGUSTUS July ye 13th, 1746.

" MY DEAR DUKE

" I received by ye Last Messenger ye favour of your obliging Letter dated from Goodwood the 29th of June, for which I am most sincerely thankfull, for not only, I have fresh proofs of your friendship, but you seemed to have read myne with so much attention that I have more reason than ever to acknowledge your partiality to me, this induces me to hope for ye continuance of itt, and to beg Leave to go on with acquainting you with my Story.

" Since the receipt of itt I spoke again to the Duke expressing of new my dislike to this country, but H.R.H. continuing in his first determination to have me stay in this country I had no reply to make but to desire his protection in every shape, This affair being thus settled I have nothing left now but to endeavour to do my duty with strickness, zeal, and without reproach, *my masters interest at all events to*



From a painting.

WILLIAM ANNE, SECOND EARL OF ALBEMARLE, K.G.



be my first view (this may cost me dear however), and to spend, according to your advice, as little as possible, but my station must be attend'd with an expence far beyond my allowance, if I am put upon ye footing of £4 per Diem, which is no more than I had before, and then from forage money, *sloop gelt*, and other douceurs, besides Living just as I thought proper and most pleasing to myself, I may venture to say ye difference of my expence whilst abroad or here must amount to £1000 a year, for ye Kings highness can't go on without treating these scoundrels, Therefore My Dear Duke be my friend in this case as in all others. Mr. Wade had great appointements, and a sallary of £1200 as governour of ye three Forts; General Legonier as commander abroad has £10 per Day, He and I are both Lt. Generals, and both have an honourable command, then ye difference between him and I is, that he is gone by his own choice to the Land of promise, with ten pounds per Day, and I contrary to my inclination am kept in ye worse country existing upon £4, pray weigh and consider this my situation, and speak to my two worthy patrons, to whom I have writ by this post, I only desire a Medium between his sallary and myne, or some Douceur in some shape or other, sure since Lord Harrington getts such a reward for his friend's [*i.e.* General Ligonier] service, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham may (if they please) obtain something towards itt for me. In short I leave every thing with you and them and shall say no more on this subject.

“Martin marched two Days ago to Perth, and from thence to Holland, your Letter has rejoiced the poor

man, he is honest, brave, and means to do well, besides being carefull, but his forehead is rough, besides being shaby in his dress, I shall do all in my power to restore him to the Dukes good opinion. Howard's and Cholmondeley's have Left us at the same time under the command of Major General Bland, they are gone at present to Sterling with Lord Lovat, from thence they are destined for Carlisle and Newcastle, and my good Lord guarded by the Cavalry to London where I leave him to be hang'd by his brethren. Wee are in search of other people and hope soon to send you good news.

"I beg my respects to my Lady Dutchess, and am for ever

"My Dear Duke

"Your most humble

"Servant and affectionate brother

"ALB.

"Gordon sends his service to Jaquemar but has not received his Kitchen Knife.

"P.S. Since ye writing and sealing of this Letter I have spoke to ye Duke about ye Contents, who seems to think my friends had better not press the King in my name for any augmentation till every thing is further settled, and that when He getts to London he will assist them, therefore I beg of you and my two patrons to mention this affair only as from yourselves, In the mean time I can swear and protest I have not one farthing either to begin my House keeping at Edenburgh, or bringing my Baggage from London.

"Before God, My Lord, I am undone."

Poor Colonel Martin was evidently what we should term a rough diamond. But it is agreeable to reflect that he had, at all events, a friend in the person of Lord Albemarle, that was disposed to take a far more charitable view of his failings, than that expressed in such harsh terms by General Hawley!

Jacquemar was the Duke of Richmond's cook. Let us hope that both kitchen knife and an increase of pay arrived in due course, to allay the uneasiness experienced by chef and master. But it is to be feared in Lord Albemarle's case, that he had to subsist for a considerable time supported by somewhat evasive promises.

Colonel Martin was now on his way to Flanders, and with him there went those gallant officers whose letters have been already before my readers. Cheeriest of them all would appear to have been Richard Meggott, who writes thus on August 1 :

“ BURNT ISLAND *August 1st. 1746.*

“ MY LORD

“ Your Grace's Fav'r of the 15 of last Month, reach'd me at Perth a few days ago, and by the same Post, I recd. One from Mr. Sedgwick with three inclosed for Thompson, Brereton and Hamilton. The Two last I dispatch'd directly, and deliver'd the first to Thompson, who is gott pretty stout again, and is as droll, and as good natur'd a Lad, as eny in the Regimt. I am extreemly glad to find ye Tryalls of the Rebels go on so gibly, as I am convinced the Clemency of 15, was ye chief Cause of ye Rebellion of 46, and I firmly hope, that every One, that comes

before ye House will meet ye Same fate, for they are the Roots of that damn'd Affair, and never were People more proper to make Examples of. You have gott our Duke once more from Us, My Lord, and I give your Grace Joy of it, with all my Heart, for I am satisfied, Nobody tastes it more, but I hope, Wee only lend him you till Spring, for, for my own part, and I am sure, at ye same time, I speak ye Sentiments of the whole Army, Wee shall eternally regret him, when he is from Us, and tis with Some Concern that I add (but for all that I firmly believe it true) that Our Fellows will never fight, with so much Coolness and firmness, as under his Eye and Command. So that I cannot look upon Pr. Charles's joyning ye Army as an Acquisition, but on the Contrary as One of the greatest Misfortunes that could happen to Europe at this Juncture, and I lament it from the bottom of my Heart.¹ Wee left Fort Augustus the 12th of last Month, and after a Six days heart March reach'd Perth, and One of the Prettyest Places it is, that I have seen in Scotland, for the Sweet winding Tay washes its Walls, (no unlucky Circumstance by the bye, for otherwise they would be most confoundedly dirty) and ye Country about it is neither unpleasant nor unfertile. Wee stay'd there about Eight days to cloath our tattered Regimt. and collect our dispers'd Myrmidons a little together, and with Sempill's and Pulteneys arrived here the day before yesterday, where Wee found Genl. Bland as usual in a very great Hurry, Our Horses and Equipage were embark'd yesterday, and this morning the three Regimts. So

¹ This was the general feeling throughout the army in Flanders.

that Wee only wait for Water enough to carry Us out of the Harbour, but *that* Wee are told, Wee must not expect before Monday. I was afraid I should have bid adieu to Scotland, without a Sight of the bonny City of Edinburgh, and its Castle; but last Night, Brigadier Houghton, who commands Us, gave me leave to make that Excursion, and luckily, it was the Assembly Night, So that I had an Opportunity of Satisfying my Curiosity, and seeing all their Belles together; But I own, the thing that gave me the most Pleasure (tho' I had ye Honour of Lady Ancram for a Partner,) was the Castle, and that, Chiefly as its Cannon were pointed all against the City, and seem'd to threaten destruction to ye cursed rebellious race; I hope I am not naturally ill-natured, but this, I think, I am quite sure of, that tho' tis some years since I touched ye German Flute, I could with infinite Pleasure upon such an Occasion, act ye part of Nero, and putt my best finger forward, in order to play a tune, whilst that damn'd Nest of Jacobites and Rogues was in flames. I spent some Hours very agreeably with Brigadr. Mordaunt at Perth, and he desir'd me when I wrote, to assure yr. Grace of his most Humble respects and our Commander here now orders me to do the same. On regard to your Tarriers, My Lord, I have wrote to Watson about their Ears, and doubt not, but he will take particular Care of them.

“ Shall Wee joyn the Army this Campaign, or no? My Lord, I wish it, very heartily, but, I own, much fear Wee shall not, for supposing the Coup not struck before Wee reach Holland, or even Supposing Us now there, I cannot see how Wee can possibly gett

up to ye Army without a most terrible round about March. But tho' I have fifty things to do, and perhaps not time to finish One half of them, I find I am running on at my Usual rate, and impertinently takeing up a great deal of yr Graces time ; The prettyest excuse I ever heard for a Long Letter was, where ye Writer asks his Correspondants Pardon and says he had not time to write a short One, but that Plea won't do for me, who am eternally offending, however, My Lord, I hope yr Grace will forgive me since I can with the greatest truth assure You, it will be ye only Way I shall ever offend you, for tis absolutely impossible for a Man to be with a more Sincere regard, attachment and Affection, yr. Grace's than is &c. &c.

“ R. MEGGOTT.”

His remarks anent Prince Charles of Lorraine confirm the idea that the appointment of a foreigner as Commander-in-Chief was looked on with considerable disfavour by the English officers. Unjustly, it must be confessed, for we shall see anon with what difficulties the Prince had to contend.

Did the gallant Meggott, I wonder, communicate to his fair partners any of the charitable ideas which were floating through his head, he says, the while he footed it so merrily with the belles of Edinburgh ? “ Men were deceivers ever,” and had our friend not been an adept at dissimulation, he would assuredly have soon found himself constrained to play the sorry part of a wall-flower !

Had he foreseen the course which the campaign

was about to assume, he would perhaps have not been consumed with such anxiety to reach Holland.

We next hear from Lord Albemarle in August. After the departure of the Duke of Cumberland from Scotland he appears to have become most despondent, both in respect of his inability to cope singly with the situation, and his own private affairs as well. He rather suggests that the campaign in the Netherlands was now diverting the attention of the Ministry from the unsettled conditions which still prevailed in the North ; certainly he gives a dispiriting account of the condition of the troops, and of the inclemency of the weather. Referring to a domestic disappointment which her Grace had recently experienced, he writes :

“ FORT AUGUSTUS *August ye 19th 1746.*

“ MY DEAR DUKE

“ Altho my present situation makes me feel very unhappy, all thoughts relating to myself shall for a while subside till with a most sincere heart I condole with yr. Grace for ye unhappy delivery of ye Dutchess of Richmond, I know how much she deserves from you and from every body that has the honour of her acquaintance, and more particularly of those that have the honour of being related to her, not to share in your desappointment and uneasyness, I hope by this time ye Last is removed, and that she is safe and out of all danger, at least it is my sincere wish, and that all satisfaction may for ever attend you both, and those of your family that deserve your favour. Now a word for myself, I assure yr. Grace that I am less

reconciled to this Country than ever, and that since H.R.H. left us¹ I am more convinced of their treachery and villany than before, therefore ye sooner I am removed from amongst them ye better, but in ye mean time don't lett me suffer for being employ'd in a station I abhor and detest, and if I must stay here pray lett me have powers to support the dignity vested at present in me.

“Having (notwithstanding offers of mercy and reward) no intelligence of ye Pretender's son, our Tents being worn out, our men naked and starved by ye Coldness of ye weather, I shall march to morrow to winter Quarters, and believe I shall be at Edenburgh by Thursday Sevensnight when I hope I shall hear what the King my Master intends to do for me, I own things begin ill with me for ye Duke has been gone from hence twenty five Days and I have no Letters from H.R.H., any body for him, and from the Duke of Newcastle's Office, this country is far from being quiet, and our body of men quartered here to keep them in order is too considerable to be forgot for so long a time, *cecy entre nous*,—Adieu, My Dear Duke

“Most Affectionately ever yours

“ALBEMARLE.”

But a fortnight later his hopes were raised to some extent by the favourable turn which things were taking. Not only was his son Lord Bury elected Member for Chichester, through the kind offices of his brother-in-law, but there appeared also to be some

¹ On July 18.

reasonable chance of an increase of salary, wherewith to keep up his distasteful position ! He writes :

“ EDENBURGH *Sept. ye first 1746.*

“ MY DEAR DUKE

“ I shall never be able to express my thanks to your Grace for ye many marks of your Kindness and friendship, and in particular for ye two last instances you have shewn me,—chusing my Dear Boy at Chichester unasked and speaking to ye Duke to settle me in a proper manner in this country, are such proofs of your goodness never to be forgot, I can answer for ye Son as well as for ye Father, that neither, can ever cease seeking for opportunitys to express their gratitude to their generous benefactor. Bury will I hope make a good member and not often differ in opinion with his constituents. The thought H.R.H. hinted to you about making me easy in my present situation is just ye thing I could wish for and ye easier to be obtained, I hope, since *Cope* received pay for both Commissions for near two years, and I imagine *Hawley* will have ye same even without any application, as well as myself to next Xmas being on ye Staff abroad; but from that time H.R.H.s assistance will be greatly wanted, I fear I should not be put on upon ye next for ye year 1747, if then no honourable peace is obtained. This I leave with your Grace to manage in ye best manner you can, and according to your usual goodness, for I swear without this relief I cannot go on in this country, I believe this had better be transacted between ye Duke and you for fear (tho ye Duke of Newcastles intentions are very good) that not

comprehending ye thing he might make a mistake in either speaking too soon to ye King or talking of it.

"I am now in my high station where I shall endeavour to do my Duty and act effectually to keep this Kingdom quiet or destroy the offenders, but I hate my situation as much as ever. Wee know nothing of the Pretenders Son; I verily believe he is dead or gone to ye Long Island, I wish ye first was true. I beg my respects to her Grace and Love to your aimable family wishing them and your Grace all happyness being for Ever

"My Dear Duke

"Your most affectionate

"brother and humble Servt.

"ALB."

It is very clear that he counted solely upon the Duke of Richmond to bring about the much sought relief!

Equally evident is it that he had no great opinion of the diplomatic or tactful qualities possessed by His Grace of Newcastle in an affair of this sort, and he emphasises these sentiments still further in his next letter, some weeks later.

"EDENBURGH Oct. ye 23rd, 1746.

"MY DEAR DUKE

"By last Tuesday post I have received ye honour of your Long and obliging Letter, in which you mention the D. of N. having spoke to you about his favourable intentions towards me, I must still call them by that name, as I don't hear any thing is done for me, therefore must beg ye favour of you to attend him close for ye performance of these promises,

car il faut battre le fer pendant qu'il est chaud, His Grace has been pleas'd to write me a publick and a private Letter both extremely kind, In ye first he assures me of his Majesty's satisfaction of my Conduct, that he had given Extracts of my Letters so far as what was relative to ye Forces in this Kingdom to the Secretary of War, and that for the future I was to correspond with him on that head. In ye Second he tells me that Mr. Pelham was to speak to the King to grant me £1000 out of some West India fund, and that ye number of my Aide Camps and my Salary was to be on ye same footing with Mr. Hawley, for a confirmation of all this I wait with impatience, as ye Secretary of War writes me word that he has had no directions from His Grace about the troops, neither that he has received these Extracts mentioned by him, I own it gives me (by this beginning) a bad opinion of ye rest, and little hopes to succeed, if so, I am in a bad way, for I must continue in my old story (*viz*) to be ordered to remain in Scotland and to have no *Douceurs* is intolerable and what no flesh and blood can bear. I have applyed and shall agin (if *Breda*¹ dos not stop me in my Carreer) to attend H.R.H. abroad next Spring, for ye acceptance of ye Chance of having my bones broke under his command is ye chief reward I desire, and hope for, for my long stay in this country. I am very sorry G. Sinclair's expedition² did not prove

¹ An abortive peace conference was held at Breda at this time.

² To the Coast of Brittany, the object being to surprise Port L'Orient and destroy the ships and stores of the French East India Company. The only result was the destruction of a few villages.

so successfull as Wolters thought it had in his Letter to your Grace, wee dont seem to be in Luck. The Jacobites here are in high Spirits, they expect soon next year a strong force from France, and I believe they think they can act with impunity, since of those tryed *few* have met with their merited deserts, I am with ye greatest sincerity

“ My Dear Duke

“ For ever your Most

“ affectionate humble Servant

“ ALB.

“ My respects to My Lady Dutchess.”

Now from Edinburgh to Louisburg 'tis a far cry, as we say in Scotland, yet let us make the effort ; for is not change good for all ? And the following letter from Vice-Admiral Townsend calls our attention once more to the care which he and his comrades were devoting to the defences of that dull place.

Writing on September 20, he says :

“ PEMBROKE, LOUISBURG, *Sep. 20th 1746.*

“ MY LORD

“ By the Maidstone Prize in Jully last, I did myself the honour of answering your Graces favour of January last, the two letters which came inclosed for Mr. Lee and Birtles, I recomended to Admiral Warren, who was then going to Boston, to forward them to Antigua, which I hope he was so kind to do, my whole time since my arrival, has been taken up, in assisting the garrison of Louisburg with men and materials, to carry on the Works, and to put it in a good state

of defence, I am now able to acquaint your Grace, it will in a few days be far stronger, than ever it was, by the Captain of the Inchinbroke Sloop, who came from Boston with money for the garrison I have intelligence, that on the 15th instant, on his way to this place, he saw 31 sail, 12 of them large ships, the others he judged to be transports &c, standing in for Nova Scotia, Accadia, which doubtless is part of the Duke D’Anviles fleet, so I imagine a good part of the fleet which sailed with him from Rochelle, have been seperated in their passage, we are now preparing to receive him, in case he should think proper to bend his course this way, and hope we shall be able to give a very good account of our selves, we hear further, the fleet has been very sickly, and that they have lost a great many men, this intelligence being so material, I have thought proper to dispatch the Rye, Captain Craven, with notice to the Lord’s Comissrs of the Admiralty, I could not forgive my self, as I have so fair an opportunity, not to enquire after your Graces health, good Lady Dutchess, and all the family, being ever with the greatest pleasure and gratitude

“My Lord

“Your Graces Most Obedient & Most humble Servant

“T. TOWNSEND.

“Please my compliments to the Duke of Montague and friends at Charleton.”

Good old admiral ! A few days ago I came across you again, as I was idly turning over the pages of that queer little book of manuscript verses, entitled *The Goodwood Miscellany*. For therein your deeds of

prowess afloat and in the hunting field are awarded hearty, if stilted, recognition by the poet. Thus runs the ode :

ON ADMIRAL TOWNSHENDS FOXHUNTING AT
CHARLTON IN JANUARY 1744-5

Th' adventurous Admiral next my muse would sing
Whose Thund'ring Arms made Cartagena ring.
See him at Charlton ride 'thout fear or care
Following the fox upon his flying Mare.
Nought can the fury of his Course restrain,
Nor fox by Land, nor Frenchman on the Main!
No Clime or Country will he ere forgoe
After a Fox, or after Europe's Foe!

And John Fletcher writes by the same Packet :

"MY LORD DUKE,

"I've taken this opportunity by Mr. Townsends Packett to pay my Duty to your Grace and Lady Dutchess, I was in hopes some few days ago of being able to have paid my Compliments to your Grace in London, but the arrival of Duke d'Anville on this Coast will I fancy retard our departure some time longer, wee all pray most ardently for the arrival of Genl. Sinclair with his Army and Ships and then our Adml will turn and say what Cheer ho! to Mons. Le Duke who wee imagine to be either at Heve or Chebucta, about 50 Leagues to ye Westwd. Wee are drawn in a half moon at the Entrance of the Harbour, so that with the help of the Two Forts wee give those that attempt us some sort of diversion. Ime now on Bd. the Pembroke under Mr. Townsends Flagg and as happy as a Sea Life and this place can admitt of, I eat every day with the Admiral who is

particulerly kind to me in every degree, wee every day drink your Grace, Lady Dutchess, Goodwood and the Hunt, and hope yet to Chase Monsr. Duke D'Anville to the neighbourhood of Charleton and take a Christmas Dinner with your Grace at Charleton.

"Poor Blayney is vastly sick of his Corps, they are really the worst that ever was seen and yet one Quarter Compleat neither do I ever expect they will, wee spend our days together and make the Hours pass gayly as wee possibly can ; I Beg my Complts may be agreeable to Lord March, Lord George and Lady Emille and am with greatest Esteem

"Your Graces

"Most dutifull & Obedt Servant at Command

"JOHN FLETCHER.

"LOUISBOURG 20th Sept. 1746.

"I beg my Duty to Duke of St. Albans and hearty respects to Mr. Jennisson Pauncefoot & Cheale & Green.

"List of the Ships here :

				Guns.
Pembroke	.	.	Adml. Townsend	60
Kingston	.	.	Capt. Hughes	60
Canterbury	.	.	„ Hore	60
Norwich	.	.	„ Pett	50
Hampshire	.	.	„ Daniel	50
Dover	.	.	„ Collins	40
Kinsdale	.	.	„ Harman	40
Albrough	.	.	„ Innis	20

Hinchinbrooks Sloop

Louisbourg Fire ship (not filld,")

Your thoughts, too, were ever turned homewards, my friend, towards that snug village under the Sussex

hills that you, and your brother sportsmen, the "Gentlemen of Charlton," loved so well. And as you sat in the old-fashioned stern cabin of H.M.S. *Pembroke*, vis-à-vis, no doubt, to your cheery host, many were the good hunts you recalled, and frequent the toasts to man (and maid ?), to horse and hound, that accompanied the decanters of old Madeira in their voyage round the shining Mahogany.

And now shall we return for a brief spell to Scotland—though indeed regarding the "45" I have but little more to say ?

It was not until June 1747 that the English Government passed an Act of Indemnity, granting pardon to all those that had been engaged in the Rebellion. And the letters that I have quoted are all that remain amongst my ancestor's correspondence from which I can attempt to throw any sidelights upon a campaign which, if it ended the romance of Scotland, was at all events the means of inaugurating for that Country an era of commercial and industrial prosperity which has been steadily increasing ever since.

But I cannot refrain from placing before you a letter which, from its touching mixture of pathos, quaintness, and loyal sentiments to the "Rightfull Soveriegne," must command from us all a deep sympathy for the poor lady that penned it.

Lady Frances Gardiner was the widow of that brave man, Colonel Gardiner of Bankton. When all was lost at Prestonpans he strove in vain to rally the panic-stricken troops, and in the very act of encouragement was cut down by a Highlander, with a scythe, outside

his own park wall. He lies buried in the village church hard by, nor can any more fitting epitaph be pronounced than that contained in the following verse :

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man ;
His courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man.
For King and Laws and Country's cause
In honour's bed he lay, man ;
His life, but not his courage, fled
While he had breath to draw, man.

Thus writes Lady Frances to the Duke of Richmond, with reference to her petition :

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ I am quite ashamed that I have so long delay'd returning your Grace, my most Sincere thanks, for your great goodness to my poor son, last year, soon after the fatal blow, he and I received. I will not take the Liberty to relate the continued tract of Indispositions fevers etc, besides the heavy load that has been upon my spirits, which unfitted me for acknowledging with my own hand those favours of which I have had so deep a sense, but hope the mournful Situation I have been in, will plead forgiveness. As Colonel Gardiner had the Honour to be one of your Graces most sincere Humble Servants and you was allways pleas'd to Honour him with your favour and Countenance of which he had many proofs ; I now his missfortunate Widow venture so far upon your Graces goodness as to send Inclosed a coppie of a memorial to the Duke of Cumberland which the Earl of Albemarle has been so good as to promise me

he would transmitt to his Royal Highness ; and indeed I want words to express the deep sense I have of the goodness and Generosity of that Brave Prince whose name must needs be dear to every Brittish heart who regards our Religion and lyberty which we Enjoy (by the Providence of God) under our Rightfull Soveriegne King George, and amidst all the overwhelming sorrow I was under when the Duke was pleased to bestow a cornetcey upon my son, I was farr very farr from being Insensible of his Royal Highness's Compassion and goodness to me, tho it was not then in my power to have my Humble thanks return'd as I most earnestly wish'd I could.

" My Situation and Circumstances being in some measure Hinted in the memorial, I am unwilling to trouble your Grace with any Enlargement or repetition of them, but only to beg your Interest in this affair, which my present Situation oblidges me to be earnestly concern'd about, and which is all the Apologie I can make for the Lyberty I now take with your Grace, and the Zeal you have upon all ocasions shewn for the Cause, in which I and my Surviving family have been Sufferers, Encourages me to hope for your Graces forgiveness I beg leave to Subscribe my Self with great respect

" My Lord Duke

" Your Graces most Obedt & greatly oblidged

" Humble Servant

" FRANCES GARDINER.

" P.S. This should have been wrote so as to have gone by the same post that Lord Albemarle trans-

mitted the memorial to his Royal Highness, but I was suddenly taken ill with such a toothack as render'd me uncapable of writing for several days."

Lady Frances' Petition is couched as follows :

*Unto His Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland
Captain General of all his Majestys Forces*

COPPIE

The Humble Memorial of Lady Frances Gardiner
Sheweth

"That she is Daughter to the Deceas'd Earl of Buchan and Widow of the Deceas'd Colonel James Gardiner who lost his Life in his Majesty's Service at the Head of his Regiment of Dragoons behaving as his Duty required in the Battle fought near Preston-pans against the Rebels in September 1745.

"Colonel Gardiner had served the Crown from his Infancy in the Army and had a Share in his Turn in all the Sieges and Battles which happen'd during the Reign of Queen Anne and of his Late and present Majesty but had enjoyed the Regiment he commanded for a very short time so that he had little Opportunity of providing for the Subsistence of his Widow the Memorialist and the five Children he left with her all yet unprovided for except the eldest Son whom Your Royal Highness has generously advanced to the Station of second Cornet in Sir John Copes Dragoons since his fathers death and he depends on Your Royal Highness goodness for further Promotion.

"The small Estate and House the Colonel had purchased yielding little more than One hundred

pounds Sterling of yearly rent happening to be situated close by the field where the Battle in which he lost his life was fought occasioned an additional Misfortune to his Family for it fell into the hands of the Rebels and a great part of the Colonel's household furniture horses and provision of Corn and Hay for them and other moveable Effects were pillaged destroyed and taken by them which adds considerably to the difficulties of the Memorialist and her Children.

"The Memorialist presumes to lay the above Matters before Your Royal Highness humbly hoping that in Consideration of them Your Royal Highness may think her and her Children fit Objects of his Majesty's Bounty for an annual pension for the better Subsistence of the Memorialist and the Education of her Children and may according to your usual Goodness and Generosity to all the Officers in his Majesty's Army who serve faithfully Recommend them as such to his Majesty."

The incidents of "The Forty-five" have been so fully chronicled by the historian, that it would have been presumption for me to attempt a detailed narrative of that short and bloody campaign; and so I have preferred, instead, to touch lightly upon the incidents to which my dusty old letters bear testimony. And yet—how difficult it has been to avoid discursiveness! For this memorable period "when the cause of the banished Stuarts flashed with brilliant lustre, then sank into eternal darkness," to quote Lord Mahon, must appeal to all alike with a sense of mingled pity, and admiration for the hapless clansmen, as we read

again and again the tales of noble and reckless loyalty to a hopeless cause, that possessed those gallant hearts, doomed to perish upon battle-field, scaffold, or in the protracted and therefore far more terrible agony of exile.

“ No more we'll see those days again,
Deserted is the Highland Glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men
That fought and died for Charlie.”

Yes ; and it seems to me that the heart-rending pathos of the old Jacobite lament has for us, in these days of a happy and prosperous Scotland, a significance the more intense perhaps, in that we can realise to the full the utter hopelessness of it all. God rest their souls ! 'Tis ours to mourn for the brave Highlanders that died for Royal Charlie on Culloden Muir, aye, and died even as their sons have done since on many a foreign battlefield ; for the spirit of their forefathers that raised the wild battle-cry of “ Claymore,” the spirit that swept all before them in the terrible onslaughts of Prestonpans and Falkirk, has steeled the hearts of the lads in tartan often enough since, amidst the storm and stress of battle, from Quatre-Bras and Waterloo to the bleak slopes of the Crimea, the sultry plains of India, the Veldt, and the rocky heights of Afghanistan !

CHAPTER XXVIII

“The Battle-field of Europe”—Saxe’s activity—Wholesale surrenders—Prince Charles of Lorraine commands the Allies—His difficult task—Faulty Commissariat—Disaster follows disaster—Battle of Laffeldt—Sir John Ligonier captured—Peace overtures—Fall of Bergen-op-Zoom—Depressing letters from Colonel Martin—End of the war—Smollett’s comments.

WE have seen that the disaster of Fontenoy was practically the signal for the rebellion in Scotland. But it had an even worse effect on the Continent, for the withdrawal of a large number of British troops from Flanders to cope with the trouble nearer home afforded France an opportunity of which the astute Marshal de Saxe was not slow to avail himself; Flanders was left an easy prey. Now I do not propose to invite you to follow me through the intricate marches and countermarches, the investments and sieges, the confusing repetition of names and the harrowing details of sickness and slaughter which characterised this wearisome struggle on the blood-stained fields of the Low Countries. The “Battle-field of Europe,” as it has been called, now witnessed a struggle that was to end ingloriously for the Allies by the signing of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle three years later. And out of the fog of war that hung like a pall over those muddy and fever-stricken camps there

have come down to us a few letters which speak for themselves, for in their quaint, old-fashioned way they tell us that we may trace back to the days of our forefathers that cheery light-heartedness of the British soldier which is ever conspicuous when face to face with hardship, sickness, and discouragement. And here was enough and to spare!

Recognising that his opponents were greatly diminished in number, Marshal de Saxe renewed his operations, unexpectedly, in mid-winter, and invested Brussels, which surrendered on February 20, 1746, and the large garrison became prisoners of war.

The panic spread apace; Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde and Dendermond had already fallen, after making a very half-hearted resistance to the vigorous tactics of the French, and in August Ostend had surrendered to Marshal von Lowendahl after a fourteen days' siege, in spite of the arrival of two fresh battalions from England, for the Dutch governor refused to avail himself of the means of defence which the place afforded, by inundating the surrounding country.

It was in anticipation of this disaster that Mr. Pelham wrote to the Duke of Richmond on August 3 :

“Everything is in so bad and so disagreeable a way both abroad and at home that I am glad to be silent on these subjects. I am afraid we shall soon hear of the loss of Ostend, whatever our great General may think of it. I wish for the best but fear the worst.”

He was right in his gloomy surmises, for the town fell three weeks later. In quick succession after the surrender of Brussels, Antwerp, Mons, and Charleroi followed the example of the capital, and even Namur,

the town which in former years had so long and gallantly withstood the army of King William, opened her gates to Marshal Saxe on September 19.

“The scandalous surrender of Namur,” wrote the Duke of Newcastle, “and the inaction of our Army in Flanders are bad circumstances.”

His complaint as to “the inaction of the Army” would seem to be justified by the following letter written to the Duke of Richmond by one Lieutenant Godfrey, a young protégé of his, some six weeks before the loss of Namur. He dates his letter from camp near Vielsi, but I am unable to find any such name on the map. It is not unlikely that his knowledge of the local names was limited, but it is evident that he was with the force which was covering Namur. “The enclosed” to which he refers was presumably a plan of the operations, but it has long since disappeared. He says :

“MY LORD,

“I hope your Grace will excuse the liberty I take in sending the enclosed, but imagine it may be agreeable to Your Lordship, as believe you cant have seen one yet, since the copying of it there are seven more Dutch Battalions join'd us who are at present encamped upon the left of their Cavalry. When first we came to this ground we expected to have an Action every minute, but cant say there is the least appearance of one at present, both Armies being encamp'd so as not to be able to attack one another without great risk. The French are encamped with their right at Houné and their left towards les Cinque Etoiles, 'we have

St. Dennis in the front of our right and our left stretches towards the Causeway that goes from Namur to Bruxelles, near Spy. Our Irregulars harrass the enemy so much that they hardly durst stir out of their Camp. I believe our Army really consists of 72,000 men, I know some people make it more, but am sure that is about our number. The British here would be extreamly glad to have the Duke to command the Army, as the Austrian customs are something different from our own, though I must say they are very polite to us. The French took Charleroy in about 48 hours after the Batteries began to play; so many more Dutch Prisoners of War! I hope Your Grace will excuse this freedom and give me leave to subscribe myself, My Lord,

“Your Lordships most oblig’d and

“Dutifull Servant

“ROBT. GODFREY.

“CAMP AT VIELSI (?)

“Aug. 8th 1746 N.S.”

Now the foregoing letter indicates the uneasy feeling that prevailed amongst some of the British officers that, had they been commanded by one of their own race, things might have borne a more hopeful aspect. For, during the winter, the command of the Allied Army had been assumed by Prince Charles of Lorraine, and, in spite of the constant supply of British and Hanoverian reinforcements which he received, he was repulsed in October at Roucoux, near Liège, in an engagement which rendered France the mistress of nearly the whole of the Austrian Netherlands. The gallantry and pluck of British, Dutch, and Bavar-

ians are set forth by Lieutenant Thompson, of Wolfe's regiment, one of those which, after Culloden, were hurriedly despatched from Scotland to Flanders in hopes that the tide might yet be turned. He writes :

“ May it please Your Grace, I would have sent your Grace word of our arrival in Holland and all the perticulars of our Voadge. But your Grace haveing a good Corrispondance with Capt. Maggot who is better able to give it than me, I hope you will excuse me. Your Grace must have heard of the Battle we had the 11 of Oct. and the brave Retreat we made, our three Regiments join'd the Army about Eleven in ye forenoon, half an hour after, the attack began ; on the left of our Army were the Dutch and Bavarians post'd, who behaved with great courage for an hour and a half with small arms, and disput'd every inch of ground, but beeing borne down with superior numbers were oblig'd to retreat, but in good order. There were little to do for the English, only Graham's Regt. Lost most. Our Regt. was in the Senter which when we was order'd to retreat some few Grasans [?] came out of the Vilage and fir'd on us and kil'd two men, and wounded two Officers, but we soon fac'd about and drove ye dogs back, and retreated without noise or Confusion. The French lost double ye number of men we lost, they can have nothing to boaste off. They had 40 Battalions in ye field more than we had, besides superiour in Cannon. I am much surprised to see how the French interest prevails in every place, the Leige people let them thro' into the town or Else they would

never have beat us, anything more I know not for certain, I increase in strength dayly. I hope the inclosed will find Your Grace and family in good health.

"I remain Your Grace's most obedient humble

" Servt.

" THOS. THOMPSON.

" AMBIN CAMP,

" *October ye 21 1746 N.S.*"

Liège, he tells us, had fallen through treachery from within ; and, as an instance of the many difficulties which Prince Charles of Lorraine had to contend with, I will now place before you a letter from the brother officer to whom Thompson alludes (spelling his name, it must be confessed, in somewhat unkind fashion !). It will go far to prove that, from the very first, the unlucky commander had been assigned an uphill and wellnigh hopeless task. Not only were the French his superior in numbers, and especially in artillery, but in Marshal Saxe, Prince Charles had an adversary of consummate genius. The Prince himself was a zealous soldier, and no mean exponent of the art of war ; but amongst the British commanders not only was mismanagement rife, but many of them were sadly ignorant of their profession. Their chief military asset appears to have been an obstinate courage, most dangerous of all attributes when not tempered with discretion ! How was the Prince to succeed in the face of all this ? Captain Meggott wrote from Williamstadt, on August 21 :

" MY LORD DUKE,

" After one of the pleasantest Voyages that People can hav, Wee arriv'd here yesterday noon, in

four days and a half from Leith, for wee did not sail till Tuesday Morning. Wee were in hopes of finding our Men from ye additional Companies, our Tents, Camp Necessaries etc. etc. here before us, and that wee should begin our March towards ye Army this Morning, but alas, they are yet not arriv'd, and what is worse 'tis morally impossible for us to stir till they do as wee have no Tents to cover two-thirds of our People, besides our being in want of many other very essential things. Our Brigadier (Huske) who by the bye, My Lord, desires me to assure your Grace, Lady Dutchess, and ye rest of your Family, of his most humble respects, has this morning dispatch'd our Major La Fausille to Sir John Ligonier, to inform him of our Situation, and his intent to joyn him the instant 'tis possible, and in the mean time has resolv'd to cantoon the Troops. Our Horses were loaded this morning, and our men will follow them tomorrow. The Battaillion is to be here, one at Clandorb, a mile from hence, and ye 3rd at a place, whose name I forgett, about the same distance. Letters are a long while coming from the Army and I this instant saw one of the 13th but it says nothing worth repeating.

“Hope you'll excuse all my Impertinances, and give me leave upon all occasions to assure you that I am with ye deepest sense of Your Grace's goodness, My Lord, your most obedt and affecte. Humble Servant,

“RICHD. MEGGOTT.

“P.S. Our Fellows are in generall very well and hearty.”

But what chaos must have prevailed in the Com-

missariat and Transport department! Here, indeed, was a nice state of affairs which the unfortunate Brigadier found himself called upon to face upon arrival at the seat of war!

And yet, for a few months at any rate, it looked as if things were taking a turn for the better. The Austrians had completely defeated the French and Spaniards at Placentia, in June of this year, and entered Genoa in September.

“The surrender of the Town of Genoa,” wrote the Duke of Newcastle, “and the flight of the French and Spanish Army, will more than make amends for the surrender of Namur, if right use be made of these advantages, and the Queen of Hungary and the King of Sardinia keep their word and make an Irruption into France this Campaign,—if that be done, and our Army can procure winter quarters for Themselves, or the Dutch be wise enough to give them, I think our affairs will be in a good way.”

Alas, so many “ifs”! What happened? Early in November the Austrians, under Marshal Brown, invaded Provence and bombarded Antibes; but scarcely had they commenced to take heart again when they were startled by the ominous news of a rising in their rear—Genoa had risen again; the Austrian lines of communication were in imminent danger of being cut, and they were compelled to hastily recross the Var and apply themselves to a long and hopeless, because desultory, blockade of Genoa.

“We have had no news from abroad,” again wrote the Duke of Newcastle, in December, “since the first

account of the passage of the Var, an event, which I always expected, tho' the Impossibility at first, and the Improbability at last, was strongly insisted upon by others. If that measure is rightly pursued, as I hope and believe it will, I cannot but think it may have the most glorious consequences imaginable, and oblige France to consent to a safe and honourable Peace.

"Belisle is assembling a strong Army, but it will be some time before it is got together. Brown passed the Var with 55 Batalion, and 3,000 horse. He will have before this time 5 or 6 Batalions more and 2,000 horse, and there will be a Corps de Reserve of 15 Batalions. But notwithstanding all this, we have wrote strongly to Vienna and Turin for further reinforcements if necessary. The contrary winds have hindered us from hearing one word from the Duke since his arrival in Holland. I really think we shall have 40,000 Dutch Garrisons included, to join our Army of 100,000 men. And France thus attack'd on all sides must find themselves under difficulties."

He did not know that, even as he wrote, the tables had been already turned, and that the campaign had resumed its gloomy aspect.

For as soon as she secured the Austrian Netherlands, France proceeded to invade the Dutch Republic. Her troops, under Marshal de Saxe, poured into Zeeland, occupying towns and fortresses as they went, and taking 5,000 prisoners in less than a month. Disaster followed disaster. To make matters worse, there were disunion and discontent in the Allied Army, dually commanded by the Duke of Cumberland and the Prince of Orange, and it was this that brought

about the defeat which they sustained on July 22 at Laffeldt.

"I think I see a very unfortunate Difference arising between the Duke and the Prince of Orange; the Latter is entirely to blame," wrote the Duke of Newcastle. "By the last letters, Bergen opp Zoom is like to defend itself well, old Cronstrom¹ does well there but he is the cause of the misunderstanding I hint at."

I will not enter into the pros and cons of the strained relations that existed between the young commanders. Perhaps it will be sufficient for me to quote the words of Henry Pelham. In one of his letters to Mr. Walpole he says :

"Our young heroes agree but little. Our own is open, frank, resolute, and perhaps hasty; the other assuming, pedantic, ratiocinating, and tenacious. . . . In what a situation then are we! We must pray for the best, for direct it we cannot."

As briefly as possible let me sketch what occurred at Laffeldt. The Dutch, in the centre, gave way and fled. The Austrians occupied a strong defensive position on the right, from which they could not move to the assistance of the British, who were on the left, and upon whom consequently the entire brunt of the battle fell. With the whole French army against him, fighting under the eyes of their King and directed by the brilliant Marshal Saxe, the Duke of Cumberland was forced to retreat, and this movement he effected in good order, taking up a strong position behind the Meuse.

¹ The governor of Bergen-op-Zoom,

The losses on both sides were very great. Both commanders showed the greatest gallantry in the forefront of the battle; the Marshal, indeed, was all but captured, and the Duke, at one moment, found himself mixed up with a squadron of French horse! Our own cavalry suffered severely; in the ardour of pursuit they were out-flanked and repulsed with slaughter, Sir John Ligonier being taken prisoner.

Thus ended one of the most sanguinary combats of this campaign. "Politics are at present melancholy subjects," wrote Mr. Pelham; "but by all we hear the English and Hanoverians behaved like Heroes, Lord George Manners is come to London, who tells me young Keppell¹ is well, tho' a Prisoner, most damnably bruised, but not wounded, as is his own brother Lord Robert Sutton, we may say with the Roman wives, 'Thanks to the Gods our boys have done their duty.'"

And thus wrote Lord Bury, the Duke of Richmond's nephew :

"MY LORD,

"The Perpetual hurry we have been in for some time past has prevented my troubling of your Grace sooner to beg the Continuation of your goodness to me, and if I am not too late to beg your Grace's recommendation to the Worshipful Mayor and Corporation and all the worthy freemen of the City of Chichester,² I must beg your Grace to be so good

¹ Younger son of Lord Albemarle, captain in the Coldstream Guards, and A.D.C. to Sir John Ligonier.

² He was member for Chichester at this time.



From a painting by George Romney.

GEORGE, THIRD EARL OF ALBEMARLE
("Lord Bury").

as to make my compliments to them and to assure them that altho' the French call themselves conquerors, the numbers of dead and wounded of each side are so very unequal that they most heartily repent their having attacked us, our misfortune was that expecting the whole to be attacked the right had posted themselves so strongly that they were not able to give us the ready assistance that we required, and that they wished to give us. Our loss of killed and wounded (I mean the whole Army) is near five thousand, the French say themselves that they have lost one thousand Officers, eight thousand foot, and one thousand horse, but they have most certainly lost fiveteen thousand, our Troops in general behaved like Englishmen and are ready to meet them again. We lost one pair of Colours and four Standards, took nine pair of Colours and seven Standards. Our Cavalry did marvells and the Duke's little Regt. extreamly well. General Ligonier is come to us for a few days, and is then to go to Liège and there waite the French King's orders. The Particular civilities shewed to him by the King surprized even Marshall Saxe. They have been very civil to all our prisoners, as we have to theirs, we have about the same number of private men and they have more of our Officers. They had but one hundred and sixty three private that were not wounded. I beg my compliments to my lady Duchess and am My Lord

“Your Grace's most obedient Humble Servant

“BURY.

“RUHOLT CASTLE,

“*July ye 10 N.S.*

"P.S. William¹ is come to us, he has a devilish cut upon the shoulder but not dangerous the joint and bone being untouched."

The capture of Sir John Ligonier gave the French an opportunity of commencing overtures for peace, a consummation for which both sides were now equally desirous.

Sir John was received kindly, and almost cordially, by King Louis and Marshal Saxe, and a long series of interviews, and much correspondence, took place upon the subject.

"I come now to acquaint you with a very great secret," wrote the Duke of Newcastle to my ancestor, "for I keep nothing from you. Soon after the Battle, Marshal Saxe sent the enclosed message No. 1,² by Sir John Ligonier to the Duke. His R.H. returned immediately the answer No. 2² and upon consideration we determined to send the answer No. 3² as the King's Answer to ye Marshal Saxe's overtures. We shall soon see what the Court of France will do upon it, whether they will explain themselves further, or drop the whole affair. The Prince of Orange has wrote in the strongest manner to protest against this Negotiation, and to propose vigorous measures for carrying on the War. But considering our present situation, the danger Bergen opp Zoom and the Republick is in (which, by the way, must and ought to be more the Buisness of the Statholder than ours) it has been agreed, and I think rightly, not to put a Negative upon the pro-

¹ His brother.

² The three enclosures are politely expressive of the disinclination on both sides to continue the war.

posál, but to hear what France has to say. The great point is to act in concert with our Allies, and especially the Statholder. . . . For my part I dread the Duke's being concerned in making what will be called a Bad Peace, he will be severely attacked or reproached for it, and we shall be thought to have employed him to save ourselves. . . . This is the Time when Men of Art will have the advantage of Plain dealers and plain Speakers. I most sincerely congratulate you, upon the account received this day, which may be depended upon, that poor Kepple¹ is safe in France. The ship is lost, but they say all the crew are saved. I was in great pain for him both on publick and private accounts."

The Prince of Orange appears to have justified Mr. Pelham's opinion of him, at any rate as far as tenacity was concerned, for he continued to be irreconcilable in his attitude towards the Peace negotiations.

"As to publick affairs," again wrote the Duke of Newcastle, on August 12, "this negotiation must be pursued in earnest, but with the concurrence, and approbation of our Allies, and especially the Prince of Orange. I must freely own that His Highness's present way of talking of *being abandoned by the King*, of *protesting in form against the present Negotiations for Peace* has greatly offended the King, and my advice is that, if he can, he should talk in a quite different style.

¹ Lord Albemarle's second son, Captain Augustus Keppel. He was in command of the *Maidstone* frigate, and was giving chase to a privateer when his unskilful pilot ran him ashore. With unexampled generosity, the French Minister of Marine sent him a passport for himself and crew to return to England by any route he should select!

He should assure the King that the Prince of Orange has that deference for the King, that Dependance upon His Majesty, that whatever his own private opinion may be he should always submit it to the King's. . . . The plan agree'd upon between Bentinck¹ and me is that the P. of O. should heartily concur with us in bringing this Negotiation with the Marshal Saxe to a happy conclusion, if possible, and on the other side that we should *in time* join with them in takeing proper measures to show France that we may be in a condition to carry on the War another year if they will not consent to reasonable terms of Peace. . . . I am sorry to tell you, that things go ill at Bergen-op-Zoom. It is the greatest secret, but there is an unhappy misunderstanding between the D, and the P. of O. and the Dutch Generals, and there has not been an agreeable Correspondence between the Army and B. op Zoom, and what is worse, Cronstrom writes word that it must fall,² and that no Reinforcements from the Army can save it. So that they press extreemly for the march of the whole army from Maestricht to save Holland. I am no Military Man but I own that this strikes me as a necessary Measure."

The negotiations dragged wearily on. "The hourly expectation of hearing some fatal event from abroad," wrote Pelham on August 14, "prevented His Grace (of Newcastle) and of course your humble servant from going to Lewes; my Brother and he would send you word, which I conclude sav'd your

¹ The Dutch Minister.

² Curiously at variance with the accepted idea that he believed the fortress to be impregnable.

Grace the trouble of a hot journey. You had Politics, I presume, enough from him, pleasanter than you could have had from me, tho' I am of opinion His Grace now sees our affairs in a most desperate situation. The Gentleman¹ that is come from the Stadtholder is an honest man, partial, as we all are, to our own particular cause. But what is the worst of all, as he is a man of truth and honour, he cannot hide the nakedness of his country, even at a time he wishes to represent it in a condition of spirit and resolution to give fresh vigour and force to the Alliance. I am as much for saving the Republick as any man, I know where we shall be when they are subdued, but I cannot flatter myself that an inferior Army can with any degree of certainty relieve a Country that has lost, or will soon lose, its best fortresses, and where the people are enervated and lost their own antient force and power. I wont detain you longer on this melancholy subject, a few days will explain matters further, Bergen op Zoom holds out well, the garrison do their duty, but the beseigers gain ground every post, which makes me say what I do in this letter."

From the gloomy allusions to the state of affairs at Bergen-op-Zoom we can gather that, whilst these negotiations were in progress, the French commander was not idle. He detached Count Löwendahl with a force of 30,000 men and unexpectedly laid siege to that fortress. Bergen-op-Zoom was deemed the key of Holland, and was defended by an intrenched camp in which were 12,000 troops, as well as by its own strong works and garrison. The actual siege com-

¹ Count Bentinck.

menced in the middle of July, but it was not until the beginning of September that breaches were made in the walls. Thus writes Mr. Solomon Dayrolles, from the Hague, on September 1 :

“ I was just returned from Bergen op Zoom when I was honoured with your Grace’s letter. I thank my Stars that I am return’d with all my Limbs since I might have been a sufferer as well as others who were at no great distance from me. We shall soon know at present what we are to expect about the fate of this Important Fortress. As M. de Saxe has been single of his opinion about carrying on the Siege we must expect that he will do his utmost efforts to carry his Point, and support the reputation of his friend Löwendahl. On Saturday morning the French unmask’d four Batteries upon the Counterscarp to batter in breach the Bastions of Pucelle and Coehorn, but they have but sixteen pieces of canon upon these four Batteries and their fire is direct’d to four different Points. Our Engineers seem to make nothing of it, and assure us that as they have not room to place more Canon, they may batter till Doom’sday before they can make a Breach proper for an Assault. I wish it may be so, but I dont conceive how the French, who are the best Engineers in Europe, shou’d be guilty of such a palpable mistake. One of the Enemy’s Batteries has since been dismounted, and we are in great hopes that our Fire which is still superior to theirs will be able to do as much with the three others.”

Evidently Mr. Dayrolles was feeling uneasy over the outcome of the siege. Nor was he mistaken. There is no greater danger, no more fatal military

error than that of overestimating one's strength. The Governor of the place, Baron Cronstrom, a veteran of four-score, was, so it is said, so overweeningly confident that the fortress was impregnable¹ that he neglected the ordinary precautions for security, and thus on September 15 the French rushed the defences, taking the garrison so much by surprise that the resistance was comparatively slight.

Thus wrote Mr. Andrew Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's Secretary, five days afterwards :

"On Tuesday last the Admiralty received an account from Cre. Michel, that Bergen op Zoom was taken by assault early on Saturday morning. By letters that arrived this afternoon from Mr. Stewart at Flushing, we are told, that the Place was surpris'd, that there was no Breach, but that the enemy enter'd the Town by a Port in the Ditch which was not guarded, and where they found no resistance. When the alarm was given, the Soldiers ran to their arms and a great Slaughter was made. The two Scotch-Dutch Regiments which made part of the garrison, behav'd with the greatest Bravery imaginable, and a very small number (they say not above Twenty or Thirty out of both Regiments) escap'd with their Lives. The Prince of Hesse Philipsdal is said to be kil'd, though some accounts say, he was carried off wounded. Cronstrom escap'd (with the remains of some of the Battalions) to Steenberg. Lt. General Leslie got into the Island of Tholen, with Six Battalions. He has orders (as Mr. Stewart says) to listen to no offers of Terms, if attack'd, but to defend him-

¹ See the Duke of Newcastle's letter on August 12.

self to the last Extremity, and when he shall be oblig'd to leave the Island, to lay it under water. These are the accounts we have, by way of Flushing, of this most unhappy event, the consequences of which are to be so much apprehended."

This disaster brought the campaign to a close. And both sides were now utterly weary of the struggle.

"My Dear Lord," wrote the Duke of Newcastle, on September 22, "I am extreamly sorry I prevented your coming to Claremont tomorrow, where you would have met Charles Bentinck. He arrived very unexpectedly on Thursday last, I knew nothing of it till yesterday; his Chief Buisness was to keep up our Spirits here, and to assure us that they were not frightened by the Scandalous surrender of Bergen op Zoom. He says, the French Army is not in a condition to make any further Progress, and that Chandos' corps will hinder it, if they attempt it. There was either the grossest neglect and Ignorance, or Treachery in ye loss of B. op Zoom. I have had a most obliging letter from the Duke, full of Resentment to the French for their extravagant proposals. H.R.H. was then in Spirits, thinking B. might hold out."

And so, after many months of bickering and haggling over the terms which were to lower the curtain of an unsatisfactory peace upon the stage that had been the scene of so much bloodshed, the war was over. It was not until the following April that the preliminaries of a Peace were signed, by the English, French, and Dutch representatives, in terms which were to replace the contracting parties in very nearly the same situation as that from which they had started!

Fortunately for their cause, at the same time they signed an act for the suspension of hostilities, for no sooner did their terms become known to the Courts of Turin and Vienna than the flame of indignation broke out afresh. Now I have purposely restricted to the Netherlands my sketch of this European campaign, therefore I do not propose now to enter into a lengthy disquisition as to why the preliminaries of the Peace proved so distasteful to the Southern Powers ; it is enough to say that the whole summer was spent in overcoming these obstacles ; and at length, "after a tangled web of most wearisome discussion," as Mahon puts it, the definite treaty was signed on October 17 by all the belligerents.

Naturally, whilst the squabble continued, it was impossible to withdraw any troops from the country, and these few letters from Colonel Martin, of "the King's" regiment, whose acquaintance my readers have already made in Scotland, throw some light upon the conditions which prevailed after the fall of Bergen-op-Zoom. Poor Colonel Martin ! On a previous occasion he had incurred the disapproval of H.R.H., and this ever rankled in his breast,—he was a man of sensitive nature, but a gallant soldier withal, and although he found it advisable to exchange from "Wolfe's" regiment to the "King's," his capacity as a battalion commander soon asserted itself again in his new regiment.

Writing from Ginnege (and, considering the miserable discomfort he must have been enduring, his handwriting and neatness are amazing) he says :

“MY LORD DUKE,

“I have so great obligation to you, I cannot sufficiently acknowledge it. It gives me great joy to hear His Royal Highness has not lately been displeased with me. The Day of Laffeldt He saw our behaviour as he was pleased to tell me ye next morning, and every body have since reported that, to our advantage. When I petitiond to sell I was apprehensive I was not agreeable to Him, it was in ye month of May, a Battle was Fought soon after which alterd my sentiments and all my Friends among ye Generals have wished I had not taken that step. I own, I do so too, but I must bear ye disposal of H.R.H. from whome I have heard nothing more of it since, Only Genl. Wolfe and his Son insists upon it, and Solicit it to the utmost of their power, and say ye Duke will have it done. I did not plead any Incapacity in my Memorial I only said I had been more than 40 years an Officer, was up wards of 60 years of age, lyable to the Infirmitys of that Stage of Life.

“My not taking due care of ye Regt. is not so discouraging a circumstance, I will be so bold as to say no Battalion here has been in so good order as ours these two campagnes, if a number of Healthy disciplined men will show it, after the loss of 120 men, 37 Invalids allready discharged and perhaps as many more that may be so, we marchd to this place two days agoe 567 men under Arms, and left but three behind in ye Hospital at Hensden. When we broke up Camp and joyned ye Army at Terhyde we were the admiration of every body, without one sick man, and marchd ye next day seven leagues every man carrying his Arms.

"This is a very bad Cantonment we are come to at Ginnegen near Breda, the country eaten up, no Forrage, but from ye Magazin at Breda, no logging but Barns on Straw, scarcity of Firing, must pay for all at ye dearest rates, and the weather as severely cold as can possibly be. Our men scattered 5 or 6 mile assunder. Here will be including ye Garrisons of Breda Steenberg and Tollen more than 40 Battalions, the whole that can be drawn together at a short warning 25,000 men, and in no apprehension of ye menaces of the French. Last week I was for 16 days on an advanced command at Oudenbosch which from one of ye Prettiest Villages in ye Netherlands is become one of ye most miserable. Genl. Bethlem a Hungarian Commands the Frontier Chain there; a very Good man. Our Irreguliers harrass ye Convoys going to Bergen op Zoom and allways bring off something. I humbly recommend myself to Your Grace's protection and beg leave to assure you of my Gratitude and Thanks.

"Your Friend Thomson is gone this morning on Commd. to Oudenbosch for 15 days, 'twill be expensive, and he no economist, and of not so good conduct as I could wish. Mr. Backhouse is very sensible of Your Favours, I think he will make a good Officer.

"Your Grace's

"most Obedt. humble Servt.

"EDM. MARTIN.

"GINNEGEN NEAR BREDa,

"January ye 21st 1748.

"It is so cold I can hardly write. I saw Lord Albe-marle yesterday, very well."

And again, in April, he writes :

“MY LORD DUKE,

“I recd ye Honour of Yours on our March which began on ye 8th and was a very speedy one. H.R.H. joyned us yesterday, this day we halt, our Camp is near Roermond but I do not know ye name of the head Quarter. I waited on H.R.H. this morning who did me ye Honour to ask me some questions which I answered to his satisfaction. We have six British Foot, and Rich's Dragons, some detachments, three Greder. Comps of Guards and I believe all ye Hanoverians with us. Lord Albemarle with the rest of ye British and some Austrians and Trainee are on their March but as they will be obliged to go about I can't hear when they are to joyne us. The Austrian camp is a League and $\frac{1}{2}$ in our Front, not numerous. The Fr. have invested Maestricht on both sides. The Pr. of Conty, with, they say, 24,000 are on our side ye river, his quarters is at ye Chateau ye D[uke] had last year. A body of them are at Beek in our way this is all I could learn at Head Quarters to-day, I may be misinformd, but I saw no chearful face at Court; Bathiany is Ill behind, Chandos and Palfy are here, Somerfell and most of ye Hanovers here. We have cold weather with wind and Rain and lye on a very Bleak Grownd. His Royal Highness seems to have been Ill, Sir J. Ligonier is not well. I have been out of order for some time, I have ye Jaundice but am mending, my Face tho' as Yellow as a Carrot, I was forced to show to the Duke; every body compassionates me, but I have good Heart. Allways

when I can I will send your Grace what news I can pick up ; I have a good Acquaintance among ye Hanovers, who allways know more than we do. I fear Forrage will be scarce ; by what I overheard Genl. Ligonier say to ye Entrepreneur, we have burnt a small Magazin we had at Peer, and I believe one at Wert is condemn'd.

“ There is orders for making a 2,000 Fascins and piquets, I cant conceive what that is for, except to fortifie our Ponton Bridge below this and where we passd.

“ I wish Your Grace Health and Prosperity and am with very Great Respect and Gratitude

“ Your most obedt. humble Servant

“ E. MARTIN.

“ CAMP NEAR ROERMOND,

“ April ye 18th 1748 N.S.”

Truly a tale of woe ! It may be that the depressing nature of the colonel's malady and the unwholesome hue of his complexion were to blame for the fact that “ he saw no chearful face at Court ” ; they were far too busy commiserating him ! As far as actual fighting was concerned, things were quiet enough. His next letter, written three months later, tells us that now the Army was condemned to a period of enforced inactivity—which was spent in smartening up the troops after their long spell in the field. With very pardonable pride the gallant colonel alludes to the brave show made by his regiment, writing thus :

“MY LORD DUKE,

“I have not presumed to write to Your Grace this long time, having had nothing worth Your notice that could encourage that presumption.

“Our whole Army are got into Cantonment, our Brigade of four Regts. under Lieu. Genl. Howard are at Boxtel on ye causeway from Eyndhoven to Bois le Duc, all the rest are in a chain, Eyndhoven ye centre, the Hanoverians near ye Maes.

“Now we have nothing else to do we are keener at Disciplin than ever, above 500 Barrils of powder has been fired away; the D. of Newcastle saw most of our fine Shows, and had ye complaisance to seem pleasd. His Royal Highness shewd him ye Camp, and lines turnd out when he came to us, H.R.H. said to him ‘c’est le Regt du Roy, voila un beau Regmt.” In all our little affairs this Campagne we have had the good Fortune to please our General, particularly ye day of the Kings accession, he stopd to tell me he never saw ye Kings Regt look so well and sent back ye Lieut. Genl. of ye day with compliments I did not deserve. I mention this to let you see how much I am Indebted to You, for God knows we are but ye same we ever were, but you have prevaild on Him to be extreemly favourable to me. I waited on ye Duke of Newcastle who was pleasd to tell me of the Friendship you are pleasd to have for me.

“I believe the War is over, I have had ye good fortune to outlive it, without being made a miserable Cripple or my health any way Impaird by it, tho’ I have been often in the way of being made so, and what is dearer my reputation has not sufferd.

"Yesterday H.R.H. came and reviewd us in our Cantonmt again and shewd us some new things, and declared He was pleasd with us, our only Fear is now of being sent to Ireland, I pray Heaven avert that !

" My Lord Duke

" Your Grace's most obedt. Servt.

" EDM. MARTIN.

" BOXTEL, *July ye 25th 1748 N.S.*"

Evidently the Ireland of our forefathers did not boast that wealth of sporting attractions which renders it so popular a station to the military of to-day !

But they were not to return to England without paying heavy tribute to an unseen foe, deadlier by far than all the bullets of the French. For the inevitable result of bad food and impure water came upon them as soon as they had settled themselves into the wretched hovels and out-houses which were alone available for shelter. And so on August 19 he writes :

" MY LORD DUKE

" I very lately took ye liberty to write to Your Grace, ye cannot forbear to be troublesom to You again to give You an account of the deplorable condition of our little Army who are falling down in Fevors very fast, one Regt with another above a Hundred, the Dragoons at least twice that number. Ours is yet the best, we have but 64, and indead when we came from Camp but three.

" The cause of it may be the wetness of this Country, the bad Stagnated ditch water we drink, the Air,

bad food and bad lying, Beef is six Styvers ye pound, mutton 4, everything else in proportion ; we lye in Barns and open Cowhouses with little or no straw. The Officers hold up beter, yet some few are dead. The Hollanders in their Camp and Garrisons are the same ; I hear ye French are so too.

“ His Royal Highness has been but eleaven days away, and was expected at Eyndhoven last night, and they say comes for England in a few days, the Yacht waits at Helveor. All ye Generals and Staff are well, I saw Your two Nephews (Keppels) well the other day.

“ I am My Lord Duke

“ Your Grace’s

“ most obedt. humble Servt.

“ EDM. MARTIN.

“ BOXTEL BETWEEN BOIS LE DUC AND EYNDHOVEN,

“ Aug. ye 19th 1748 N.S.

“ The weather which has been extreamly hot and no wind is this day changed to cold with a strong N.E. wind, which I hope will have some Influence on our Sick.”

The sickness continued, nor did the awful possibility of being sent to Ireland tend to brighten the Colonel’s views of life ! So that he wrote as follows :

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ I very humbly beg leave to petition Your Grace for Your Intrest to prevent our poor Regiment from being Banishd for life to Ireland, which they say we are in danger of. Tho’ our services this War has

acquired us some Friends they are all engaged in their perticular Intrests, and say tis the King only that must be apply'd to. We continue very sickly, and grow daily worse and worse, but our Corps is among ye best. I have ye pleasure to hear ye Genls frequently tell the Duke who always confesses it to me, the Kings Regt is the stoutest Regimt He has, that we are always ye strongest under Arms, &c. &c.

"I hear Your Grace is going to France and every body here is much pleas'd with it. I pray for a continuance of Your Health and Prosperity.

"My Lord Duke

"Your Grace's

"most obedt. humble Servt.

"EDM. MARTIN.

"BOXTEL, *Sept. ye 10th 1748.*"

I am unable to trace Colonel Martin's subsequent career, but let us hope that the difficulty was solved in a manner to satisfy all concerned, and that when the route finally came all ranks of this gallant regiment hailed with delight the name of the new quarters, wherein, comfortably clothed and sufficiently fed, they should rest awhile from their hardships.

Doubtless there were some merry evenings on their return; but I fancy that the older amongst them would perhaps drink in silence, now and again, to the memory of the comrades from whom they had turned sadly away for all time. For they could not forget the gallant hearts that lay silently awaiting the final *réveillé*, that should summon them from the hard-fought battle-fields of Flanders to give

account of the manner in which "The King's" could die for their King and country!

The war was over; the armies were broken up. The Allies in the Netherlands withdrew their several proportions of troops, the French began to evacuate Flanders, and the English forces to re-embark for home; but, as for any advantages that had been gained, well—to quote Smollett—"the restoration of a free trade, and respite from that anxiety and suspense which the prosecution of a war never fails to engender, and the prospect of a speedy deliverance from discouraging restraint and oppressive impositions were advantages that sweetened the bitter draught of a dishonourable treaty, and induced the majority of the nation to acquiesce in the Peace, not barely without murmuring, but even with some degree of satisfaction and applause." And so "The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was celebrated by fireworks, illuminations, and rejoicings in which the English, French, and Dutch seemed to display a spirit of emulation in point of taste and magnificence, and, in all probability, these three Powers were sincerely pleased at the cessation of the war."

CHAPTER XXIX

SMUGGLING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES : A SUSSEX TRAGEDY

" The fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand, That smuggling band,
Some in the water and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land :
The night is dark, they are silent and still,—
At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill ! "

" THIS FOR HIS GRACE DUKE OF RICHMAN AT
GOODWOORTH

November ye 15 1735.

" **T**HIS is for to let his Grace know that we desire him to put 2 hundred and 50 ginnes in a bag and put them of the outside of the park pales under the lader stile of the Southeast cornner of the park against the pond this night and in 4 months you shall have all your money and 50 ginnes for the use of it, if not we will beat down all your buildings and destroy all that you have, and if you pretend to mislist ¹ anny of us we will destroy all that you have, for hear are 2 hundred and 50 of us, and in too days time we can raise our company to 6 hundred so if you do not deliver your mony quitly we will destroy all that you have and we will shoot his Grace whearever we sees him for we

¹ Mislead.

are all smugglers and we have lost a great deal of goods.”

Now is it reasonable to expect that the recipient of the above *billet-doux* would feel disposed, in after-years, to exercise any marked degree of leniency towards these terrorists of the eighteenth century? Surely not. He was not likely to forget the amiable epistle of 1735 (a year, by the way, in which he was elected Mayor of Chichester) when, some thirteen years later, it fell to his share as a Lord Justice of the Kingdom to assist in ridding the world of the perpetrators of perhaps the most cowardly and barbarous murder that has ever stained our Sussex down-lands.

This was the age *par excellence* (if one may use so paradoxical an expression) of smugglers. I say paradoxical, for although we are apt to invest them with a fictitious halo of romance, yet these lawless desperadoes were in most cases wholly undeserving of our sympathy.

We are all too prone to forget that the custom-house officer practically carried his life in his hands whilst in the execution of his office. He was nearly always numerically inferior, when it came to hard knocks, and not infrequently worse mounted and equipped than his opponents; and yet—are you well up in your *Ingoldsby Legends*, dear reader?—if so, let me recall to your memory the thrilling night-ride of Exciseman Gill and Smuggler Bill, at the end of which both met an untimely and terrible death, but during which you and I, my friend, were in fancy doing our utmost to aid and abet the escape of that notorious evil-doer from the Exciseman on his Satanic steed!

For :

"Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue and he has a smile
Trained the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
From St. Nicholas quite To the Foreland Light
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her
To have done with the grocer, and make *him* her Tea-dealer ;
There is not a farmer there, but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill."

A gallant picture, I grant you ; a proper Lad indeed,
and a striking contrast to the stolid Exciseman that—

" Rode in his stirrups just sixteen stone two."

But what of the real facts ? Let the following
petition to the Duke, from the terrified inhabitants
of a small village close to Goodwood, speak for itself :

"ALDINGBOURNE in the COUNTY of SUSSEX. . . .
Us whose Names are here unto Subscribed being
desired by the Wife of Thomas Dash parshoner of
our Said parish & at the same time believed by us
to be sworn against for Carrying of Fire-Arms about
Five or Six Years ago in Assistance with many others
in Landing and running of prohibbited Goods &c. . . .
THEREFORE as Smuglers in this Neighbourhood has
committed very great outrages, so far as Several
Barbarus Murders have been Committed by those
persons, And that the very Name of a Smugler caries
with it as bad a Character as tho' every person so
Sworn against was actualy guilty of a barberous felony ;
THEREFORE it is desired of us whose Names of

several of us are to be found in doing of our Duty to our King and Country in punishing of those notorious offenders who must justly deserved the sentence pas'd upon them and so on the contrary thing we ought were a person has been Guilty of only common Smuggling and has seen his Error before he has Committed any heinous offence other than Buying and Selling of some small Quantities of prohibbited Goods, And even that by Him we verily believe has not been Concernd in Maintaining or Soporting in his own person or any other person for him in Landing, Running, or receiving any prohibbited Goods since the Year 1744 or otherways April 1745, AND that in all other Conversation of Neighbourhood He has also behaved himself decently, AND the truth hereof we Certify under our Hands this Second Day of November 1749."

Here follow fourteen signatures.

Note the eagerness of his neighbours to free the character of the unlucky Dash from the heinous charge of having been implicated in the horrible murders which had convulsed the whole of Sussex less than two years before. The perpetrators still swung in their chains, a grim object-lesson, within but a short distance of their own cottage doors! For the murders of Galley and Chater, of which I am going to tell you, had filled the hearts of the quiet Sussex country folk with a sense of horror that was only equalled in intensity by the pity they felt for the wretched victims.

Let us look back a couple of years, and see for ourselves to what a pass things had come in 1747, when the contraband trade was at its zenith.



Photo, Russell.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BEECHWOODS.

Gangs of ruffians, well armed and mounted, relying upon force of numbers for safety in carrying on the work that they had not the pluck to attempt single-handed, openly set the law at defiance, and to such an extent had they cowed the peaceful villagers that none dared inform against them. 'Twas certain death, surely! And so, it was easy enough to run their cargoes uninterrupted from the coast to the many hiding-places amongst the woods; the country lent itself to that, and to such a pitch of lawlessness did things come at last that, on a certain October night in 1747, some forty of them assembled in Charlton Forest and planned and successfully carried out no less a *coup* than the breaking open of the Custom-house at Poole, whence they removed a large quantity of contraband goods that had recently been deposited there.

A man named Steele, who had been implicated in the breaking open of the Custom-house, but had no share in the subsequent murders, turned King's evidence and largely assisted justice eventually by giving his version of the affair, and he appears to have created a favourable impression by his candour. Instructive, too, to note the terror in which he stood of his former associates!

Thus wrote Mr. Simon, the Magistrate, who conducted his examination :

" ESSEX STREET 28 Oct. 1748.

" SIR,

" As soon as you went from hence this Morning, I took my Clerk Mr. Litchfield with me, and went to

the Gatehouse. The inclosed informs you of what Steele says in regard to the Affair at Poole, which I verily believe to be truth, and the whole of what he knows relative to that business. There is an air of truth and sincere dealing in the Man which I never saw before in an Informer of this Sort.

"Upon producing the Signett from Hollier, he pulled out a paper from his pockett and upon comparing his Mark with Ours he allowed our Credentials.

"He seems to be under great apprehensions from Jackson, Carter and John Mills, and gives this reason for his fears, If, says he, they hear of my being in a publick Gaol, and that any particular people come after me, it will give them a suspicion, and then they may burn my House and Murder my family, For there is nothing ever so cruel or desperate which they are not ready to attempt or execute as far as they are able.

"I am Sir

"Your most humble Servant

"H. SIMON.

"WM. WOOD ESQR."

Here follows the enclosed :

THE EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM STEELE TAKEN IN
THE GATEHOUSE AT WESTMINSTER THE 28TH DAY
OF OCTR. 1748

"This Examinant Saith that some time about Michmas 1747 this Examinant together with John Dimond, Richd Perrin, Richard Mills, John Mills, Willis a Coachman, Edmund Richards of Long Copps

Richard Clover who lived with the said Edmund Richards, William Carter, William Jackson, a person called Little Sam, a person called Little Harry, Benjamin Tapner of Stoke, Thos. Stringer of Chichester, John Cobby, a person called Little Daniel whose right name this Examinant believes is Daniel Perrier,

Hammond of Bestead whose Christian Name this Examinant believes is John, one Andrew of or near Allenbourne, a person called Tallboy, Thomas Lillywhite of or near Storrington as this Examinant believes, John Naylard and Thomas Naylard, John Price a person called Fatback, another person called the Staymaker and a person who went by the Name of the Shepherd and several others whose Names this Examinant does not know being all Armed with fire Arms about 12 of the Clock in the Night went to the Custom House at Poole where they all assisted in breaking open the Customhouse and taking from thence a large quantity of Tea, which they put upon their Horses, and rode off with, but this Examinant Does not know the several places the Gang went to being a Stranger to the way, but they all rode off in a body together.

“The X Mark of

“WILLIAM STEELE.”

But although a reward was offered for their apprehension, it was months before an arrest took place. At last one of the gang, named Diamond, was captured and placed in Chichester Gaol, whereupon his confederates decided to take drastic steps to prevent any more evidence being given against them.

Their names were Benjamin Tapner, John Cobby,

John Hammond, William Jackson, William Carter, Richard Mills the elder, and Richard Mills the younger.

They had not long to wait.

On February 14, 1748, a certain custom-house officer, by name Galley, and a shoemaker, named Chater, were on their way to the house of Major Battine, a Magistrate, near Stanstead, to have Chater's evidence taken on oath; for he knew sufficient about the Poole affair to hang the whole of the above-mentioned party.

Unluckily for the exciseman and his charge, they stopped at the "White Hart" at Rowlands Castle,¹ and the landlady of that hostelry being in league with the smugglers, and consequently apprehensive for their safety, sent for Jackson and Carter and communicated her suspicions to them. The rest of the gang dropped in casually, and, as the night wore on, and they sat round drinking with the doomed men, Carter extracted from Chater the reason of their presence there that evening.

At last, drowsy with strong liquor, the two poor wretches were assisted to bed, but scarcely had they sunk into a doze before they were rudely awakened. And now ensued a tragedy so sickeningly brutal in its details that the pen almost refuses to record it.

First, they were tied to a horse that belonged to one of the miscreants, with their legs under its belly, and in this position they were led out into the night and unmercifully thrashed until they fell twice with their heads under the animal. On across the Downs these seven devils urged the trembling horse, with its

¹ Ten miles from Goodwood.

burden of bleeding and semi-conscious humanity, as far as a well in Lady Holt Park; here they lifted Galley from the horse, intending to throw him down the well; but there was life in him yet. And so, placing him again astride the horse, they flogged the last remaining sparks of life out of him upon the hill-side, and there they buried him in a fox-earth.

And what of Chater? His end was even more horrible; for they chained him up in a disused hut, and proceeded to torture him by mutilating his eyes and nose with a knife, and then they dragged him out to Harris's Well, into which he was thrown headforemost with a noose around his neck. And there they left him, after hurling down rails, stones, and other débris upon his poor shattered frame.

But retribution followed swift upon their tracks. They had gone too far, and when, a few months later, Galley's body was found by a Mr. Stone, whilst hunting, and six miles away the body of Chater also, the whole country-side turned on them.

The first member of the gang that was captured sought to turn the scales of Justice in his favour by confessing. Thus runs his tale:

"County of Southampton. The Examination, and Confession of Henry Sheerman, otherwise called Little Harry, taken this 24 day of September 1748.

"This Examinant saith, that he is about five and twenty yeares of Age, and was born at Stratton in the said County of Southampton and was bred up in Husbandry Business,—and about three or four yeares ago, he went and lived with one Robert Woodman

in Sussex, and afterwards with one Thomas Rhood since deceased—and that during the time he so lived with them, he assisted both his Masters from time to time in running of Tea and Brandy—and saith, that about two yeares ago, he got acquainted with Carter and Jackson since deceased, and was concerned with them in running of Goods, and was with them when they broke up the Custom-house of Poole, but stood at some little distance from them.

“And this Examinant saith, that he was sent to, as he believes by Edward Payn to go with him to Rowlands Castle, and this Examinant went accordingly, where he, this Examinant, found Daniel Chater and William Galley with several others drinking—and saith, that the Wives of Carter and Jackson were in and out there drinking, but doth not remember what they talkt about—and that after they had sett there several houres, they all sett out towards Dean, and Galley and Chater were very much whipt—and they then kept towards Rake—and then this Examinant and others had Galley and Chater to Major Mills’s,—and were there in the morning before daylight,—and immediately Chater was chained to a Post in a Back House—and about two days afterwards he, this Examinant, went away—and when Jackson, Carter and others came to fetch away Chater, he, this Examinant went with them, about two Miles, and then this Examinant and two others left them—and what became of Charter he knows not—but has since heard and believes Chater was murdered—and thrown into Harris Well.

“And the said Henry Sherman further saith, that

during the time Chater was chained in the Woodhouse belonging to Major Mills—this Examinant brought him victuals and attended upon him with Little Sam, and the said Chater beggd this Examinant for God sake to interceed for Mercy for him, and this Examinant accordingly did desire some of the Gang to spare his Life ; but they cryed out Damn you ! what do you lack ? and would not show any Mercy ; but threatened this Examinant to give him a Knock.

“ The Mark of Henry Sherman.

++

“ Taken and subscribed the day
and year last mentioned before me

“ B. WOODROFFE.

“ Examined P. W. SORTER.”

But it was of no avail ! He, in common with the rest of the gang, was doomed. True, the bringing to book of all the offenders was a tedious affair ; the Duke's letter to Mr. Pelham, the Prime Minister, bears eloquent testimony to the obstacles that beset the path of justice ; he says, amongst his “ *Memorandums for Mr. Pelham*” :

“ As the taking of *Carter Jackson Mills Curtis* and the others chiefly concern'd in the murders in Sussex, is attended with so much difficulty, from the whole Country being intimidated, would it not be right for the government to offer pardon to any person or persons who have offended against the Laws of Custom and Excise (even to Outlaws) who have not been concern'd in any murders or in breaking open the Customhouse at Poole, who shall aprehend, or by giving *Private Notice or information*, cause to be apre-

hended so as they be brought to Justice, any one or more of the persons concern'd in the murders of *Galley*, *Chater* or *Hawkins*¹ or in breaking open the Customhouse at Poole? If so the names of the murderers must be published.

“One Mr. Wakeford of Hampshire has been lately attacked, his house broke open, Robbed and Plunderd by a sett of these desperate villains, many of them Outlaws, as they suppose; he is afraid to move towards justice, least a greater evil should fall upon him, and does not complain of it even to his neighbors. Butt notwithstanding that, should such open violence of all laws pass over unenquired into? Would it not therefore be right to send some proper person from London to enquire into the circumstances of this fact, and to have it publish'd with the shocking circumstances attending it in the Gazette? And pardon and reward offerd to those concern'd in it (altho Outlaws) who shall discover their accomplices, so as they shall be brought to Justice.

“Indeed nothing butt an active zeal in the Government, manifested by publick acts, can give a cheque to these dangerous outrages, and Barbarous and inhumane murders, with which our part of the country is so justly terrified.

“Mr. Wicker of Horsham, and Mr. Mitford and Mr. Goodwin of Petworth, have (as I have heard) declared they would act in nothing relating to smugglers. If this is true, and I believe it is, Is it not a shame? And should not Mr. Pelham give them some intimation of

¹ The murder of Hawkins was not in any way connected with the Galley-Chater affair.

it ? 'Tis particularly scandalous in Mr. Mitford who is a servant of the Government.

“ Mr. Pelham is desired to order a propper letter to be wrote to the Jaylor of Horsham to be very carefull that their prisoners make no escape, and to threaten him with the severest punishments that the law can inflict in case anything of that kind should happen.

“ As the marines that are there now, and who keep a strong gard within call of the prison, will soon be broke, may I aply to Mr. Fox, for a company of Bocklands to be sent there ? ”

Mr. Pelham's views on the subject were forcible. Writing from Esher, he says :

“ *ESHER, Nov. 12 1748.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I have read over Steels examination, and such a scene of villainy and barbarity I never before heard or read of. I conclude the Attorney General has seen it, for sure something may be done with those persons that seem concernd in this shocking act, tho' possibly not immediate partys in the murder. What are become of the women, and are not the Publick houses marked out, some how or other, as harbourers of these villains ? I ask these questions, not as if in the least doubt, that your Grace and the other gentlemen, who have acted the honest and brave part in detecting these murderers, can have omitted any thing that the law can do against their accomplices. I shall in my sphere pursue these Villains to the utmost, and will take care that the Officers of the Revenue shall either do their duty in looking after them, or suffer if they do

not. I think we are all obliged to your Grace for the spirit you have shewn on this occasion, the next best thing is to use our endeavors to suppress the practice of smuggling, for it is that profession that breeds up the young idle fellows to these Villainys. . . .”

But they no longer had power to intimidate their fellows. They were captured and brought to trial in the January of 1749, and they were hanged three days after their condemnation with a celerity that speaks volumes for the unanimous desire to be rid of these monsters that must have inspired judges, jury, and the general public.

Jackson alone cheated the gallows by dying in prison the night he was condemned, and amongst the old papers I one day came across the following copy of an inscription that was placed upon his gravestone, as a warning to evil-doers of later times :

“Near this place was buried the Body of William Jackson, a proscribed Smugler, who upon a special Commission of Oyer and Terminer, held at Chichester on the 16th day of January 1748/9, was, with William Carter, attainted for the murder of William Gally, a Custom house Officer, and who likewise was, together with Benjamin Tapner, John Cobby, John Hammond, Richard Mills the elder, and Richard Mills the younger, his son, attainted for the Murder of Daniel Chater ; But dying in a few hours after Sentence of Death was pronounced upon him ; He thereby escaped the Punishment, which the Heinousness of his complicated Crimes deserved, and which was the next day most justly inflicted upon his Accomplices.

"As a MEMORIAL to POSTERITY, and a WARNING to this and succeeding Generations,

"This Stone is erected

"A.D. 1749."

And a glance at the grimly laconic memoranda jotted down by my ancestor, possibly to keep his bowels of compassion for ever closed against their breed, tells us the rest :

"GOODWOOD, *Sat. 1st Oct. 1748.*

"William Galley Boatman of Southampton and Daniel Chater, Shoemaker, the Intended witness, were murdered by the Smuglers on Sunday night—between 14th and 15th of February 1748.

"The body of William Galley was found in a fox-earth in Harting Comb, in the Parish of Roegate on Thursday the 15th Septr. 1748.

"And the body of William Chater was found in a dry well belonging to Mr. Caryll, in the Haworth Wood, in the Parish of Harting on Saturday the 17th of Septr. 1748."

" Jackson. Dyed	{	Buried under the Gallows at the broil.	}	For the Murder of Gally & Chater.
Old Mills. Hanged				
Young Mills. Hanged.				
Carter	{	Hanged in Chains upon Portsmouth road.		
Sheerman				
Tapner	{	Hanged in Chains upon Rooks hill		
Hamond				
Cobby	{	Hanged in Chains upon Selsea bill		
Richards				
	{	Hanged in Chains upon Hambrook Comon		
John Mills ¹	{	Hanged in Chains upon Slyndon Comon.		

Murder of
Gally &
Chater.

Murder of
Hawkins."

¹ A worthy son of his father ; he was executed about the same time for a different murder.

The extirpation of this brood elicited a warm note of approval from Mr. Pelham. In the following letter he more than hints at an *affaire de cœur* in former days between the widow of the miscreant Jackson and a mutual friend of them both. He writes :

"Feb. 21st 1748.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I must return your Grace my hearty thanks, as a Citizen of this country, for the unwearied and successful pains you have taken in detecting all sorts of Villains and rogues in any shape. . . . I will send your letter to my brother this evening, but I believe I may venture to say, any hopes of pardon you see fit to give to these execrable wretches will be fully made good. It is impossible to discover and convict such a gang of Rogues, without some of the accomplices in the wickedness being partners in the discovery. I hope good may come from the encouragement you intend to give Mrs. Jackson, and if she should wipe off her guilt in any degree by the justice she shall do her country in detecting such a set Villinus, as your Grace speaks of, I should then be anxious to know a little of her amours with *our friend* in her younger and more innocent days. I shall hardly look upon *Tankey*¹ without laughing, and if your Grace was present, I would venture his Lordship's displeasure rather than loose my joke. . . .

"God bless you, you are born to do good to mankind, and for that as well as a thousand other

¹ Tankey : *i.e.* Lord Tankerville.

reasons, I shall ever be with the greatest truth and affection,

“ My Dear Lord

“ Your Graces faithfull

“ slave and servant

“ H. PELHAM.”

Small wonder then, that with this tragedy fresh in his memory the Duke should have steeled his heart against the intercession of his friends, when they now and again appealed to him, in his capacity as a Lord Justice, for leniency towards those who had been convicted for offences of a contraband nature, even though unaccompanied by violence. For the evil grew apace; an unflinching severity was the only remedy that could serve, and I will ask the reader to note the tone of the following letters. They need but little explanation, for they tell us plainly not only that he was determined to eradicate the stain that was spread over his fair land of Sussex, but also that, in taking up this firm attitude, he commanded the support and approval of his law-abiding friends.

“ I am sure,” wrote Lord Holderness from The Hague shortly after the executions, “ that your Grace deserves the thanks of all your Country-men for your diligence in rooting out such a nest of Villains as our Smugglers, and nobody more sincerely wishes success to your undertaking than myself. ”

And from Sir Cecyl Bisshopp, the kind-hearted owner of Parham, there came a most eloquent appeal for clemency on behalf of a youth who appears to

have taken a very minor part in the Poole affair. He wrote :

" PARHAM, 6 February 48.9.

" MY LORD,

" Being very sensible your Grace is never more pleased than in comforting the weak hearted, and relieving the distressed, encourages me to Sollicit your protection for Thomas Lillywhite Junr. He, as I am informed, was seduced and inveigled, to go in company with a number of hardened fellows, to the Breaking open of the Custom house at Pool. An action, no doubt that ought to be punished in an exemplary manner, being a most atrocious insult on Civil Government : but this poor Lad neither Saw the Custom house, nor was in the Town, but attended the horses at about A miles distance. I am sensible this in the Eye of the Law, may make him an Accomplice, but in a case where there is no bloodshed, in the poor opinion of a Country Gentleman, ignorant in ye Laws, he may deserve some favour. He, at the time of this Gallant expedition, for such it was esteemed by most of this neighbourhood, was but Seventeen years old : that time of Life, My Lord, in quite a Country boy, may in my most humble opinion be deemed, much more early days than in one some years Younger, trained up in our great Metropolis in the daily Practice of iniquity, and Such on Account of their Youth, I am told meet with mercy. This unfortunate person is Lately married to a young Woman of good fortune, and Creditable Parents. . . . His and her Relations, Sollicit My weak endeavours of

Assistance, I cannot deny them, And flatter my Selfe,
Your Grace will Comiserate their deplorable Condition.

"I am most faithfully

"Your Grace's most Obedt.

"Humble Servant

"CE. BISSHOPP."

But the Duke was inexorable! Writing from his hunting box at Charlton he deals with the case in all its aspects at great length, and his summing up is so dead against the unfortunate youth that poor Sir Cecyl must have regretted his well-meant efforts at intervention.

Thus runs his reply :

"CHARLTON 17 Feb. 1748.

"DEAR SIR,

"I received yours of the 6th of Febry. and really cannot help wondering at your aplication in favor of a smugler, especially for Thomas Lillywhite who has been guilty of such a heinous offence, as that of being assistant to the breaking open of the Custom house at Poole, and what astonishes me the more at your aplying for such a one, is your haveing been so lately upon the bench where you heard such a scene of barbarity and murders so evidently proved; the true source of all which has been smuggling, and the very crime this lad has been accused of the imediate preeceeding cause of these inhuman murders. I assure you it has had such an effect upon my mind that I am shocked at an aplication for a smugler. I have often

heard you say, and with great truth, that the comon people of this country have no notion that smuggling is a crime, what then can a government do to shew them their error but punish the guilty ? Then what in my opinion makes it still more necessary for this government to make severe examples, is that infamous, false, scandalous aspersion that has been so often thrown upon it, viz. that they favor smuggling to support their interest in the Country. That dishonest bad man the late Admiral Vernon¹ and other bad men as well as himself have often broached these notions in the house of Comons, and all the enemys to the government to their own infamy have adopted them, severall in this county have done the same, particularly that good for nothing Jacobite fellow Fagg of Green Lee. How then dear Sir, can you, that I hope and believe wishes well to this government, or I that am sure do so, ever thinke of aplying for any of these offenders ? As for the two circumstances you mention in his favor, one is not for him and the other is directly against him. Seventeen is not an age to pleade innocence at, tho' I have been told he was nineteen when he committed the fact. Butt the holding the horses while the others broke open the warehouse I say is strongly against him ; for it is become necessary to show the comon people by example that accessarys are to be punish'd as well as principalls, & for that reason I am persuaded that the example that was lately made of old and young Mills did more service than the execution even of the prin-

¹ The Duke could never forgive him for the disastrous failure of his West Indian Expedition in 1741.

cipalls, for you know very well that the comon notion in the country is that a man may stand by, and see crimes committed, and even advise, and assist in them, with impunity, if he does not comit the fact with his own hands ; this shews the necessity of examples, without which indeed Sir Cecyl, neither you nor I, nor any good subject can live in tollerable security in this country. I am Dear Sir

“ Yours &c.

“ RICHMOND &c.”

Sorrowfully Sir Cecyl found himself constrained to acknowledge the justice of His Grace's remarks. And so he wrote the following disclaimer :

“ PARHAM, 22 Feb. 48.9.

“ MY LORD,

“ I fear your Grace will think me impertinent with my frequent letters, but 'tis my Duty to Acknowledge ye honor of your Answer to my Last.

“ I can with the greatest truth assure you, that no one thinks these Offenders deserve to be brought to condign punishment, more than my Selfe ; And I must further say I meet with no Gentleman but says the Same. I have been aplyed to by Some persons, who have relations that were concerned in Breaking open the Custom house at Pool, to beg I wou'd sollicit for them ; My Answer was that I neither wou'd, nor ought attempt such a thing, that they wou'd suffer when taken, and ought so to do. I told Old Lilly-white, the only reason I had for presumeing to trouble your Grace in behalfe of his Son, was his being a Raw

Country Lad, And if his being but seventeen, is no plea for him, as I don't know that it is, I have nothing more to Say in his behalfe, And however I might express my Selfe, that was all I meant to urge, in my Letter ; *And all* that I have ever said to Several, that have spoke to me on ye occasion.

“ I am with great respect

“ Your Graces most

“ Obedt. humble Servant

“ C. BISSHOPP.”

But, to make a long story short, I can find no record whatever of the lad having suffered the extreme penalty, nor indeed of his having been sentenced to any sort of punishment at all, and so we may hopefully assume that his youth, and the other arguments in his favour, so eloquently urged by Sir Cecyl, had due weight in the long run, and permitted young Lilly-white to resume his ordinary vocations, duly contrite and chastened by the thought of how narrowly he had escaped the clutches of the common hangman !

But let us close this chapter with a touch of comedy. To misquote a well-known proverb, “ ’Tis a wise master that knows his own servants.”

For here, under the very eye of the law, so to speak, the ducal household was one fine day detected by the exciseman *in flagrante delicto* boldly smuggling tea beneath the nose of their illustrious employer.

Glance, I beg of you, at the following :

“ MY LORD,

“ On the 12th of July last we directed our Secretary to acquaint her Grace the Duchess of

Richmond, in the absence of your Grace, that we had received Information that your Grace's servants had presumed to lodge a quantity of run Tea in your House, and to desire permission that the Officers of Excise might search the same, which her Grace was pleas'd to grant : and there was found in the Room of Lewis Long five pounds of Tea, and five empty Oyl skin Bags, and in the room of William Manning, your Grace's Porter, thirty eight pounds of Tea. Lewis Long was convicted of selling Tea without entry in the penalty of 200lbs., and William Manning was convicted of harbouring the aforesaid Quantity of run Tea, and Warrants were accordingly made out for apprehending them ; but as the same have not been yet executed, We take the opportunity of your Grace's Return to apprise you of the Necessity we are under to continue our Direction for the speedy Execution of the Warrants. We are

"Your Grace's most obedient humble Servants
[Here follows six signatures.]

"HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"EXCISE OFFICE, LONDON, 21st Oct. 1743."

Roughly pencilled on the back of this notice is a draft of the Duke's reply :

"GENTLEMEN,

"I can possibly have no objection to the laws taking their Course against my Servants that have been convicted, for I shall certainly never encourage so Scandalous a Practice as Smugling in any Shape, and am, Gentn, your most obedient

"etc. etc."

History does not relate what befel the guilty ones, nor amongst the carefully kept household books of Sarah Duchess can I find any mention of a grim row of gibbets having been erected for the benefit of the quaking denizens of still-room, pantry, and servants' hall ; but I cannot help thinking that had this humiliating discovery been made some six years later, there would have been glances of no little trepidation directed towards one spot, a mile or so away. For there, blackly outlined against the western sky, the body of Benjamin Tapner hung mouldering in chains on the crest of St. Roche's Hill !

CHAPTER XXX

An unfilial message—And an act of aggression—Youthful sportsmen—London in May—Tom Hill introduces Canaletti—Lord Harcourt's ragged regiment—A Lewes cricket-match—Lady Emilie's suitors—And some domestic items—Lord Kildare's patience is rewarded, to the delight of Mick Broughton and another old friend—The Sussex Laureate rises to the occasion.

IN September 1745 the Duke of Richmond took part in a cricket-match which elicited from Lord John Sackville a rather harsh reflection upon His Grace's skill as a cricketer. But that was not the worst, for I grieve to say that Lord John had also been entrusted with an exceedingly impertinent message from Lord March and his brother George to their doting parents. Writing from his house at Strawberry Hill, afterwards famous as the residence of Horace Walpole, Lord John says :

“ TWICKENHAM, *Sept. 14th 1745.*

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I wish you had let Ridgway play instead of your stopping behind, it might have turn'd the match in our favour. I called upon Ld March some time ago at Westminster and he desire'd me if I saw the Dutchess of Richmond to beg she would excuse his writing to her every week, and that his Master was

of opinion it took up too much of his Lordship's time, and thought that once a fortnight was sufficient ; Ld George too desir'd me to tell her Grace that if she would write to him he knew somebody would write to her in return. I suppose your Grace has heard that the Pretender's eldest son has wrote to several of the nobility, among others to the Duke of Bedford, with his own hand, inviting him to join him and setting a reward on the Elector of Hanover's head. I desire my compliments to the Dutchess and Lady Emely and am with the greatest respect

“ your Grace's most faithful

“ and most obedient servant,

“ J. SACKVILLE.”

I do not fancy that the young Pretender's invitation can have met with much response ! But at this juncture it may interest you to hear a little more concerning Lord March and his brother.

These discourteous youths, at this time aged respectively ten and eight, were being educated at Westminster. And Lord March appears to have exceeded the bounds of politeness, outside of his family, occasionally. He even went so far as to commit an act of aggression upon Vincent Bourne, his master, for in after-years Cowper relates that he remembered seeing the Duke of Richmond “ set fire to Vinny Bourne's greasy locks and box his ears to put it out again ! ”

We are told that poor Vinny was a man of peaceful temperament, and a lax disciplinarian. Let us hope he was roused to action by the above !



From a painting by George Romney.

LORD GEORGE LENNOX,
Fourth son of the second Duke of Richmond.

The two lads inherited their father's love of sport at an early age. They were constantly at Charlton. Do you remember the story of Lord George's fox? And Lord March was only fourteen when he wrote the following to his father in Paris, concerning a likely horse that had caught his critical eye whilst on a trip to Oxford.

"September 6/1749.

"DEAR PAPA,

"Yesterday morning upon the road to this place I overtook a very pretty horse belonging to one Mr. Prince of Reading who had run him at Wells lately, where he came in second horse the two first heats, and second the third, he was going to run at Northampton for the hunters plate as he did at Wells. He is five years old fourteen hands and 3 inches high and very sound and temperate, this is the account I had from the groom who lately lived with Mr. Orme, and says he knew the little stone horse was broken winded two months before you bought him, for he had had a bad cold for a year before. This horse is to be sold for 35 pounds if he loses if he wins 40. We are all very well thank God, and hope you are so,

"I am, Dear Papa

"Your most dutiful and obedient son,

"MARCH."

And what of Lord George? Mounted on his pony, "Fat Jack" by name, I find him at the early age of eleven earning immortal fame by his prowess in the hunting-field! Here again I must invoke the aid of

Sam. Chandler, the Sussex Laureate, and transcribe the following account of George's doings one day at Charlton, despite the fact that the verses are not very complimentary to John Cheale, Squire of Findon, and Norroy King-at-Arms. They run as follows :

“Now, Cheale, your tongue try make it vocal
 Lest we convert it to a joke all (!)
 Apply it not to stinking hoggs
 That grunt in styas, and swill in Boggs.
 Lord George to hunt the Fox does chuse,
 And to attend you'll not refuse.
 Fat Jack he mounts, and Green will follow,
 Who, if he cannot hunt, will hollow.
 Fat Jack leaps hedge and gate and style ;
 Lord George already's gone a mile.
 For shame your pace amend, nor find
 the way to keep so far behind.
 Spur up old Findor, raise his spirit
 If ere you think to gather merit,
 By hunting with Lord George. Poor Green
 crossing a ditch is fallen in.
 Go back and help him out ; you see
 Hunting with him will ne'er agree.
 His talents are the desk and pulpit
 And not to fly o'er such a full pit (!)
 Full *two foot* wide. Cheale, too, does halt
 Before the dogs are at a fault.
 Lord George is left above to ride,
 Without a huntsman or a guide ;
 And his lov'd Jack still keeps his pace
 Intent upon his master's chace ! ”

Some months after Lord John Sackville's note to the Duke, Lord March appears to have called down upon his head a mild reproof from his father's old tutor, the occasion for which I cannot discover. It very likely had to do with his Westminster escapade.

Nor is it in my power to offer for your criticism the poem which was enclosed for Lady Emilie.

But the gist of Tom Hill's letter lies in the fact that he announces the first appearance in England of Canaletti, and suggests that the Duke should commission him to paint the views of Richmond House and the Thames which now hang in the "yellow drawing-room" at Goodwood.

He writes :

"MY LORD,

"One reason for my troubling you with this is the saving the young folks the expense of postage, and another, the putting my Letter to Lord March in your hands before it comes into his. I would not be thought to take pleasure in rubbing an old sore. If what I have said has the least appearance of it, I hope you will throw it into the fire. If otherwise, I hope it will have the effect I intend by it. As for the other to Lady Emily I imagin you will give it her as I send it. As y^r Grace wil see both one t'other, you wil find I can be the Fool as wel as the Philosopher and that I can give advice to others at the same time that I want it myself. Poetry, if what I have writ deserves that name, is as ridiculous in a man turn'd of sixty, as love would be. But Swiney and I have our foibles, and however the Muses, or the Ladys of Drury lane play-house, may hold us in contemt for our non-performance, we are but too apt to think ourselves not a bit the worse for wearing. So much for a truth, which few people care to talk of when they feel the reality of it.

"We have had for many days past a heat almost insupportable. This to be sure is no news to you, as in al likelyhood you have not been cheated out of your share. At this instant the clouds are gathering apace, the rain begins to pour, and I already see the coachmen slouch their hats, and the women make the best of their way with their petticoats over their heads. May you have your ful proportion of that too. The only news I know to send you, is what I had this day from Swiney at the Duke of Montagu's, where we dined, and he, I think, got almost drunk. Canales, alias Canaletti, is come over with a letter of recommendation from our old acquaintance the Consul of Venice to Mac in order to his introduction to your Grace, as a patron of the politer parts, or what the Italians understand by the name of *virtu*. I told him the best service I thought you could do him w^d be to let him draw a view of the river from y^r dining-room, which in my opinion would give him as much reputation as any of his Venetian prospects. It grows dark, and I must give over ; so wishing you and yours whatever you desire or deserve, I remain *au pied de la lettre*,

"Y^r Grace's

"Most faithful and obed^t Serv^t,

"THOS. HILL.

"PLANTATION OFFICE,

"Tuesday, May 20th 1746."

A few days later an amusing letter arrived from Lord Harcourt with regard to an inspection which the Duke had made of his Corps. He had been re-

cently appointed Colonel of the Oxfordshire Regiment of Foot.

Probably owing to the activity which prevailed amongst military outfitters during these stirring times, the hatter and tailor had taken the opportunity of palming off articles of wear which would not have for one moment been passed by a more experienced commanding officer. Writing from Cockthorp, on May 28, 1746, he says :

“MY LORD,

“I am infinitely obliged to your Grace for the honour you did to my regiment, and am very happy that your Grace is pleased to approve of it. I could wish they had gone through their firings, as well as they performed the manual exercises, But your Grace is so good as to impute their not doing it to the real cause, which was their desire and over-eagerness of doing well. I was sure the Hatts would not escape your Grace, they are very bad indeed, and the Hatter owns as much himself, But assures me they were the best he could get, for that the demand was so great, at the time he furnished my regiment, which was in the depth of winter, and the weather so damp that they could not get them dry. As for the Britches, I have a very lame excuse to make for Fisher, or rather for the Colonel, which is that they were made of the same stuff (for it is not cloath) that all the other foot regiments use, I don't except even the Guards. But it is a most scandalous thing I own to give men such cloathing for it is impossible for the most carefull man to make them hang together above six or seven months,

and some of the men can wear them out in six weeks. I expect every post to hear of our being broke, which may possibly oblige me to take a journey to Portsmouth, if I do, I shall certainly pay my respects to your Grace, and am with the greatest truth your most obliged humble servant,

“HARCOURT.

“My compliments to the Dutchess and the Lady Amelia.”

Cricket-matches, as you know, occupied no small share of the Duke's attention ; in fact, we natives of Sussex flatter ourselves that our country witnessed the infancy of cricket. Whether this be actually so or no I dare not say ; but we have good grounds for the belief, for as long ago as 1725 you will remember the preliminaries of a match that was arranged between the Duke of Richmond and Sir William Gage. By this time (1746) cricket had already become popular, and we have proofs of the solemnity with which the matches were conducted in the following letter from Mr. John Fuller, of Uckfield, near Lewes. He writes :

“MY LORD DUKE,

“Some years ago, I proposed a Crickett Plate (if you'll allow of the expression) amongst our Country Gentlemen as a Diversion more calculated to the Genius, and more agreeable to Sussex Men than a Horse Race, and they all readily came into it and subscribed, the proposition was to pay each man that play'd, and a Guinea and eleven black velvett caps for the Conquerours ; such a Match as this might be annually played but should have a third day allotted

From a painting by Canaletti.

VIEW OF LONDON, FROM RICHMOND HOUSE.

Taken from the terrace of Richmond House, Whitehall, which was, until 1820, the residence of the Dukes of Richmond. The view embraces the Thames, on which is seen a state barge, St. Paul's, etc.



for it otherwise it would interfere with the Ball, the Dukes¹ Clarett, and the Race, for a true crickett match should have as much solemnity as a Battle. I begg my L^d to be excused from promoting a Match on any other terms than on a general agreement of this sort which might be settled for the future at the Races.

“I am my L^d your Grace’s

“most obedient serv^t

“J. FULLER.

“August 18th 1746.”

A week later the Duke of Richmond was present at Lewes Races, then, as now, an important fixture for the sporting world. Let us hope that the eleven “conquerours” received the new “velvett” caps in time to sport them before the envious gaze of the defeated team! They had, at any rate, the additional prospect of a generous allowance of his Grace of Newcastle’s “clarett” to assuage the thirst they had gained by their exertions in cricket-field and ballroom!

But there was another event amongst the fixtures for 1746 of a far more important nature than the gala week at Lewes. Early in February, whilst the Duke was staying at his Charlton hunting-box, engrossed in the pursuit that he loved above all others, he received one day a letter from little Lady Emilie which must have diverted his thoughts a while from horse and hounds to the dearer question of his daughter’s happiness. She was with the Duchess, at Richmond House, when she wrote as follows :

¹ Duke of Newcastle.

" Thursday the 14th.

" DEAR PAPA,

" It is with great pleasure that I can acquaint you that Dear Mama is thank God perfectly well, she walked about the Room to Day and finds herself much stronger than usual. Lord Cornbury was here yesterday, he stay'd near two Hours with Mama, and talk'd a great deal without coming to the point, till at last Mama told him that she understood by what I had said that the question his Lordship wanted an answer to, was, whether it was absolutely impossible cou'd I ever like him; that at my age nothing was absolutely impossible but that I had assured her I thought I never should, upon which he seem'd very much surprised, and said, ' must this be my last answer, you mistake me if you think I desire a positive one, I beg I may have another conversation with Ldy Emily a Saturday,' which Mama cou'd not refuse him; I can't conceive what he can have to say to me, for I answer'd him that question which he said was the only one he wanted to ask, Mama agreed to this, as she thinks his last conversation shou'd be with me." (She does not appear to have been much perturbed, however, at the prospect of the interview, for, with a happy facility for changing the subject, she wanders off into a pot pourri of domestic news.) " Mama had a Message from Doctor Nichols soon after Lord Bury and Mr. Hill were gone, by Mrs. Levitt, who says as the Scarlet Fever was only among Mr. Loyds Boys and that as all those that were at that house are either gone home or Sick in Bed, so that none come into School, he thought March full as safe at School

at Westminster as at home, especially as this Dis-temper is about the whole Town; that as for his going to Goodwood he had no objection to it, as certainly his Health was to go before all other considerations, and that to be sure that was the safest; Mama has had a conversation with Truesdale about this Feaver who says it is only catching by going into the Persons Room who has it, but that it is chiefly got by over-heating themselves and playing in the den, and as Mama fears that is what March wou'd be eternally doing at Goodwood she hopes he will be as well in Town, especially as the Doctor has given leave he shou'd be sent home for every evening after Five o'Clock; Mama begs you wou'd send her an account of her Pea Chicks and Canary Birds, and that you wou'd order Buckner to make Lavander Bags; John Shaw's Boy writes word that now Mr. Legge¹ is at the Court Martial the ship is commanded by Mr. Thomas Fox, and that he is very ill used since Mr. Legge is gone, Mama wou'd be glad to know if you like she shou'd write to Sam: Chandler or if you wou'd be so good as to write to desire him to speak to Mrs. Thomas Fox, that he may be better used, we are all thank God perfectly well, March desires his Duty to Dear Papa, I am with the utmost affection Dear Papa's

“Most Dutifull and Obedient

“Daughter E. LENOX.”

Poor Lord Cornbury! Had he but known it, his

¹ Legge commanded the *Windsor*, and the court-martial referred to is that held on Admirals Lestock and Matthews for their failure to defeat the combined French and Spanish fleets off Toulon in February 1744.

suit was a hopeless affair from the outset. Besides the fact that he was some twenty-one years older than the lady of his choice, he also possessed Jacobite leanings, which must have effectually nullified his chances of being accepted son-in-law by so staunch a Whig as the Duke. Probably, too, he was unaware that for a considerable time there had been another and a more youthful suitor in the field. For Lady Emilie was barely fourteen when James Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, had laid his heart and his fortune at her small feet, in June of the previous year, and her parents had given him every reason to hope that all might be as he wished. But they made one stipulation. By reason of her extreme youth there was to be no definite engagement until their daughter was fifteen.

Doubtless it was not long before the news of Lord Cornbury's rebuff reached the ears of the young Irishman, and impelled him to renew his entreaties that the betrothal might take place before the date agreed upon. At any rate the Duke found it necessary to send him a somewhat curt reminder of their last year's compact, couched as follows :

" 23rd March 1746.

" As Lord Kildare was so good as to be satisfyd with my answer in June last, which put off any engagement 'till Lady Emily was fifteen, I should hope he would expect no other at present, butt stay 'till that time, in case his Lords^{ps} inclination for her should continue, meaning that neither party should be tyed up. His Lords^{ps} agreeing to this suspention of our giving any other answer, would be highly agreeable to



From a painting by Hudson.

JAMES FITZGERALD, EARL OF KILDARE AND FIRST DUKE OF LEINSTER.

us, and Lady Emily ; for wee are very sensible that His Lords^p may be desirous to come to a determination soon, and nothing butt her youth causes the delay of it. Therefore tis to be hoped that Lord Kildare will be sensible that the consideration of this affair is as much for his advantage as hers.

“ RICHMOND.

“ 23 March 1745-6.”

The young gentleman accepted the inevitable with exemplary patience, but on the stroke of the day which was to decide his fate he returned to the charge, despatching the following brief note to his prospective mother-in-law on the afternoon of November 23.

“ Nov^r 24 1746.

“ Monday three o'clock.

“ MADAM,

“ I was to do myself the honour of waiting on your Grace about two o' Clock, but not finding your Grace at home, and your going to the Country to morrow, makes me take the liberty of troubling your Grace with a letter, to beg to know, when I may hope for an answer to what I had the honour of mentioning to the Duke of Richmond, your Grace, and Lady Emily Lenox last Friday, when your Grace was so good as to promise me an answer before you went out of Town, if your Grace did not go last Saturday.

“ I am with the greatest respect

“ Madam

“ your Grace's most obedient and most humble

“ servant

“ KILDARE.

“ Monday three o'Clock.”

He had not long to wait in suspense, for two hours later I find him writing a short note of thanks to her Grace for her favourable reply.

His second note followed the first with such celerity that I am half inclined to think he may have established himself for the afternoon next door, at Montague House, Whitehall, in order that he should be nearer the object of his attentions.

" Monday past five o'clock.

" MADAM,

" I have this moment the honour of your Grace's letter, and am extremely obliged to Lady Emily for making me happy, and shall do every thing in my power to make her so.

" I am

" Madam

" Your Grace's most obedient humble Servant

" KILDARE.

" Monday past five o'Clock."

His next letter apprises the Duke of Richmond of the success of his visit (a foregone conclusion, one may imagine!) and the next morning he writes as follows, to Charlton :

" 25th Nov. 1746.

" MY LORD,

" I was yesterday made extremely happy by Lady Emily Lenoxs consenting, that I might make a Proposal to your Grace. I have enclosed my Proposals, which, if agreeable, to your Grace, I hope will meet with as little delay as possible, which will add

very much to my happiness. I am with the greatest truth, and regard.

"My Lord

"your Graces most obedient humble Servant

"KILDARE.

"LONDON,

"*Now ye 25th.*"

It was some little time before the Duke could be convinced that all was being done for his daughter's happiness, and I have before me quite a sheaf of discarded proposals for marriage settlements. I have no intention of inflicting them upon you ; it is enough to say that the one which my ancestor finally approved was accompanied by the following covering letter from the impatient swain. He was evidently becoming a little weary at the difficulty which he found in satisfying his future father-in-law ! He wrote, on New Year's Eve :

"MY LORD,

"I received the honour of your Grace's letter too late on Saturday to be able to answer it by that Post, but hope by the time this will reach your Grace, you will have considered my Proposal, and will, on having done so, have been convinced, that when I made it, I had no view of making a Bargain. My perfect regard for Lady Emily Lenox directed me to do every thing, that was possible to make her Ladyship happy, and to shew my tender esteem for her. I hope (nay I am sure) your Grace will do me the justice to remember, that her

fortune was no object to me, and that I desired it might never make any difference, or put your Grace to the least inconvenience, and that it should make no alteration in the Settlements I offered. I have flatter'd myself, they are such as prove my value, and esteem for Lady Emily, and I have had the pleasure to find the most disinterested of those friends I have consulted approve of them, perhaps think them as Generous, and Honourable, as I intended they should be. I hope, and perswade my self your Grace and my Lady Dutchess have by this time consider'd and seen them in the same light too, and from reflection will be convinced, that I desire with ardour and sincerity to make Lady Emily happy ; Sure I can propose no happiness for myself if she dos not share it equally with me, and I flatter myself, that no part of my character, or actions of my life can contradict this assertion. I must add this truth, which I beg your Grace will believe, that, without regard to Settlements, my own Honour, and the strong Tye of affection, and esteem will not suffer me to let Lady Emily want any affluence, that is fitt for her, and my Wife, nor even what in any kind can make her happy. I wont conclude without telling your Grace, that I mean the Jointure should be a Rent Charge, in money of Great Brittain, that it may admit of no difficiency. I must now most earnestly desire that your Grace will put an end to the extreme anxiety, and uneasiness I have suffer'd this Year and a half past ; a longer state of uncertainty, and delay will be more cruel to me, and harder to bear, than an absolute refusal. I hope I have not deserved either, and that your Grace

will believe that when you hasten my happiness, you oblige me to be all my life with the greatest warmth, and regard

“ My Lord

“ your Graces most obedient humble Servant

“ KILDARE.

“ LONDON,

“ *Debr. ye* $\frac{31st}{1746}$.”

Thenceforth all went smoothly. They were married on February 7 in the following year, and Lady Emilie's beauty and charm speedily won the hearts of her new countrymen ; for no sooner did she take her place in Society than she was universally acclaimed the reigning belle of the Courts of Dublin and St. James's.

Immediately after Lady Emilie's wedding the Duke of Richmond hastened back to Charlton, nowise loth, no doubt, to exchange the atmosphere of wedding banquets and crowded receptions for the pleasures of the chase. But he was speedily recalled to London on a grim errand, for on March 18 Simon, Lord Lovat, was found guilty of high treason before the House of Lords. And it is to the Duke's presence amongst his peers that Mick Broughton alludes in the opening paragraph of his next letter. It is a queer medley ! He quotes from one of the daily papers concerning the wedding presents of Lady Kildare ; and he touches upon the fact of her husband having just received a seat in the English House of Lords as Viscount Leinster. This appears to have been effected by the good graces of the Duke. Thus runs his reverence's letter :

"BARNWALL, 7 March 1746-7.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"I presume you are, e'er this, returned from the pursuit of the Old Fox in the green Cops, to that of the Old Fox in the white Tower ; and let him be earth'd, Headed, or Escape I doubt not but your Grace and your noble Compeers will acquit yourselves as Honourable and Skilful Hunters. '*Magnificent presents of Family Jewels and Toilet plate.*' I rejoice for every good thing that comes to the Countess of Kildare, *Viscountess Leinster*, as I was sure you could effect it, I was so likewise, that there would be no need of hinting it to you, for the English Dignity was the Scheme of my Heart from the beginning of my knowing the Treaty: the next Honour you must do them must be to visit them at proper time, as their Sovereign. I cannot help reflecting upon the number of New Relations her Ladyship has got, with going no farther than the Father and Mother. All the Fitz-geralds, and O'Briens in the World !

"A Neighbour, Clergyman (Mr. Fodin, who is likewise Rector of Dean) dind with me a few days ago, and acquainted me that the D^{ss} of Richmond's Monument in his Church was so parted from the Wall, that the great Table-Stone was (in his opinion) in great Danger of falling, which would likely break in pieces: he expected I sh^d inform yr. Grace of it. that you might give such orders as you sh^d think fit. Pray excuse a very bad scrawl.

"My Respectful Complim^t to the D^s of Richmond, Earl and Countess of Kildare ; as Black Rod I was well known to his Irish Fathers ; and as Chaplain

to his English Father, I hope for his Lordships Favour.
Love to Tom Hill.

“ I am, My Dear Lord Duke,

“ Your Graces most devoted, and affectionate,
“ humble Serv^t

“ M. BROUGHTON.”

Congratulatory letters are much of a muchness, I know ; and one is apt to get tired of reading page after page of good wishes, all couched in more or less the same style, but will you spare one moment just to glance at this one ? It came straight from the heart of one of the Duke's oldest friends.

Poor old gentleman ! There are quaint touches here and there which make your laborious efforts very pathetic reading, in spite of the “ Blotts ” for which you crave to be excused !

He writes (as far as I can read it, for it is very nearly illegible) :

“ NANCY, *March 29th 1747*, N.S.

“ Pardon me that I am forc'd without great respect to beggin y^e Letter, because Good paper is scarce and little. I fear I shall hardly have room to say what is in y^e abundance of my heart, which is my Dearest Lord Duke to assure you from ye sincerity of it that I doe congratulate both y^r Grace and Lady Dutchess uppon y^e marriage of charming pretty Lady Emilie with Lord Killdare, y^e son of my greatest friends both his father and mother, for we wear companions together for many years. If he takes after them she cant faile being happy. In her early years when I had y^e honour to be with you at Aubigny she promissd to

be perfect in good sence and beauty, soe of coarse tis a *marriage bien assortie* and must of consequence be a pleasure and comfort to you both to have a child soe well settled, on all accounts.

"I am now growne old but shall ever have all y^e esteeme and good wishes for you and y^{rs}, my eyes are very bad, soe that 'tis as much as I can doe to assure you and My Lady Dutchess that nobody ever can be with more sencerity to you both a more faithfull and obedient humble Servant than

" F. FFITZWILLIAM.

"I am in y^e part of y^e world seeking health from y^e waters of Plombier, and hear are many yt enquier after y^e charming Duke of Richmond and L^d Albe-marle, amongst y^e rest a Mad^{selle} Francinette, y^t says you sent her a present of a ring. She desirs me to make her compliments to y^r Grace. She is at present a terrible oulde virgine, and hopps a little, perhaps was a sort of a beauty in your time!

"Excuse all these Blotts, I've been three hours in writing this, at times I am quite blind."

I need scarcely tell you that Sam Chandler, the "Sussex Laureate," found it quite impossible to resist bursting into poetry on the occasion of Lady Emilie's nuptials! Here, he thought, was a rare opportunity for high-flown verse, and so he delivered himself thus :

"ON LADY KILDARE'S LANDING IN IRELAND

"Heav'n from all ages has reserv'd for you
That happy clime, which Venom never knew.
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have pow'r to chace all *poison* but their own."

" 12 May 1747."

A dubious compliment, though, friend Sam !

There is a deliciously naive postscript to the following effect :

“ N.B. *Lady Kildare is still at Goodwood, but these verses are for her ladyship's landing in Ireland.*”

Perhaps honest Sam found it necessary to record his sentiments whilst the spirit moved him, for fear they should be gone beyond recall when the actual departure took place ; however that may be, he thought fit, a few days later, to address the following affectionate *bon voyage* to the vessel that was to convey the young couple :

“TO THE SHIP INTENDED TO CARRY LORD AND LADY
KILDARE TO IRELAND

“Go ship, and carry this illustrious pair
The pride of Kingdoms ! with your kindest care.
Oh, may the softest, most propitious gales
Attend you, and unfurl your swelling Sails.

“Your freight arises from an Ancient Line
By birth and vertue ev'ry way Divine.
Convey them safe to Liffie's gentle shore
Where a *whole nation awaits your coming o'er*
And ne'er beheld so fine a sight before !”

What an awful ordeal, to be received by the whole nation after a probably choppy crossing !

To my fastidious mind the last line is somewhat crude.

CHAPTER XXXI

The new Bolderwood—Black game in the New Forest—But nowhere to cook them!—Mick Broughton and Boughton hospitality—A treacherous surrender—Tom Hill makes himself comfortable—Humours of the road—Carné's Seat and the Hermitage—Lady Kildare's suspicions—Cheale, the delinquent—Hawke's naval success.

WOULD it interest you, I wonder, to read a quaint description of the alterations and repairs which had been recently taking place at Bolderwood, Lord Delawarr's house in the New Forest?

The Duke of Richmond was constantly there, for, as you may recollect, he was wont to take his hounds down to that part of the world to finish the Season. And this year, upon his arrival at what was practically the joint hunting-box of Lord Delawarr and himself, he was agreeably surprised to find that their comfort and accommodation had been considerably added to since his last visit.

He intimated as much to Lord Delawarr, for here is that nobleman's reply :

FROM LORD DELAWARR TO THE DUKE OF RICHMOND,
BOLDERWOOD, NEW FOREST

" April 17, 1747.

" MY LORD,

" I have as great Happiness as I can (when deprived waiting on your Grace) in hearing that every

thing within Doors att Bolderwood has been to your Satisfaction, and that Nanny has play'd her part well as to the sorts of Provisions you like, being very desirous that whatever Place I have any thing to do in may be agreeable to you. I am glad you approve of the New Building, I think it will make the whole very convenient, and prevent your being so much straigned another Season ; but when I think how uncertain the modern Sportsmen are, I then imagine any house will be large enough. Your Grace was right when you thought the room above Stairs was for the Books, they are to be put there as soon as it is finished and dry, for the room where they are now will be a passage room to the Bow Window room on that floor. When Miss Wests are att Bolderwood their Harpsicord will be also put there, so that I intend it as a Family assembly room, which as it has no communication with the old house, but by the new Stair case, will yet remain quite private if any Strangers dine with me, or if any very ceremonious person should by some great miracle lay a night there. I now proceed to give you my reasons for putting wainscot in the Stone Parlour. That room is intended only for dining in when I come from shooting in Winter, or with a small Company ; as the Guns, Hats, Canes, Shot pouches, Dog couples, and many such like ornaments, will be hung up there, the putting up of pegs would be always making Holes in the Stucco, and as the room is so small the Servants moving the Chairs and Table would be eternally damaging the Stucco, which would ruffle my Sweet Temper. The other rooms are to be stucco, only because it is cheaper for I own I do not love it,

because of the Eccho, which makes such a Confusion of Sound, one cannot, without better Ears than mine, hear one another Speak distinctly. As to the Square Holes over the Chimney, I was told it was to save Bricks, and discharge the Weight from each Arch of the Chimney, it will be stop'd up in my stone parlour, but in the next it will make an excellent Cupboard for Madam Thorton to keep Sweatmeats and Sugars very dry. I hope you have had as much rain as we had last Wednesday Evening, that and the Wind now changing will contribute to your Sport, which I wish quite to your Grace's Satisfaction. To be sure New hounds in a pack never show att first, but I have always heard, from those that used to crack them up, only of their very hard running, which caused me to doubt with my Self whither they were good nosed ones, and good beaters ; your Grace will let me know that, for I never saw them in my Life. The Duke of Newcastle tells me he has wrote you all the news, so I do not presume to say one word on that subject. I desire my Compliments to all your Company and that you will believe me to be with the greatest Truth
Y^r Graces

“ Most Faithfull and

“ Obedient Servant

“ DELAWARR.”

There were black game in the New Forest in those days ; but the Bolderwood improvements appear to have come to a standstill as far as the kitchen department was concerned ; let us hope only temporarily. Do you think it was the knowledge of this fact that

induced the Duke of Richmond to forgo a second visit until such time as the new range should be in working order ? A few months later Lord Delawarr writes in desponding strain :

" August the 2d 1747.

" MY LORD,

" Last night I had the favour of your Graces deliver'd me by Miss West. I am sorry I am not to have the happiness of seeing you fire att a Black Cock, I thought you was to go to Lord Edgecumbes from hence, and I was to have been the Dutchess' Squire into the North. But I believe most of these appointments are made more for the winter's Evening Conversation than to be put in Execution in the Summer. I am sorry I shall not be att Sheffield when your Grace goes from the Races, I shall stay here till next Sunday Fortnight, and by that time I believe I shall have no Place to roast a piece of Meat in the whole house, unless it is by the Help of a string, which method of cooking I have not much admired since I left Eaton.

" All your Hounds here look perfectly well, I have been a great while this evening in the Kennel and examined them very attentively. I desire my Respects to the Dutchess and hope you believe I am with the greatest Truth My Lord

" Your Graces

" most Humble and

" obedient Servant

" DELAWARR."

What use, indeed, to go in quest of blackcock when

there would be no hope of serving him up in appetising fashion later on ?

In contrast, however, to the above melancholy epistle there came an account of great doings at Boughton.

Amongst the guests that were enjoying the hospitality of His Grace of Montague we find the ubiquitous Mick Broughton, ever ready to afford details of the convivial gatherings at which he was so constantly in request !

He says :

“ BOUGHTON HOUSE, *Saturday, 12 Sep 1747.*

“ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

“ At my coming to Barnwall from hence on Saturday last, I met with your kind letter, dated at Goodwood, the 30th of August, and am much oblig'd for all the civil things said or done to me or my Relations ; and my Heart, I am sure, will be very ready to attend your Grace in Sussex ; and I hope there will be no hindrance to the heavier part.

“ Our company here at present are, besides Mr. Fforbes and Mr. Leaver (who tho' they sleep a mile off, yet live almost entirely here) are Tom Hill, McSwiney, Lt Cope, and Cornet Stephenson, and young Arnold ; we have had a great many, some for a longer and some for a shorter time ; Ld Tyrawley, Ned Young, and Mr. Cockburn, about 10 days each ; Co^{ll} Whitworth, Major Otway and Captⁿ Hawkins all of the Dragoon Guards ; and L^t Co^l Brudenell of the Northamptonshire Infantry ; Cutts Barton (who travailled with the Duke in his post-machine, which

broke down, so that after mounting the post horses for 3 or 4 miles, they proceeded hither with a borrow'd-old-non-enter'd two wheel-chaise), stay'd a month within 3 days. Most of the gentlemen ten miles around us, and of the Duke's Northamptonshire Clerks, to the number of 11; these very near, frequent Day-men, some that came more distant, took their logings, for some days;—with the addition of the Rev^d Thomas Allen, Rector of Kettering.

“There has been a very friendly communication between this House, and our neighbours at Drayton, their company there has been, besides L^{dy} Betty,¹ L^d and L^{dy} Beauclerck; L^d and L^{dy} Berkley; Duke and D^s of Dorsete; and those now remaining, Countess of Strafford, Lady John Sackville, L^d Harvey; Felton Harvey and his wife; Mr. Greenville and his wife, and the most agreeable Peggy Bankes, who toasts the Duke of Richmond. I know nothing when either of these Houses prorogue, but I think, ours will not be many days first, and 'tis probable, like those of Parliament, one will not fit long after the other. The present Boughton with its environs is surprisingly great and beautiful; at the next Season your Grace must needs give up the pleasures of Goodwood, for the space of one week, at least, to visit them. There is no being silent about it, tho' the very thinking of the unhappy fate of Bergen-op-Zoom,² is most afflicting; Stephenson (who had every post a Letter

¹ Lady Betty Germain, widow of Sir John Germain, from whom she inherited the Drayton estate in 1718. She was renowned for her liberality and kindness.

² See pages 560–1.

from the Secretary's Office), had in his last the word *Treachery* wrote at the bottom in emphatical Letters. The Duke heard constantly from Bergen ; his engineers and miners have been paid off ; the last post but two he had a letter from Co^l. Speed ; and by the same post, one from another Officer, acquainting his Grace that Speed was that day shot thro' the Head with two musket balls by exposing himself, in encouraging some of the (unwilling) men to fire over the Parapet. It has been coldish for 3 or 4 days, and last night it began to rain ; you know the D. of M. had always a backwardness about making Fires ; he has now given Tom Hill the power of ordering fires in any degree, and in what Rooms he pleases ; and I assure you, Tom makes a comforting use of his Province.

" My respects to the Duchess of Richmond, and compliments to all that honour'd me.

" I am,

" My dear Lord Duke, Your Grace's most
" devoted and humble Servant,

" M. BROUGHTON."

Cutts Barton, the Duke of Montague's fellow-traveller under the disagreeable conditions described by Mick Broughton, was no less important a dignitary than the Very Reverend Dean of Bristol. He was frequently to be found amongst the parties that assembled, now at Boughton, now at Goodwood. He formed one of a select and jovial coterie that were in the habit of " ringing the changes " on these two ducal mansions, and of doing so more or less *en masse* ! The safe arrival of the house-parties of

those days was a matter of conjecture, and guests were not infrequently compelled to resort to all manner of makeshifts as a means of conveyance; but I sincerely trust that neither His Grace of Montague nor he of Richmond found themselves constrained to arrive at Goodwood in the undignified posture which a seat in a wheelbarrow would undoubtedly entail! For that is what my ancestor hints at in the following letter inviting Cutts Barton to Goodwood:

TO THE VERY REVEREND CUTTS BARTON,
DEAN OF BRISTOL

“WHITEHALL, *Saturday 21st May, 1748.*

“DEAR SIR,

“To desire you to go with me to Goodwood and then to turn you out of my coach seems to be rather a rude way of proceeding but the case is this. I have room for six in my landow and chaise and the six are

“Duke of Montague
Mr. Nicolini
Sir Thomas Robinson
Mr. Ellis who now is determined to go
Yourself and
Myself

and now James Brudenell wants of all things to be of the party but never was master of a horse in his life, so it comes to this that the Duke of Montague must take his landow or you must ride or Brudenell go on foot or not at all, here, as McSweeney would say, sever all alternatives, of which I know your complaisance

will immediately decide, that of riding yourself but that hurts me and yett I don't well see how it can be otherwise unless the Duke of Montague takes a wheelbarrow or something, but pray don't let these difficulties discourage you, for rather than you should not come I will be of the wheelbarrow party myself. Yrs most sincerely

“RICHMOND.”

For several years past the Goodwood family had been deeply engrossed in rebuilding Carné's Seat, and whilst this was in progress the Duchess and her daughter occupied themselves, after the manner of the age, in the planning of the shell grotto which stands there to this day. The selection and arrangement in elaborate patterns of the millions of tiny shells with which it is lined must have been fidgety work indeed : but I shall tell you more of this anon ! For I would ask you now to come with me as far as the “Hermitage” another of those quaint eighteenth-century conceits (sometimes called follies) so beloved of our ancestors. It is situated in the “High Wood,” close by, and consists of a curious labyrinth of brick-lined underground passages, which ramble in a rather aimless manner around a little dell encrusted with ivy-covered rocks. Here and there are dotted tiny shell grottoes and recesses of fanciful design, but now, alas, they are terribly dilapidated. The “Rock Dell” was likewise the receptacle for the remains of their many household pets ; so much so, in fact, that a section of it was dignified with the title of the “Catacombs,” and I will once again invoke Sam Chandler

to give you some idea of the varied nature of its silent inmates. He pompously exclaims :

“ And now thy catacombs approach my view
And faithful Sally to my mind renew,
Miss still survives, the sweetest Miss of Misses.
And still enjoys her much lov'd Ladies' kisses.
The china monkey still his antics plays
And on this mottled peacock still we gaze.
The Bullfinch, goldfinch *and* Canary Bird
Their musick warble still, altho' interr'd
The torture'd Turtle Jacquemar's¹ art defies
Nor feeds his maw, tho' rich embalmed in spice.
Oh ! that we could remove the two lov'd sparrows
From the place where obscur'd in three wheelbarrows
The race of Pascarella ne'er would die
But be consigned to latest memory.”

It is a painful but noticeable fact that the Laureate's efforts appear almost invariably to dwindle into—shall I say mediocrity ?—towards the end of his effusions ! Nor can I conceive what circumstances can have necessitated the employment of three wheelbarrows for the funeral rites of two sparrows. Can you ? But the catacombs, and the excuse which they afforded local talent for the composition of epitaphs and the construction of memorial tablets, appear to have caused Lady Emilie some uneasiness soon after her arrival at her new home in Ireland. She had reluctantly left many of her pets at Goodwood, and the tales that reached her of unaccountable mortality amongst them aroused grave suspicions in her mind that all was not as it should be. Poor little lady !

¹ The Goodwood cook.

and poor little birds ! Let us hope that she received by return of post comforting assurances from Dear Papa that they had not been sacrificed in order to provide fresh employment for poet and stonemason ! She writes thus :

“ CARTOWN, *August the 18th.*

“ I can’t help owning my Dear Papa that I have often thought that since these catacombs have been in fashion at Goodwood my poor birds have decreased daily and that I had even some suspicion of these not having had fair play for their lives, however since you assure me you had no hand in their deaths I am persuaded it was a natural one, not but that I am sure you have so much good nature that if you saw them suffer you wou’d *put them out of their pain*, I will say no more on this subject but that poor Worms¹ esteems himself very happy to be out of the way, while this rage of burying reigns ; I was infinitely obliged to you my dear Papa for your three letters which made me vastly happy, as well as a charming long one I received from my Dear Mama which I must beg you to return her my most sincere thanks for and the long account she is so good as to give me of the Goodwood transactions, that sweet place is so much in my thoughts that I have few greater satisfactions than that of talking of it and being informed of all that is done there ; I don’t wonder at your being impatient to shew the beauties of it, tho’ it deprived me of more of your conversation (for I can’t call either writing or reading my Dear Papas letters any thing else then

¹ Her pet dog.

concerning with him), for I always write down my thoughts just as I shou'd speak them, which I am afraid makes them sometimes rather tiresome ; Lord Kildare desires his most affectionate compliments to you. I am very much obliged to you for satisfying my curiosity about Lord Harrington, I wish you cou'd now about Lady Caroline Petersham comming, for every body is impatient to know ; as she will certainly enliven the Court much ; I beg my duty to my Dear Mama and best compliments to my friend Miss ffolkes who I can't help flattering myself misses me now and then.

“ I am Dear Papa yr Dutifull obedient and most aff^{te} daughter

“ E. KILDARE.”

In the previous November the Earl of Harrington had abruptly resigned the office of Secretary of State for the Northern Department, in consequence of an attempt by the King to sever him from his allegiance to the Pelhams. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland soon afterwards, an office which he held until 1751. It is perhaps to Lord Harrington's stormy interview with His Majesty that Lady Kildare alludes. The Duke of Richmond was very likely present at an interview in his capacity of Master of the Horse. Lady Caroline Fitzroy, youngest daughter of the Duke of Grafton, had married Lord Petersham, the eldest son of the Lord Lieutenant, in the previous August and her vivacity made her a welcome acquisition to the Irish Court.

Not very long afterwards Lady Kildare had fresh

cause for worry. She must have longed for the enchanted carpet of Arabia whereon to transport herself for a few moments to Sussex. For she wanted to remonstrate with John Cheale. Her old playmate had been indulging lately in a most pernicious practice! But there is a spice of raillery in her letter which leads us to hope that the trouble had not gone very far. She writes thus :

“ You can’t imagine how concerned I am for poor Cheale, who I hope you will watch when you have him at Goodwood and prevent his drinking Drams in a morning which I am afraid will soon carry him off ; *and as I am afraid you cou’d not bury him in the Catacombes* you wou’d have nothing to comfort you for the loss of him. I remember Poor little *Miss* very well, I find the fate of all the unlucky animals that come to Goodwood is to be, burying them in the Catacombs and an Epitaph by Sam Chandler ; I am glad the work looks so well now it is put up ¹ I doubt nothing but y^r partiality makes you think the middle Nitcher tolerable but I don’t despair of altering it sometime or other as I think it quite a disgrace to the rest of the work ² and I am grown by the accounts I hear of it so jealous of that in the rock dell that I can’t bear the thoughts of its being in any Body’s power to find fault with any part of it. Our Lord Lieutenant is so

¹ The shell grotto at Carné’s Seat, the building of which had occupied the Duchess and her daughters for the last seven years !

² As a matter of fact, my dear ancestress, your handiwork presents to this day a particularly beautiful mixture of neatness and good taste !

extremely polite and well bred that it is impossible the Ladys shou'd not like him, which they do extremely ; as to business they can be no judge of him as yet, Lord Kildare desires his Comp^{ts} to you and returns you a great many thanks for y^r Letter and will obey your commands with pleasure. I beg my Duty to Mama and Comp^{ts} to all my friends at Goodwood and am

“ Dear Papa most dutifully

“ and affectionately y^{rs}

“ E. KILDARE.

“ DUBLIN, Oct. the 8th.”

But meanwhile, what of the outside world ? In place of these social and domestic trifles I would ask you to read the letter which came some three weeks later from Mr. Andrew Stone. We have already traced the hardships and misfortunes endured by our troops during the War of the Austrian Succession, which now was dragging to its close, and doubtless you hailed the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle with no small relief. England had little to boast of in that inglorious campaign ; but Mr. Stone's account of the naval victory gained by Admiral Hawke in October 1747 represents at least one bright spot in the wearisome tale of disaster and disease.

It runs as follows :

“ WHITEHALL, October 26th 1747.

“ MY LORD,

“ I dispatch this Messenger, by order of my Lord Duke of Newcastle, to acquaint your Grace

that Captain Moor arrived this day, having been sent by Rear Admiral Hawke, with the following account, viz.

“That on the 14th Inst. R.A. Hawke fell in with the French Squadron, which sail’d from Rochelle on the 7th consisting of eight ships of the Line ; some fregats, and about 250 sail of Merchant ships, bound to Martinico. The Engagement began between 12 and 1, at noon ; and lasted ’till night. Two of the French men of war escaped ; But the other six (of which two were of 74 guns, one of 68, two of 64, and one of 52) were taken, and probably by this time are arrived at Plymouth. Our ships are much shatter’d, the French having fought with great Bravery. But we have lost none. The enemy lost a great many men in the engagement, and there are upwards of 3,000 Prisoners. The Behaviour of our officers and men is much commended, excepting only that of Captain Fox of the Kent, who is to be tried by a Court Marchal, and it is thought, will be condemn’d for Cowardise. Captain Suamare was kill’d in the engagement. His Loss is much lamented.

“All the French Merchant Ships escaped, having been ordered to make the best of their way, before the engagement began. Mr. Hawke sent a sloop to C^{re} Legge at the Leeward Islands, with an account of His having intercepted this Squadron to that It is very possible, many of the trading ships may fall into the Hands of our Cruisers in those seas.

“Your Grace will easily imagine the great joy occasion’d by this happy event ; upon which my Lord Duke desires your Grace, and the Company at

Weybridge, would accept His most hearty Congratulations.

“ I am with the greatest Respect

“ My Lord

“ Your Grace's most Obedient and most humble
Servant

“ ANDREW STONE.”

CHAPTER XXXII

Lady Albemarle at Bath—Lady Kildare's new playmate—*Clarissa Harlowe* furnishes material for a ducal joke—A fair friend of auld lang syne—Wintry weather and Peter Collinson's antidote—Lord Lincoln as a game shot—Emilie in maternal mood, and yet coquettish—Lady Caroline Petersham's *succès*—A family bargain—The Fox reconciliation—Emilie's prediction—And distaste for new fashions—Also for rowdiness—Her dream—Poor Sally!—Tom Hill's tribute.

WITH this brief digression into affairs of national importance I would invite you to come with me to Bath, the health resort of all the fashionable world, that we may pay our devoirs to my Lady Albemarle, the Duke's sister. Ill health had compelled her to pay a visit, shortly after Christmas, to that far-famed watering-place. But a six-weeks' course of the cure was evidently about as much as she could stand, in spite of the agreeable folk that she encountered daily at the Pump Rooms, and I am afraid that her husband's remissness in not writing oftener from Flanders to the poor lady must have added considerably to her *ennui*, for she writes :

" BATH, *Saturday ye 13th of Feby. 1748.*

" As my dear Brother was so kind to desire I would sometimes give him an account of my health I think I should be much to blame not to doe it, especeiley

as He has contributed so much to it. I have been extremely well for these last ten days. I have been obliged to leave off the waters to day, having got a cold and a little sore throat, but hope it will not be for above a day or two, for I should be sorry to miss drinking of them this next week, as I propose to leave this place on Monday sennight ye 22, which makes just six weeks that I have been here, and glad I shall be when it is over, for of all places in the world I think this is the most disagreeable, indeed I keep as much as I can out of what is called amusement, which is the rooms in a morning, for I seldom stir out but to the pump to drink the waters, indeed since Lord Anson and L^d Vere come down I have walked two or three times with them, and at night I goe to the rooms to play at whist ; my party at present is Lord Anson, L^d Castleman, a well Bread good humerd man, and a Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, two very pretty sort of people, and as the two Lords play deep, I take for granted L^d Chesterfield who is expected a Monday will be of the party ; for my part crowns is my stint. L^d Chesterfield resigning¹ and coming down here causes great speculation and curiosity to know who is to succeed him, tho most people give it to Lord Sandwich. I had a letter this morning from Lord Bury and thank God he says he finds himself grow better every day, and William writes me word his General sets out for Gravesend to-morrow, thank God all my family are well in town, and L^y Anne

¹ He resigned the office of Secretary of State early in February owing to differences of opinion with the Duke of Newcastle over the Continental War, and was succeeded by Lord Sandwich.

who is with me is by much the happiest Creature that ever I saw, just in such spirits as I was in, thirty years agoe, at this very place. She desires her respects to you and the Duchess to whome I beg my love, and hope she will excuse my not answering her kind letter, but this place is so very dull, that I realey have nothing to say but to repeat the regard I have for her, which I hope she is allready convinced off. I am, my dearest Brother your ever Affec^{at}. sister

“ALBEMARLE.

“P^t Col. Perry who is here with the Duke of Bolton, told me the other day, that he has had a letter from abroad that mention'd L^d Alb^e coming over for a little while, as soon as Sir John Ligonier arrived whether true or no I cannot tell, for I have not heard from him since I was at Goodwood.” And now, to Goodwood once again !

In January of the year following their marriage a son was born to Lord and Lady Kildare. It would be wholly superfluous for me to record the lengthy and rapturous description of her firstborn which Emilie despatched to her parents at Goodwood. It is easy to imagine with what delight the little sixteen-year-old mother hailed the advent of her new playmate—the first of seventeen !

And the Duke's relief at the well-being of his favourite daughter appears to have revived his old taste for practical joking. The material was close at hand. One day, as he was turning over the pages of *Clarissa Harlowe*, he hit upon a passage which contained an egregious blunder. Mr. Richardson had unaccountably

endowed a Viscount's daughter with a title ! Here was an offence which surely demanded instant reparation ! And who so fitted for the task as Norroy King at Arms ? So forthwith the Duke concocted the following reproof, purporting to come from John Cheale, and it was duly addressed to the incautious author.

Copy.

" FINDON NEAR ARUNDELL,

" 9th Febr'y 1747-8.

" MR. RICHARDSON,

" As a great admirer of y^r last performance the History of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, I take y^e liberty of troubling you wth a short criticism, which, considering my employment, I think I have a right to lay before you, in Page 176 of y^e first Volume is this egregious blunder in Heraldry. '*Little did y^e old Viscount think when he married his darling his only daughter to,*' etc. etc. etc. how can you then know so little of the English Peerage as to call this old Viscount's daughter *Lady Charlotte* Harlowe, a Viscount's daughter is only Miss before marriage and then only Mrs. Harlowe, w^{ch} I wonder your brother Booksellers of the genteel side of Temple Bar did not inform you of. I thought it my duty to let you know this, and am y^r obedient

" humble Servant Jo Cheale Norroy King

" at Arms.

" There are other absurdities in y^r book but depend upon it that by this I have mentioned you have highly affronted all y^e Dukes Marquises and Earls Daughters, in England Scotland, and Ireland."

But whether Mr. Richardson's literary acumen enabled him to smell a rat, so that the hoax fell flat, whether John Cheale remained in ignorance of the liberty which had been taken with his name, or whether there came next day to the bewildered old Herald an abject apology for an offence that he knew nothing about, is more than I can tell you.

At any rate, the joke proved vastly entertaining to little Lady Kildare, for she wrote :

"I was much obliged to you for being at the trouble of letting me into the joke of Cheale's supposed Letter to the Author of that most stupid Book 'Clarissa.' I think it was a most excellent thought, and as I don't doubt his answering, am vastly impatient to hear of Cheale's surprise at receiving, which will certainly be a most ridiculous scene ; I beg I may have an account of it for you know nobody enjoys Cheale's absurdities more than I do, though I have seen enough one shou'd imagine, to be tired of them !"

And I suspect that she was the more disposed to tease her old friend whilst she reflected upon the anxiety which his occasional lapses from sobriety occasioned her !

My ancestor next addressed himself to another and a more romantic subject. Far away in sunny Italy, there lived the still beautiful Princess Trivulci. Long ago, when the Duke was hurried from the scene of his *mariage de convenance* to seek distraction (and education) on the Continent, he had made her acquaintance. Twenty-five years of separation and the cares of his large and ever-increasing family had not interrupted their correspondence. Amongst his

letters I have found many from the Princess. They abound in affectionate remembrances, and in expressions of thanks for the little presents which he was in the habit of sending her from time to time. It is the fashion, I know, to sneer at Platonic friendship. Well, I have my own ideas upon that subject; but if ever there was a letter that breathed of a genuine regard between two friends, surely it lies before me now. It is couched in flowery terms, no doubt—it was the mode, in those olden days—but it contains nothing that could justify a suggestion that their mutual affection was fraught with the least danger to those at home. Very much the reverse! He lays particular stress on his domestic happiness, and the delightful description which he gives of the various members of his family must have gladdened the impulsive heart of his old friend. And although he bewails the fact that Lady Caroline had made a *mésalliance* in his eyes, he does not omit to do justice to the sterling qualities of Henry Fox. This letter must have been written very soon after the birth of Lady Kildare's little boy. He says:

[*Translated from the French*]

“How ashamed I am, dear Princess, for having so long neglected to send you my news, and what is more surprising is to understand why I have so long deferred the thing which gives me the greatest pleasure in the world, that is, to converse with you by letter, since destiny forbids of my approaching you more nearly! That is an enigma which I cannot explain; so I will not attempt to justify myself, merely contenting

myself with telling you that I retain and shall, until my dying day, the love and inviolable esteem that I have always had for the dear and adorable Lady. But I have also reason to complain of *you*, for I think that I was the last to write! But during this mutual silence of which we both ought to be ashamed, I have not neglected to obey your commands, always dear to me. I sent you a long time ago the mittens, and the satin and shoes which you asked for, and I received a message from Mr. Goldsworthy, our Consul at Leghorn, that he had received them and sent them to you; but I never heard if they reached you or if you were satisfied with them! I hope so, and that you will give me your further commands; and since you so absolutely commanded me to send you a trifle as a souvenir, here it is, verily it is merely a trifle, but nevertheless accept it from a heart that is overflowing with affection for you. You always ask me for an account of my family. You know already how happy I am, with the only woman in the world that I have ever loved except my dear Lady, and our love and happiness increases with our years. I know that will please you, because I know that your friendship for me is sincere. My family is numerous! Four girls and two boys; the eldest girl Caroline, married against our wishes a man infinitely beneath her, so we do not see her; but I must also tell you that this man by his merit and talents is bound to make a name for himself in this country, and he holds one of the best appointments that a gentleman could have; he is Secretary for War. His name is Mr. Fox. Emilie, our second girl, has married with our hearty

approval the Earl of Kildare, who I dare swear is equal by birth to any one in Europe, they have been Peers of Ireland since 1205, and as there are no Dukes in that kingdom he is the premier Peer. He is also an English Peer, has a big income, and is the most honest, as well as likeable, young man of the day. He is 25 years of age and she is 16 and has already got a son, to the great joy of this ancient family, for Lord Kildare was absolutely the last of his line. My eldest boy, Lord March (a name not unknown to you!) is just 13, he is handsome, and lively to a degree; he is at college. His younger brother, Lord George, is still handsomer than he; he is 10 years old and is also at college. He is not so lively as his brother but he is the best hearted lad in the world, and has as much wit and common sense as I could possibly desire. The 2 youngest children are girls, Louise, 4 years old, and Sarah, aged 3; they are so young at present that all I can say about them is that they are the 2 prettiest *dolls* you could wish to see, extremely clever and amusing! I must also tell you that my second daughter, now Countess of Kildare, is without exception the loveliest lady of the English Court, she is the same height as Madame Lucini, with a perfect figure, not thin, and in face she resembles her dear mother, whose beauty you have often heard me mention."

A lengthy tale, perhaps! But the Duke had plenty of time for letter-writing just then. The country was in the grip of a winter so exceptionally severe that it had effectually put a stop not only to hunting, but to out-door work of every description.

The improvements and alterations which were in

progress at Goodwood had for long been at an absolute standstill. The new house up at Carné's Seat awaited the finishing touches, as did the catacombs and grottoes in the High Wood; and the Duke had been busily engaged in planting Evergreen Oaks (at that time a rarity in England) in various parts of the estate. He was assisted in his landscape gardening by Mr. (afterwards Sir Peter) Collinson, the famous horticulturist. It was not until 1761, however, that Sir Peter Collinson planted the thousand four-year-old cedars of Lebanon, the survivors of which form Goodwood's greatest ornament.

And meanwhile Peter condoles with his pupil over their enforced inactivity! Writing from London, he says:

"Wee have had the Deepest Snow in London I ever remember but to Day it thaws; but that may be owing to the heat of the Citty, for the air abroad is cold.

"Yesterday I kept the Fast at a Feast at L^d Lincolns with y^r Bottle Friend Lord Harcourt. Wee toasted to you and all Lovers of planting. It is impossible for mee to forget the Delights of Goodwood and its Noble Lord. I shall hold myself in Readiness.

"I left Lord Lincoln in dolefull dumps with the Snow, praying for Hunting Weather, I fancy you must be quite immur'd with Drifts of Snow; I don't see you can do any thing but thaw it with Bumpers of Clarett. I hope our Right Trusty friend Green¹ stands by you in these Worst of Times.

¹ The Goodwood chaplain.

“ Adieu my Dear Lord take care of yourself and be assured of the best Wishes of y^r affectionate fr^d

“ P. COLLINSON.

“ 18 Feby. LONDON.”

However, spring came at last ! And in April the Duke repaired once more to Bolderwood, accompanied by his hounds and his newly acquired taste for tree-planting.

His sport had been sadly interfered with by frost and snow, and the “ Great Hall at Charlton ” had witnessed but few of those scenes of revelry with which the Gentlemen of Charlton loved to celebrate each red-letter day in the Forest ! But now they were to forget their disappointment and I am sure that they whooped and holloaed with renewed zest—for had not their spirits been at zero, together with the thermometer, for months past ? Besides, by this time Lord Delawarr’s kitchen range was in working order, and so, though military duty compelled his presence in London, that nobleman wrote hopefully :

“ April 21, 1748.

“ MY LORD,

“ I had the honour of your Grace’s from Bolderwood, and am glad you found that place in such tolerable condition as to make me hope the continuance of your favour to it. If Peace should come, I wish it may soon ; I may then hope to have again some merry hours with your Grace in the Forest, and att Charlton,

and if a Birth day does not fall out regularly att Bolderwood, we must make one ; and att Charlton I believe generally every day is such. I am glad to find Nanny keeps in your good graces, I dare answer she had your bed well aird. And hope she will take care you want not calverd Salmon or any thing else that country affords. As to your proposal of planting, put in as many trees as you please, and where you will, tho' it is to be sure the worst place on the world for that sport, I have planted hundreds without any Success, and therefore would advise planting them in basketts, I have tryed every other way. The Earl of Lincoln¹ setts out this day in order to hunt with you on Saturday ; I beg you to keep him in some order, for killing a Heath hen, or Partridge on the Heath, att this Time is destruction. And tho I do not look on his Lordship as a very excellent shot, yet I know by experience that a Gun is A very dangerous instrument for I remember to have Seen A Gun go off in the late Lord Sussex's (Totty Sussex we called him) hand ; and he killd a Partridge, tho he was looking another way, and did not see the couvée. I must own your Grace was very alert, to sally forth immediately on the going off, of the Snow, I hope now the wind is come to the West, you will have better weather, and better Sport, and should that lead the Earl into a Bog, I hope you will not conceal it from me. Who have you got with you ? If Pauncefort, I then suppose he takes up his Habitation in the Library which I believe he does not think an unpleasant room. My Compli-

¹ Nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards his successor in the title.

“ A Good Shooter but a Bad Hitter ” 645

ments to all I know, and do me the Justice to believe
I am with the greatest Truth My Lord

“ Your Graces

“ Most Humble and

“ Obedient Servant

“ DELAWARR.”

From the foregoing remarks upon the young Earl of Lincoln I conclude that he was what I have heard an old keeper describe as “ a good shooter but a bad hitter.” Also, that the restrictions of close time for game birds had for him no special meaning.

Lady Kildare’s letters to her parents are very typical of her sunny nature. The one before me deals mainly with her determination to settle down to the cares of domestic life, and her devotion to little Lord Offaly and her husband ; but there is a distinct touch of coquetry towards the close. She writes :

“ CARTOWN, *July the 28th.*

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ I return you a great many thanks for your last kind letter of the 19th of July and also for one very long epistle of the 16th both which gave me great pleasure, and tho’ I received them but last night am set down this morning to answer them, and to tell you how much I am obliged to you for making them so long and entertaining, its really very pleasant to receive letters so quick as the Packets bring them when the wind is fair, your last was but four days coming and I have known them come in three, and knowing you were all well four days ago is a very great satisfaction, I hope you will soon recover your

strength and be able to go to Goodwood in a little time, I dare say my sister will be very happy to be there, but till Mr. Fox's affairs with the Duke are finished you can't depend on her company; as I sincerely wish your French Scheme may not come to pass I don't love to talk of it, but am afraid if that was the case I must loose the pleasure of seeing you and my dear Father, as it wou'd be impossible for me ever to think of travelling farther than England which I think is full enough, and nothing but my father Mother and Sister's being in another country wou'd ever tempt me to leave this, which in every other respect but that I have mentioned must be infinitely more agreeable to me than any other, and that travelling often is very inconvenient and troublesome with a large family, when one is single or indeed if one had no children I shou'd think it the pleasantest thing in the world, but when once one has got into a sober settled family way, one must bid adieu to rambling and in my mind if one had ever so many children no pleasure cou'd make up for leaving any one of them on any account, and it's impossible to lug them about with one, so that all my travels and wishes reach no farther than England, nor do I desire any other pleasures there, then being all comfortably met together, which I prefer infinitely to all the Gayety and shew one might meet with in France; Goodwood I shall always be happy to go to, for there are few places I love so well, in themselves, without the addition of its inhabitants He did not use to be so shy, I know my little sisters never had the least tendency towards it, if it goes off, at the proper age, it will be

very well, for its vastly agreeable in children I don't know what my little boy will be when you see him for they alter in a month sometimes but he is not the least shy now and smiles at every Body, if I allowed him to be set upon his feet, he wou'd begin to walk, for sometimes when I set him upon his feet he steps very prettily, but I am convinced it's very bad for them to be put to the ground to soon, Lady Kildare writes me word she hears he is so forward she wonders I won't try him upon his feet, but I am determined he shall not, till he is much stronger, and in things that can do no harm I always have and always shall manage them quite my own way, for I think those that are with them and see them constantly, are much the best judges of their constitution, I assure you who ever told you he had red cheeks say'd very wrong, for he is a remarkably pale child, I am vastly obliged to you for expressing so great a desire to see him, he is quite a stranger to both his Grand Mamas, for Lady Kildare has never seen him since he was two months and a fortnight old, she says she longs to see him very much, too. I begin to think we shall not go to the north at all, for Lord Kildare's business keeps him so long that its put off from Day to Day and fancy will end in being put off to another year. Lord Kildare does not like going there, at all, and tho' I shou'd mightily, I am quite silent, so that I fancy we shan't go; for L^d Kildare is so excessively fond of this place that it must be a very great temptation that ever makes him leave it; particularly at this time of the year, for he is the greatest farmer that ever was, and has a

great deal of land on his own hands. We expect Lady Caroline Petersham every hour, I gave my sister an account of the fine entertainment that's preparing for her, and in honour of the day, the first of August, which they make a great racket about here, and indeed all that is very necessary to be kept up in a country that swarms with Papists as this does. I am vastly obliged to you for saying you wou'd send me one of Mlle. Kinsae's Caps, my sister did a good while ago, I think them very pretty all but their being so very high behind. My sister sent one another sort which I think the prettiest thing that ever was seen, so much so, that I am afraid to wear it, for 'tis so becoming it makes one the greatest coquette imaginable; and whenever I wear it I am always looking at myself in the glass."

The whirl of gaiety into which Dublin was plunged in honour of the marriage of Lady Caroline Fitzroy to Lord Petersham, the Lord Lieutenant's eldest son, forms the chief subject of Emilie's next letter. But it contains as well an agreeable reference to the happy reconciliation which had recently been effected between her parents and the runaway couple. They had been estranged ever since Henry Fox had taken matters into his own hands and eloped with Lady Caroline, four years before. She concludes with a quaint pot-pourri of a domestic nature! Writing on August 9, she says :

" CARTOWN, *the 9th of August.*

" DEAR MADAM,

" As you used to say writing to any one of the family once a week wou'd be sufficient to make you

easy in case I had not time to write particularly to you ; I hope the Letter my Dear Father has by this time received from me will plead my excuse for its being near a fortnight since I indulged myself in the agreeable employment I am occupied in at present. I hope I need not assure you I have been prevented very much against my inclination, but the number of Dinners and entertainments that have been given of late on account of Lady Caroline Petersham has really taken up so much of my time that I have been in one continual hurry these last Ten Days for besides doing us a civility in asking us to be of them, they wont accept of a refusal and insist on our coming as Lord Kildare and I are almost the only two people here that are acquainted with her and Lord Petersham. They are to be here to morrow morning and propose staying a Day or two with us, we have asked a great many people to meet them, so that I hope we shall be merry and jolly enough, but I own I am impatient to have this Visit and all these Dinners and things over to go to L^y Hillsborough for I really long to see her and Miss Hamilton especially, and tho' I shou'd like all these doings well enough at another time their interfering with that pleasure takes off all the satisfaction I cou'd have in them. Lady Caroline lost a great deal by not being here the first of August at Mrs. Clements's Entertainment (I don't know what other name to give it,) which by the by was in honour of the Day, and not in Compliment to her, otherwise it wou'd have been put off, till she came for she was in the Bay at that very time ; it was really the prettiest thing I ever saw and greatly exceeded Vaux Hall in

Beauty, in short it was charming and I never saw any thing so cleverly conducted and so well ordered in my Life. I believe I need not tell you how inexpressibly happy my D^r Fathers Letter made me and how sincerely rejoiced I am to have this affair at an End. I never was more surprised in my Life then when I heard of Lady Berkeleys three daughters. I think it is very happy she did not go on. Colonel Fitzroys is a very extraordinary Match and so is Swineys journey to France with Mrs. Woffington, how can he be such an old foole, in their different ways, your three Pieces of News surprised me very much. I am glad Poor Sal is so much better, I shou'd be quite sorry if I did not find her alive in October, I have wrote to My Uncle Bentinck about Miss, and have promised him he shou'd have her on condition he sends me a lomine Case, some Dutch Beef and a Barrel of pickled Herrings. don't you think I was in the right ? I wou'd willingly tho' have given up all thoughts of these good things for the pleasure of obliging March with her, but as you desired me not I hope he won't take it ill, I have had a very well wrote Letter from George, he tells me he has a pretty little Monkey, I don't love them at all ; my little Boy grows so noisy I am forced to send him out of the room when I write he is very well thank God, and improves mightily, but he really is not a very pretty Child, so I beg you won't expect him to be so, for he certainly is not. Louise Brudenell is out of her wits with joy at the thoughts of going to Goodwood, I find her Mother grows worse and worse, I wish to God one of them was marry'd ; she and Lord Kildare and the Doctor all join in Compliments, I

beg my duty to my Father, and that you will believe me D^r Madam with great sincerity your truly affectionate

“and obedient Daughter

“E. KILDARE.”

Emilie's relief in the happy ending to the Fox affair was shared by all the friends of the family. The truants were now completely forgiven, and Lady Caroline and her husband received a hearty welcome to Goodwood. The Duke of Richmond's country neighbours lost no time, we may be sure, in paying their respects; at last they might satisfy their curiosity regarding the bold man that had dared to defy His Grace. And her own recent experiences in that direction enabled Lady Kildare to slyly forecast for her sister's benefit, the irritation that would ensue from the constant stream of callers at Goodwood! so she wrote:

“CARTOWN, *August the 15th.*

“I hope I need not assure you Dear Madam it gave me great satisfaction to find you are safely arrived to Goodwood and don't find yourself the worse for your journey. I reckon you and my sister will be finely worried with visits, for besides coming to you, her being there is something so new that you may depend upon it, they'll all run to see her and you'll have a dozen in a day, I'm a very good comforter you'll say, but it will certainly be so, but you know one is always selfish enough to be glad of having a fellow sufferer and I am so plagued with them at

Leinster Lodge, and my sister so free from them at Holland House that I can't help rejoicing she shou'd have her share of it as well as me, I have actually almost taken an aversion to Leinster Lodge for that very reason, for the last time I was there they worried me to death, and here for my comfort I have none at all except two or three that I like mightily. Lady Caroline Petersham has left us, we were very merry all the time she was here, she is really very agreeable and good humour'd and I think seems quite fond of My Lord, to be sure she is rather noisy and hoidening when she is in spirits, I find she has not run into the new fashioned way of dressing and she tells me several very genteel people have not, so that I fancy I shall stick to old laplace as she does. I find it's only as to caps she is forsaken and not as to other things, and Mlle Kinsae's don't become me at all, several people wear them here, and I like them upon every Body but myself; my sister sent me another blonde cap the prettiest thing I ever saw; I always liked Miss Wests by way of company very well, but never admired their behaviour, and I believe I shou'd much less now for living continually with so violent a prude as Lord Kildare is in regard to Women's behaviour has given me a little tincture of it, and I recollect a thousand people whose behaviour I liked formerly that I now think was very wrong."

In spite of her fondness for gaiety and new caps, the little ladys affection for her husband seems to have had a sobering effect. In her next letter she alludes firstly to the coming visit of the Duke of

France as Ambassador Extraordinary. This did not, however, take place until the middle of the following year.

" CARTOWN, *September the 6th.*

"The sincere satisfaction which must necessarily accompany the agreeable assurance I received from my dear father of having regained his affection, and been happy enough to write such a letter as he says gave him pleasure, was greatly allay'd by the disagreeable news of his going to France since it is attended with so unhappy a circumstance for me as that of losing yours and my mothers company so soon after my arrival in England. I must confess I have a great curiosity to know what building you are about at Goodwood in the style of Westminster Hall, I am told there are vast improvements there since I saw it, March in one letter gave me such accounts of them that I dreamed the great Lake call'd Laughnie, which you must have heard of, was in the middle of Charlton Forrest, and Charlton Forrest Lake and all in the middle of Goodwood Park. Cheale's plan is an excellent one I shall keep it as a rarity I assure you and beg you will tell him so with my compl^{ts} tho' I reckon I am quite forgot; one of his curiosity will be still more surprised than another, tho' indeed *every body* must be so at the great want of it in Lady Conway who I was told 'tother day lived a year at a park of Lord Conway's called Portmore Park upon the border of the lake I was mentioning and never once saw it, I am sure this will surprise Cheale, I own it does me, for it actually is not the length of the Mall, from the lodge she lived

in, but while I am pleasing myself I forget I am tiring you, therefore least I should trespass on y^r patience I will while I am sensible how impossible it is my letters should be the least entertainment to you make an end of this by assuring my dear father how truly I am his obedient and dutifull daughter

“ E. KILDARE.

“ P.S. I beg my duty to my Dear Mother and Compliments to my friends at Goodwood, I condole with you for the loss of poor Sally, tho’ I fancy burying her in the catacombs is no small comfort.”

My own curiosity is on a par with Emilie’s to know what was the Westminster Hall building to which she refers. It may have been the Orangery, a rather imposing structure of an oblong shape, erected at a short distance from the Catacombs and the Rock Dell.

It was frequently the scene of private theatricals. Young people at Goodwood had a strong liking for the amateur stage, and Tom Hill’s facile pen and fertile imagination provided them with dramatic material galore. In the Goodwood miscellany there is recorded one of his prologues spoken by Lady Kildare which must have taken her at least ten minutes to deliver. Its poetical merit compares, alas, most unfavourably with the highflown nature of Tom’s sentiments.

Lady Kildare’s remarks anent Lough Neagh are amusing. Poor Sally ! Her epitaph was composed by Tom Hill, and although the marble slab in the catacombs under which she reposes is weatherstained

and overgrown with lichen one can just make out the following :

SALLY

A BITCH OF THE GREYHOUND KIND
FOR HER INCOMPARABLE FAITHFULNESS
AS WELL AS BEAUTY
DESERVEDLY THE FAVORITE OF HER MISTRESS
THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND
SHE LEFT BEHIND HER A NUMEROUS PROGENY
AND DIED
XXII AUGT. MDCCXLVIII.

When, Sally, thy fond mistress plac'd thee here
She sigh'd the sad adieu, and shed the tear,
But what she could of thee still kept behind
And fix'd thy lovely visage in her mind.

Tom was duly criticised for the above and not altogether to his liking, apparently. He did not appreciate the sudden and unusual access of seriousness with which he was charged ; his talent, he flattered himself, lay rather in the direction of comedy. Some few weeks later he remarks :

“ MY LORD,

“ I have heard of one piece of criticism perhaps there may be more upon Sally's epitaph. It is thought rather too grave and serious, I cou'd have been comical if I had thought fit, it may be my genius would rather have inclined me to the burlesque ; but I looked upon her in a quite different light from the commonalty of her species and for that reason would not treat her as one of the mob of the dog creation. Let her mistress know this, and if she thinks of an old saying

which I need not mention, she will forgive me for not being ludicrous upon the occasion.

“ I am, with great truth, Y^r Grace’s

“ most faithfull humble ser^{vt}

“ THOS. HILL.

“ WESTMINSTER.”

The occasion demanded solemnity, you see, for Sally was held in particular esteem.

It was natural enough that Lady Kildare should look upon the impending departure of her parents as a misfortune for herself. As yet, apparently, the report had not been confirmed. Until the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been actually signed neither the Duke nor those in office were over-anxious to discuss a mission that must depend entirely upon the success of the negotiations with France, and so his Grace had maintained a discreet silence, even towards his favourite daughter.

But there was every likelihood of there being soon no further necessity for silence, and the news (as it frequently does where one’s relations are concerned) began to reach the Kildares through outside sources. However, Lord Kildare took a more favourable view of the case than his wife, and so he wrote :

“ September 1748.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ I beg leave to congratulate your Grace on a Peace being so near concluded, which I believe must give pleasure to every person who wishes his Country’s Welfare.

“All the letters that are from England say your Grace is to go Ambassador to France, but as Lady Kildare nor I have any letter that mentions it, we don't credit it, as we think if it was so your Grace or my Lady Dutchess would mention it. I hope it is so, as I am sure there is no one more capable at doing every thing for the honour of their Country than your Grace.

“I am sorry to hear that the Dutchess of Richmond has not been well for some time but hope her Grace is recovered. Lady Kildare desires her compliments to your Grace, and joyns with me in mine to my Lady Duchess.

“I am My Dear Lord

“your Grace most

“affect humble Servant

“KILDARE.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

Mick Broughton has a touch of the enemy—Sir Thomas Prendergast at home—The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle—Peace rejoicings—Lady Cadogan's illness—Lady Kildare and domesticity.

AN uninterrupted course of good living and a disinclination for exercise are bound to have their revenge in the long run, and during the summer months the convivial Mick Broughton had been laid by the heels with a severe attack of gout! But his indisposition did not prevent him from congratulating the Duke of Richmond upon his reconciliation with Henry Fox, though Mick was temporarily unable to pay his respects in person. And yet he does not seem to have withdrawn from the society of his friends to any serious extent, for his letters of this period contain much that has to do with the pleasures of the table.

The cross-country journey from Barnwell to Goodwood was certainly of a nature to make him hesitate. Nor did he undertake it, after all; but from his easy chair he continued to write at least once a week to Goodwood. With what regret must he have found himself compelled to decline the invitation to accompany the Duke to Paris as his chaplain! He writes to that effect, on October 24 :

" BARNWELL, 24 Octob, 1748.

" MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

" I am honour'd with yours dated *Goodwood* 14 Octob. and Congratulate you upon your great Appointment : By the misleading of the Newspapers, I was doubtful if you was not at London :—They still persist in sending Ld Sandwich to France :—What they say of Mr. Fox's prize of £10,000 I heartily hope is upon a truer Foundation.¹ The unexpected and sudden call of the Duke of Montagu to London² was from the circumstances of time and place where he received it, most deeply and particularly affecting. I have long had a most earnest desire to see y^r Grace, which is doubled by the knowledge that I am to lose you so soon ; tho' I am not fit to attend you to Paris, I have much talk and many questions on that subject. What a crowd of business must y^r Grace and my Lady Duchess have upon y^r hands for these 2 or 3 months to come. My humblest and best Respects to her Grace, may the highest Honour and what else is desirable be the Reward of all your trouble and fatigue.

" I am, My Dear Lord Duke,

" yr Grace's most devoted and affectionate

" M. BROUGHTON."

Our old friend Sir Thomas Prendergast's correspondence betokens a more cheerful frame of mind at this period.

In August the Duke had received a letter from that gentleman which contrasted most agreeably with those

¹ It was happily correct.

² The serious illness of the Duchess.

of former years. He had forsaken his hopeless pursuit of Government favours for the more agreeable quest of grouse and black game, and he had evidently established himself in a country residence that contained some delightful odds and ends, despite the incongruous proximity of Adam and Eve to good Queen Bess. He writes thus :

" PANTGLASE, *August the 3rd 1748.*

" MY DEAR LORD,

" I return many thanks for your accurate plan of the nine-pin Alley, and for your obliging invitation to Goodwood, which I wish much to see ; it is a great temptation to induce me to borrow a little time from business ; and as Lady Prendergast has just agreed for a house in London (her impatience to see it I need only hint at) it is not improbable but I may have the honour of waiting upon your Grace for a few days, before I go to Ireland.

" I am now at my *country*-house ; surrounded by Black and Red Game (which I sometimes *alarm* by the report of my gun) and many *honest* gentlemen ; who take their load of Beer without regarding what I do ; and for my performances even flinching would be too *good* a name—everything about this house is ancient—the bedstead I lye in has its date (1565) and is really a curiosity ; being all of oak (cieling, head, cornishes, posts) extremely well carved and of a very good and rich design, and not in the least damaged or wormeaten ; the chairs are dated from 1585 to 1596. One room has an entablature and cieling of Stucco ; of taste and well executed—I cannot

say so much for Adam and Eve, which serve as secondary supporters to Queen Elizabeth arms in the Great Dining room, in which room are a large parcell of Turkey-work chairs and carpets ; which surprised me, from their looking as new, as if just come out of the shop—I go next week to the Assizes, in a neighbouring County, in order to accelerate the sale of an Estate, which is to clear off the old debts of Lady Prendergast's family.

“Whosoever reads a letter from a country gentleman will naturally be inclined to think him extremely vain of himself and his appurtenances, as it is upon those hinges it always turns ; whereas the real truth is that necessity and a dearth of materials compells him (as it has me above) to take up with whatever comes to hand ; and if no prodigies, nor monsters present themselves (witches are unluckily abolished by Law) his friends must have patience with such fare as he can find out for them ; to carry on and conclude with allegory, I think, I cannot more oblige you than by saying Grace, assuring you that

“I am, Your Grace's, most obedient

“and most humble Servant

“T. PRENDERGAST.

“I would have spun out a few lines more in relation to the Eclipse, such as the care taken to get in all the hay before it, prayers said in Churches, preparatory and preventive ; and many other demonstrations of terror and religion.”

In October 1748 the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle

was signed. But it was not until the following May that the Peace was officially celebrated.

The rejoicings took the form of Masquerades, Fancy Dress Balls, and a most elaborate display of fireworks, both in London and Paris.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond figured prominently amongst the entertainers: "We have not yet done diverting ourselves," wrote Horace Walpole, on May 17. "The night before last the Duke of Richmond gave a firework; a codicil to the Peace. He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the pavilion¹ which miscarried and took the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden² lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were thrown up, after a concert of Water Music, a great number of rockets. Then, from boats on every side were discharged water rockets, and fires of that kind; and then the wheels which were ranged along the rails of the terrace were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of a pavilion on the top of a slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight; the garden filled with everybody of fashion, the Duke (of Cumberland) the Duke of Modena, and the two black Princes. The King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the Terrace; the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds."

¹ A royal display had been given a week before.

² Of Richmond House, Whitehall. The gardens were on the site of what is now Richmond Terrace.

Mr. Walpole had evidently enjoyed himself most thoroughly, for he wrote again shortly afterwards : "Whatever you hear of the Richmond fireworks, that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe it ; I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Everything succeeded ; all the wheels played in time ; Frederick was fortunate, and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty—Mr. Anstis¹ himself would have been gluttet ; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole court of St. Germain's, the Duke of Modena, and two Anamamboes.² The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river ; and as soon as they were gone, the Duke had the music into the Garden, and himself with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects with singing ' God save the King ' to them over the rails of the Terrace."

And I find the following in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1749 :

"The Duke of Richmond gave a grand entertainment to the Duke of Modena, at which were above 400 persons of distinction. A magnificent firework was play'd off in Privy Gardens and on the Thames, consisting of 200 water-mines, 20 air balloons, 200 fire trees, 5,000 water rockets, 5,000 sky rockets, 100 fire showers, 20 suns, and 100 stars, concluding with a grand illumination which lasted till two of the clock."

A brave show indeed ! But the gratification which the Duke and Duchess must have felt at the success

¹ Garter King at Arms.

² Black Princes from the East.

of their entertainment was soon to be clouded by the serious illness of the Duchess's mother, old Lady Cadogan, at The Hague. Lady Kildare's little sister Louisa, aged six, was also attacked by one of the "feavors" which seem to have been the generic term for many infantile ailments of those days, so that in June we find Lady Kildare writing to her mother at Goodwood :

" CARTOWN, *June the 26th.*

" Indeed, my Dear Madam, I most sincerely pity'd you when I received your two melancholy Letters of the 11th and 16th of June, no sooner to have got over one anxiety but to fall into another was indeed enough to lower your spirits, and I am not surprised it did ; but that I received this morning of the 18th gives me great satisfaction, since I find Lady Cadogan ¹ is recovered ; I can't say I expected it, and that occasion'd my last Letter's being in so melancholy a stile, for by your account I had no great hopes of her, and thought that trying to give you any, if the worst had happened, wou'd only have added disappointment to your grief ; whereas if she recovered, as it has pleased God she has, the less you had flattered yourself about her, the greater your pleasure wou'd be. I hope you are now quite easy and happy since I find Louisa is quite well ; here is fine weather come again, which I hope will recover her, and I now begin to hope we shall have some Summer at last ; both my little Boys have at present a little uneasiness with their Teeth, I believe I forgot to tell you the little one cut two some time

¹ She died in October 1749, aged 75.



From a pastel drawing.

LADY EMILIE LENNOX, COUNTESS OF KILDARE AND FIRST DUCHESS OF
LEINSTER,
Daughter of the second Duke of Richmond.

ago, we did not perceive he had the least pain with them, but now that he is about more, he seems to suffer a little with them; it makes George most immensely humoursome and cross, and one can't be angry with them, or contradict them, when one knows that it is not natural to them but only occasioned by pain! there is hardly a word he hears that he don't aim at, and grows vastly entertaining, you say you are Sorry he is not fond of Cuggly, but he *fancies* he is, and that is the same thing; he calls himself the Children's Dry Nurse, and I think he *is*, for he is continually with them. Nurse Bridge does very well with good looking after, *indeed* the Poor Woman means well, but she is very silly. I reckon Lord Petersham and Lady Caroline are much disappointed at having another daughter, I am to be Godmother, and it's to be called Emily.

“If you go to Holland pray remember my Chintz. It will be a great comfort to my Grandmother to have your pretty little Girls, who's chattering must entertain her. I hope tho' they are younger they will behave better than the three that were there Six year ago, to be sure we were by much the most troublesome Gentry that ever enter'd her House. Lord Kildare is gone to Athy, Lady Kildare, one of the Miss Halls, and I are quite alone; for I reckon the Captain *nobody*. Miss Hall and I walk or go out in the Chaise, and when we are at home we work and one of us reads. Lady Kildare reads mightily well. Have you finished Tom Jones? She likes it vastly; we have read Mrs. Creswell and Miss Scrope; surely 'tis the oddest affair that ever was! I see in the News

Papers that Mr. Biddulph is marry'd; do you remember Mr. Solmes the Man that they wanted Clarissa to marry? I am reading it now to Lady Kildare and, my notion of him all along is that he was exactly Sr. Thomas Bridge, which in *my* opinion justifies her aversion to him perfectly well, I see that in the 3rd 4th 5th 6th and 7th Volumes they call her Mother *Mrs. Harlowe* and not *Lady Charlotte Harlowe*, as in the two first volumes, which I suppose is on account of Cheales Letter; pray tell this to my father, for I think it's excellent; pray had he ever an answer to it? my Duty attends my father, you never mention my Brothers, adieu my D^r Madam believe me most Dutifully and Aff^{ly}, yrs

“ E. KILDARE.”

Evidently, you see, the success or otherwise of her Father's joke at Cheale's expense had not as yet been determined.

CHAPTER XXXIV

The Duke's Embassy to France—His misgivings—A big retinue—Prospective A.D.C.'s—Lord Albemarle homesick—But prefers a bachelor *ménage*—Lord March and his brother improve their minds at home—The Duke's commissions—His "walks with a gun"—His health begins to fail—Lady Kildare's uneasiness—"Wanted, a Confectioner"—Death of Lady Cadogan—A pot-pourri from Ireland—Lady Kildare's portrait.

ALTHOUGH for months past the Duke and Duchess had been making their preparations for the trip to France, I do not think that it was ever intended to be of long duration. The Duke's interest in his Aubigny estate and his popularity at the French Court had caused the British Government to single him out as a most suitable person to effect an *entente cordiale* between the two countries. An old historian wrote: "After the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of France, and notwithstanding his attachment to the House of Brunswick he was so much esteemed by the Court of France that his Dutchy was not considered an enemy, for which compliment the Duke paid his respects with his Dutchess to the French Court the first year after the conclusion of peace."

But, short though his stay was to be, it was nevertheless one which demanded an enormous retinue as

well as a lavish display of pomp, circumstance, and hospitality. As the time drew near, the Duke regarded his approaching mission with mixed feelings. So much so, in fact, that he commenced to indulge in gloomy forebodings. Ruin stared him in the face, he thought! So his feelings at length found vent in the following despairing letter to his son-in-law, Henry Fox, Secretary at War :

" CHARLTON, *Christmasday*, 1748.

" DEAR SIR,

" I have now three of your letters to answer, and a thousand thanks to return you for all the trouble you have been at I hope by to night's post to hear of my Dear Carolines being safely delivered,¹ not only of her burthen butt also from all those terrible sickness's and surely if she has the least return of them after her lying in, she ought to go to Bath. My long stay here I know in London is thought Idle, butt I do assure you that I never had so much business upon my hands in my whole life. I mean besides hunting, which I own has been my chief diversion tho not business, butt my own private affairs to be settled in order for our French journey, has taken up all the time that I have been off of my horse. & as to the latter the embassy I mean, the nearer it aproches the heavier it setts upon my spirits, and the more I repent ever having listned to it, as I am sure by the scanty allowance I am to have, I shall draw myself into such difficultys that I shall in all

¹ Charles James Fox, the celebrated statesman, was born a month later.

probability never gett out of. I know the word *scanty* Mr. Pelham wont allow, because he thinks perhaps that £8,000, with about £6,000 of my own is sufficient for the service, butt I that know Paris, and particularly what will be my own situation there much better than him, or I'll venture to say than any body, I know I say that it will be impossible for me to appear and live as I ought to do for less than £18,000 the first year, and more than one year I hope not to stay. So you see all I am disputing for is butt £4,000 which if it is such a considerable sune to the government, I am sure is more so to me, *who never saved a shilling in my life*, butt on the contrary *allways was, and am still in debt*. To a man that seek'd this honor, they may have some reply, butt to me that you know very well never sought it, there is none. & certainly my case is a hard one, & to any other administration whatever, I should now absolutely declare off. Indeed you may say and I believe very truely no other would have sent me, & I am very sensible that their proposeing it to me is owing to their partiality for me. butt all this my dear Harry is nothing to you, tho I believe it is, as I am sure you wish me well, & I am as sure that I wish the same to you and your's, for I am most sincerely and most affect^{ly} your's

“RICHMOND &c.”

However, the matter was finally adjusted to the Duke's satisfaction, although he appears to have been pacified with a much smaller sum than the colossal allowance of £18,000 to which he put forward a claim; it may be that such stress was laid upon the

Government's "partiality" for His Grace that the monetary risks were allowed to take their chance! For the fact remains that, in the end, he was allotted the sum of £6,800 for general expenses, with an additional allowance of £1,500 "for equipage," as it is expressed. And with him there went an establishment of some fifty retainers and fifty-two horses.

The complete list of the party is a lengthy one, but I give it you almost in detail, because you will find many old friends amongst the number.

It is headed as follows :

ETAT DE LA MAISON DE MON^e. LE DUC DE RICHMOND
QUAND IL IRA A PARIS.

Monsieur Le Duc.	
Madame La Duchesse.	
My Lady Louise Leñox (aged 6).	
My Lady Sarah Leñox (aged 5).	
Mr Hill ¹	English Secretary.
Mr. Trembly.	French Secretary.
Mr. Sedgwick	Private Secretary.
Rev. R. Webber ²	Chaplain.
Mr. de la Tour	Gentleman of the Horse.
Four pages.	
Liegeois ³	Maitre d'hotel.
Jacquemar	Chef de Cuisine.
Rotisseur	—
Patissier	—
Marmiton	—
Confectioner	—
James Hobson	Under Confectioner.

¹ The faithful Tom.

² A Minor Canon of Winchester, and a writer of drama for the young ladies at Goodwood.

³ Valet and accomplice to the Duke in the bogus highway robbery of 1733.

James Keen . . . Butler.
 Bob Budd . . . London Butler.
 Scottie . . . Valet de Chambre.
 Fifteen Footmen
 Six Grooms.
 Four Coachmen.
 Six postillions.
 Twenty saddlehorses.
 Thirty-two coach horses.
 One Carosse de Venice for Mr. and Mrs. Hill.
 One ditto for Chaplain, Secretaries, and Pages.

The female portion of the establishment was probably made up on their arrival in France, for they are merely recorded as going from Goodwood :

Mrs. Liegois . . . Woman to Lady Dutchess.
 Louisette . . . Chambermaid to Lady Dutchess.
 One maidservant . . . " " "
 Mad^{lle} Valada . . . Governess to the Children.
 Jenny . . . Maid to the children.

Of course, as soon as the Duke's appointment became known in England, he was besieged with applications for the post of aide-de-camp ! As far back as August his nephew, Lord Berkeley, had written to him on behalf of a young brother of Lady Berkeley—*sub rosa*, too, apparently. I do not think it came off, for I can find no mention of the young man having accompanied the Duke to Paris ; very probably he remained tied to his mother's apron-strings in spite of Lord Berkeley's endeavours to separate him therefrom, for there is a suggestion of parental objections in the following letter from Lord Berkeley to the Duke :

"BERKELEY CASTLE,

"August y^e 7, 1748.

"MY DEAR L^d,

"I hear by Report that y^r Grace is to go Ambassador to France when the peace is signed ; if so, I have a favour to request of you which I hope you will not Refuse me. I have a Brother of Lady Berkeley's that is almost twenty, a very pretty boy, and of a sweet temper, who has *nothing on earth* to do but Idling att home with his father and mother and loosing all his time. I do assure you his father nor mother ever spoke to me concerning it, but if y^r Grace would take him with you in some shape or other it be would a means of making the boy thoroughly compleat by getting him from them. I know not whether they would let him go, but I would use my best endeavours, if y^r Grace would favour me ; and if you *do*, the boy will have Reason to bless you all his life time, for the way he is in att present would be spoyling any lad, and I am perfectly sure y^r Grace would not Repent of it. I do assure you I think it will be beneficial to him, and that in granting me my request it will be one of the greatest favours y^r Grace can confer on me who am

"Much y^{rs}

"BERKELEY."

Lord Albemarle, however, despite his misgivings concerning the attractions of Paris, would place no obstacles in the way of Captain William Keppel ! Perhaps he was not sorry to be relieved from the responsibility of shaping the career of his son, the

young officer who became in after-years a famous general. Perhaps, again, he felt that, under the avuncular eye of the Duke, William would not be likely to stray very far from the paths of rectitude; at any rate, he wrote from Eindhoven, his temporary headquarters as Commander-in-Chief in Holland :

“ EYNDHOVEN, Nov. ye 20th 1748, N.S.

“ MY LORD,

“ You have been so extremely good and kind to my Family that they must look upon your Grace to be their father, and I can claim no further authority over them than what you are pleased to allow me. As this is my way of thinking Capt. Wm. Keppel is to receive your commands and not my consent; I must beg leave only to mention that he is very young for one past 21, and somewhat thoughtless,—therefore a strict hand is necessary to keep him steady, or else he is *undone* in such a town as Paris, especially if he should make a bad choice of friends; he has an infinite share of vivacity supported by real courage, but now and then ‘ *Il a La tête trop près du bonnet* ’ especially when y^e youth is elevated with champaign; I beg pardon for entering in so Long a detail but I imagine it was proper your Grace should know his character. I wish you joy of your Ambassy; I believe it will be very agreeable to you, I should not have been sorry to have been named for some commission or other, Holland excepted. I hope to have the pleasure to embrace you before you leave England, as we are preparing to leave this country as fast as

wee can, en attendant j'ay l'honneur d'être very sincerely,

“ My dear Brother

“ Your Grace's

“ most obedient humble Servant,

“ ALBEMARLE.

“ My respects to My Lady Dutchess.”

The Duke and Duchess and their suite left England for Paris at the end of August, paying *en route* a visit to old Lady Cadogan at The Hague. A few months previously Lord Albemarle had been sent as Ambassador to Paris, an office which he held until his death there in 1754; but at the time of writing to welcome his brother-in-law he does not seem to have taken kindly to his new appointment.

And yet Lord Albemarle, for the lavish style in which he was squandering his own and his wife's money at this time, formed the common topic of the day. Horace Walpole, indeed, went so far as to call him the “ spendthrift Earl,” and to say that the British Embassy in Paris was kept up for his sole benefit! Be that as it may (and we have agreed that it is best to keep *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, in one's thoughts as much as possible when dealing with the past) he had evidently no great wish to see Lady Albemarle in Paris.

The poor lady was anxious to join him, it is evident; but, from the tone of his next letter, he was equally desirous that she should remain at home. He was also at loggerheads with the Duke of Newcastle, for he writes :

“MY DEAR DUKE,

“I don’t doubt but the D. of N. will shew your last letter to the King, as he has your first ; his rage to lett every body know his private correspondance is not to be expressed ; he has been pleased to do so by me very lately, and to give my confidential epistle to my Masters to read, wherein I complained (perhaps imprudently) at some hardships done to Lord Bury in preferring younger officers than himself to the command of Regiments, which has drawn H.M.’s and the Dukes anger upon me and the poor Boy. I enclosed back to your Grace Lady Albemarle’s Letter ; it certainly vexes her not to come to this country, but she is in this (as in every thing else) very reasonable and finding that y^e House is small, that her necessary and additional expence would hurt me, that my earnest desire is to return soon to England, and that Lord Bury is endeavouring to find out a House for her in London, she has given over all her former thoughts of crossing the sea. I think a short letter from you commending her wise and prudent resolution would add to her satisfaction and I don’t see how she could amuse herself there. Considering y^e footing I am upon with the men of Quality about this court it would certainly prevent (in my opinion) the women coming to her, and consequently reduce her to keep with Mesdames de Curray and De Monconseil.

“I can’t flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you at Aubigny, not that I have anything to do here, or that I should not be very glad to wait upon you. To be with you, would please me, and besides it would alter my scene of life, but the people in business

tell me it would be wrong for a Minister to absent himself from Paris without having prior to it leave from the King ; your Grace sees by this how we *great people* are slaves to forms and customs, I have ordered a Letter to be writ to *Grinion* to secure you Lodgings, and if necessary I shall send a field bed from hence for your use while you attend the Court.

“ I am with the most affectionate respect,

“ My Dear Duke

“ Your Grace’s most obedient humble Servant,

“ ALB.

“ PARIS, Oct. ye 4th 1849, N.S.

“ DUKE OF RICHMOND.”

There are very few allusions to the Duke’s stay in France amongst his papers. Much to their disgust, Lord March and his brother George had been left in England under the care of Mr. Gibberd, their tutor. There is an amusing and slightly ironical reference to this gentleman in Lord March’s letter, written from Causham, or Caversham, as it was variously called, the seat of Lord Cadogan, on September 3. He says :

“ CAVERSHAM, September ye 3rd 1749.

“ DEAR PAPA,

“ I have just received your kind and obliging letter which brought me the welcome news of your all being in perfect health. I am very sensible that Mr. Gibberd is very desirous of my good behaviour by his being so ready to acquaint you with it ! We arrived her on Thursday evening, and as we went

through Charlton Harry Budd told us there has been a mad dog there who had bit several dogs there, among the rest one of your young hounds and several hogs about, and that every animal he touched was shot; your pointers and spaniels, he says, were in the kennels and are all very well; he said he was doing something to them which hard name I have forgot. Pray give my duty to Mama, Grandmama, Uncle and Aunt, and my love to my sisters, I am

“Your most dutifull and obedient Son,

“C. MARCH.

“Dear Papa,

“P.S. George is very well and desire his duty to you as well as Mr. Gibberd.”

A day or two later the boys and their tutor set out on a short tour in the neighbourhood of Causham, and Mr. Gibberd describes their movements thus :

“OXFORD, *Wednesday, September 6th 1749.*

“MY LORD DUKE,

“I wrote to your Grace from Farnham last Thursday and we have since passed our time very agreeably at Cawsshams. We came to this place yesterday morning and bothe Lord March and Lord George, who are to all appearance as well as possible, seem very much pleased with what they have seen. We are now setting out for Rousham and Lord Cobham’s, and at our return they propose taking a fuller view of every thing. A gentleman of my acquaintance and one of the present Proctors who walk’d about with us, was extremely pleas’d with Lord March’s

curiosity and attention to every thing that was shown him.

“On Sunday we had the pleasure of receiving your Grace’s Letters of the 28th of August, and were very happy to find that your Grace, my Lady Dutchess and the young Ladies were all so well. Lady Sarah does not seem to have lost her spirits, nor the faculty of diverting every Body that has the pleasure of being near her. We shall soon, I hope, have the satisfaction of hearing that your Grace has had a pleasant voyage and journey to Paris. I wrote to my Lady Dutchess on Sunday and shall certainly continue to do so once a week to both your Graces during your absence. Mr. Keppel is come to breakfast with us and Lord March and Lord George have met with two more of their Westminster acquaintance whom they were very glad to see. We shall not I believe, return to Caussham till Saturday or Sunday. I am, with the greates respect,

“My Lord Duke,

“Your Grace’s faithful

“and most obedient humble Servant

“T. GIBBERD.

“Lord March and Lord George send their Duty and Mr. Keppel his respects.”

In spite of the short distance that separated him from his French property, the Duke’s official obligations prevented him from visiting Aubigny until the end of September. But he also took with him to Paris a host of commissions for those whom he had left at home, and these rough memoranda are

so quaint that I have no hesitation in recording them.

They run as follows (on a prodigious sheet of foolscap):

“THINGS TO BE GOTT IN PARIS

“1. A compleat sett of desert Dishes with looking glasses—*for us*.

“2. A confectioner, honest, clean, understands his business, that can make Chocollate, Sweetmeats, Liqueurs, and all sorts of Ice, to go to Ireland for £30 a year wages, no board wages *nor wine* allow'd him, nor any perquisites except what strangers that visit may leave for the House. *For Emilie*.

“3. 15 Yards of a handsome silver stuff, for about £40 or £50 the whole gown with its garniture, for a mantua for Lady Kildare. The garniture to be made upp at Paris butt not the gown, the garniture to be assortis to the stuff, any color butt *red*.

“4. A pint of Eau de Luz.

“5. 6 Coiffures de Blonde, ruffles, tippetts, and *pièce de corps*, à la mode, for Caroline and Emilie.

“6. The price of a capuchon de dentelle noir, très longue, et pour couvrir les coudes d'une personne puissante.

“7. Six yards of broad point d'Allencon, fine butt not above 2 guineas a yard.

“8. 6 Dozen French gloves for Emilie, if not above 13 shillings English a dozen; *the best*.

“9. A papier machez box for Mr. Hill.

“10. 6 Fauteuils for Carné's Seat.

“11. ‘Lettres à une jeune femme Mariée.’”

These are only a few of the many commissions which the Duke had undertaken! I do not know whether the book with which he closes the list was intended for Emilie, but two things strike me as forcibly apparent, firstly that there can be no doubt which was his favourite daughter, and secondly that the gift he had in contemplation for poor Tom Hill cannot have been very costly; perhaps it was quaint.

But there were intervals amid the ceremonial visits and family shopping, during which my ancestor's love of sport, of every kind, found its vent in a "*walk with a gun.*"

Here is a page from his game-book :

Fryday 5 Sep.	Near	Part- ridges	Hares	Rabits	Qualls	Catts	Totals
the Hague	.	1	1	—	—	1	3
Thursday 18 Sep.	Plaine						
de St. Denis	.	4	—	—	—	—	4
Sat. 20 Sep.	Plaine de						
Jenevilliers	.	9	25	1	—	—	35
Fryday 26 Sep.	Aubigny	5	—	—	—	—	5
Sat. 27 Sep.	Aubigny	2	—	—	—	—	2
Munday 29.	Aubigny	1	—	—	—	—	1
Sat. 4 Oct.	Aubigny	4	1	—	1	—	6
Munday 6 Oct.	Aubigny	6	—	—	—	—	6
Tuesday 7 Oct.	Aubigny	4	—	—	—	—	4
							66

Verily our forebears were satisfied with little! He gravely heads the above list "Game of my killing," and I think it extremely probable that the modest entries represent many miles of honest walking under the September sun.

But his health was beginning to fail, and whilst at

Aubigny he appears to have had a slight return of the illness that Emilie had noticed in the previous winter. He made light of it, and his letters to her lost none of their cheery tone, but there was that underlying their vein of chaff which aroused in her a vague uneasiness that all was not so well as it should be. She hints as much in her next letter, which, by the way, contains a reminder concerning one of her commissions. She writes—

“CARTOWN, Oct. the 8th, 1749.

“I am infinitely obliged to my Dear Father for his extreme obliging and kind Letter from Aubigny, tho’ to be sure I must have had *double* the pleasure in it had it been on the pretty paper you mention, which I hope you will write to Cheale upon; I really think I never heard of a wiser conceit in my life, and I dare say the Inventor applauded himself much for his ingenuity. It was certainly quite necessary to give me a reason for y^r vulgar manner of writing, for I really did expect some *new Touch* as Cheale says, considering the place you are in. I have indeed quite forgot Aubigny itself, but long ago as it is, the sound of the word *Princesse* made too strong an impression to forget it, and to say the truth, *Old Breton*, and that, is all I remember about it. I must own I was a little afraid Good Champagne and French Cookery wou’d not agree with you; but tho’ I am sorry y^r arm suffers for it (which I am obliged to you for assuring me you have not left off) yet I had rather it disagreed with you in anyway than that you were in last Winter, for indeed your growing so thin, and that

disorder continuing so long, gave me great uneasiness. I had beg'd the favour of my Mother to get me a Confectioner who tells me you were so good as to say *you* wou'd take the trouble of inquiring for one for me at Paris, as they were much better there than at the Hague, now I am really quite ashamed to think of troubling you about such a thing, but since you were so obliging as to say so and that I reckon y^r stay at Paris will be short, and consequently there is no time to loose, I will take the liberty of reminding you of it ; I don't chuse to give above 30 pounds a year as I don't want the very Tip Top sort of all, but the chief thing I wou'd desire in him wou'd be making good Ices and Liqueurs, I must expect he will be a Papist, so must give that up ; but I shou'd be glad to have him well recommended. I ought to say a vast deal to excuse this impertinence, but will trust to y^r goodness to forgive, as I might never meet with so good an opportunity again, and that I shou'd be really vastly happy to get a good one, for I think it a very necessary thing, as there is nobody here upon the footing of Robinson in London, and every Bodys Housekeeper is their Confectioner ; but I have plagued you about this long enough therefore will only add that we are all well and Lord Kildare's best Comp^{ts} and that I am my Dearest Fathers

“ Dutifull aff^{te} and

“ Obedient Daughter,

“ E. KILDARE.”

At the end of October the Duke and his wife returned to England, and, alas, the next letter that came

from Lady Kildare was edged with black, for shortly after their arrival they received the news of the death of Lady Cadogan, mother of the Duchess. Thus writes Emilie, on December 5, from Dublin :

" DUBLIN, *Dec. the 5th* 1749.

" It was vastly kind in my Dear Father to write me the account of poor Lady Cadogan's Death in the manner he did, for tho' I cou'd not be supposed to have anything more than a proper regard for her, I love my own Mother too well, not easily to conceive how dreadful such a loss must be ; and I am too much interested in every thing that concerns her not to feel for her most excessively, besides fearing the consequences that might in her situation attend so great a surprise as that of leaving a person so dear to one quite recovered and well, and to hear immediately on her arrival of her Death ; but thank God my apprehensions have proved groundless. I have sent you by a Counsellor FitzGerald, who has promised to take care of them, half a Dozen pictures of Birds taken out of Catesbys Book, done on a kind of composition found out by a man here which I think very pretty ; and as they are something new I thought you might perhaps like them, otherwise shou'd have been ashamed of sending you such a trifle, if you don't We We or Sha Sha ¹ will be very glad of them for their closet. I dare say, if the Weather is the same in England as it is here you must have had a vast deal of sport, for all the Hunting Gentlemen here say 'tis the finest that ever was known, I can't say I think it so pleasant

¹ Her two little sisters.

as Frosty Weather, for I love that vastly, now I am not with you ; it's surprising how little frost and snow there is in Ireland, L^d Kildare has had an Ice House these three year and there never has been enough of either to fill it, and except one Gentleman who has one in the Mountains, every Body has been in the same case. I hear there is sad riots at the French play House ; are they *sous votre protection* ? they say L^d Trentham has hurt himself in his election very much by taking them under his. There is a dispatch election in the House of Commons here for the City of Dublin, which every Body is very warm about ; nothing else is thought or talked of but that, and the Rubbing Mills, which one half of the People say will entirely destroy our Linenn Manufacture and the other that it can never subsist without ; I shou'd imagine it was of great consequence it shou'd be set right, Lord Limerick is violent against the Rubbing Mills and the people have got a story that he is to have fifty thousand Pound from the Dutch for destroying the Manufacture by that, but I fancy nobody can really believe such a thing of him ; the other reason they give is that in his part of the north they have no convenience of water for them and therefore he wants to have them destroy'd everywhere else, I think most people seem to be against him and for the Rubbing Mills ; it is he that has made all the racquet about it, and they always Chuse to put a Bad construction on any thing rather than a good one. My affectionate Duty attends my D^r Mother ; I am afraid I shall not have time to write to her this post, I hope she and all the Dear Family are well.

I am afraid I have tired you too long, therefore will only add L^d Kildares best Comp^{ts} and that I am my D^r Fathers Dutifull Affectionate and

"Obedient Daughter,

"E. KILDARE.

"P.S. George says Grand Papa's *a good Boy*; he and his Brother are very well."

There are no more letters from Lady Kildare. Those which you have read consist, I know, of trifles light as air; yet I think that my record of her girlish thoughts and notions may have afforded you some idea of the little lady's personality. As for myself, no great effort of imagination is necessary, for I have grown so familiar with the dainty copperplate handwriting that records her varying moods, now grave and matronly, now coquettish and laughter-loving, but always charming!

Curiously enough, although she was undoubtedly her father's favourite, there is but one portrait of her at Goodwood, a pretty but rather faded pastel by an unknown artist.

Well, 'tis idle fancy, I know, yet there *are* moments when I seem to catch the faintest imaginable deepening of the smile that flickers round her dainty mouth—a smile of mingled pleasure and understanding, as though she were glad to feel that she may still confide her little joys and sorrows to you for whom this book is written.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE CHILDREN'S LETTERS

THERE is another packet of letters that must have a chapter to itself—a packet that is tied up with faded ribbon, so faded as to be almost colourless—one can just discern that it once was pink—and so brittle to the touch that it requires careful handling.

And what of the contents? Trifling, I grant you, unimportant little scrawls, no doubt; but it was just their utter insignificance to the world at large that made them so doubly precious, long ago, to Sarah Duchess, when she tied that pink ribbon around them and wrote “The Children’s Letters” on the outer wrapper.

I have heard it said that the shortest cut to certain and deadly boredom is to be compelled to listen to a recital of the clever remarks of other people’s children. Shall I then incur the risk of being considered a bore if I attempt to inveigle you into looking over the shoulders of these little folk? See how they purse their lips and square their elbows in laborious effort to produce a letter that will bear favourable testimony to the careful guidance of Tom Hill and others who steered them along the thorny path of pot-hooks

and hangers ! To me, however, there is something pathetic about these scraps of childish tittle-tattle, and I cannot resist feeling that, somewhere amongst the most matter of fact of us, there lurks a chord that has been waiting two hundred years for just a touch of these ghostly little ink-stained fingers to make our heartstrings vibrate with a fellow-note of sympathy and kindly understanding. Some of the little notes are addressed to their mother, some to the Duke, some again to other members of the family ; but it was Sarah Duchess, " Dear Mamma," that kept the packet in her desk.

And with what a queer mixture of ceremonious deference and childish affection are they worded !

Thus wrote little Lord Brudenel, aged ten, to his cousin March, on the occasion of the birth of his first daughter :

" MY LORD,

" 'Tis with a great deal of pleasure that I Take the Liberty of congratulating with dear Cousen March, upon the birth of your Daughter, and must own myself extreamly happy in the news of Lady March's being in so fair a way of recovery. I return your Lordship a great many thanks, for the pains you have taken to get me a Watch, but must desire you to dun very heartily, for Mr. Tryon says Pappa will do nothing without it, and unless your Lordship can get possession before my dear Pappa leaves London, I must trust a great while longer.

" Your Lordship will do me the honour to

make my compliments to Lady March and believe me to be

“Your Lordships

“most obedient Servant

“BRUDENELL.

“HAMBY GRANGE, *April the 20th 1723.*”

Is it uncharitable to suggest that the longed-for watch may have occupied a more prominent place in the boy's mind than the baby Carolina?

If this were so, it is comforting to read his next letter (written very shortly after the death of the first Duke), for it tells us that his hopes were realised and the dunning had proved successful.

“MY LORD,

“Your Grace is sure it is no small Pleasure to me to take every occasion of Writing, and especially this wherein I have an opportunity both of returning my thanks for your obliging present and also of paying my kindest respects to yr, Grace and ye Dutchess of Richmond. I had the happiness of meeting Pappa and Mamma at Deen perfectly well after their journey, they joyn with me in their best wishes, & I beg yr. Grace will believe me to be

“My Lord

“Your Grace's most obedient humble Servt.

“BRUDENELL.”

In 1734 Caroline appears to have been left alone at Goodwood, and the little girl was evidently feeling a little bit lonely when she wrote as follows to her father :

"GOODWOOD, *the 28 June.*

"I am in great hopes my dr Papa will soon favour me with a letter which Will be a great pleasure to me; for I am always rejoyced to hear from my Dear Papa, I should be very glad to know when you go over to fetch my Dr Mama and when *I* am to go to Town, for the Servants go Monday sevensnight, and I cannot stay long after the Servants are gone. I have no more to say but am glad of an opportunity to assure my dear Papa that I am with great respect your Duty-full

"& Obedient Daughter

"CAROLINA LENOS.

"Lady Camilla desires her complements."

Soon there came a welcome letter to cheer her up, for a week later she writes :

"GOODWOOD, *July the 5.*

"I received my Dear Papa's kind letter and am very glad to hear that you and my dear mama are well. I hope it will not be long before I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. Lord March and Sister Emily are both extremely well, and Sister em gives her Duty to her dear Papa and mama. Miss Pultney desires her complements to you. Pray give my duty to mama and believe me dear Papa your Dutiful

"& obedient

"Daughter

"CAROLINA LENOS."

Emilie thus addressed her Mother in February 1744. Throughout a correspondence of many years,

her letters bear a very distinct tone of deep affection for the Duchess.

"We receiv'd my Dr Mama's Letter which I hope we need not assure you gave us infinite pleasure.

"Lady Bateman was here this morning and desir'd we wou'd let you know she intends setting out for Goodwood a Saturday and will lie at Guilford that night and desires you will send your horses to meet her there and to carry her on to goodwood; she said she believ'd she shou'd write to you herself to night but that for fear she shou'd not have given time she beg'd we wou'd tell you all this, indeed, I am very glad she is going for I am afraid my Dr mama finds it a little Dull being alone, for as for *Papa*, his hunting takes up most part of his time. I assure you we wish vastly to be with my Dr Mama to have the pleasure to assure her with what respect and sincerity I am

"Her Dutifull and Very Obedient

"Daughter EMILIE LENOX.

"P.S. My two Sisters, Brother George and Self are very well. I forgot in my last letter to tell you poor old Mevrow Pitz is dead.

"If this fine weather lasts I shall with great pleasure obey yr Orders about riding, and am vastly oblig'd to my Dr Mama for giving them; and hope She will excuse this Scrawl."

And now the third Duke appears upon the scene, in the person of little Lord March, aged ten. Writing from school he says :



From a painting by Hudson.

CHARLES, THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND,
As Earl of March, aged 5.

" MA CHERE MERE,

" J'espère que vous vous portez bien. Madame Brudenel a été ici avec George Brudenel, je lui ai donné le paquet que vous m'avez envoyé, elle vous fait ses complimens. adieu ma Chere Mere je suis votre très obeissant Fils

" MARCH.

" WANDSWORTH, *Juillet le 26me, 1744.*"

And again in September :

" MA CHERE MERE,

" J'espère que vous vous portez bien. j'ai reçu votre lettre avec beaucoup de plaisir ; Je vous prie d'assurer mon Pere de mes respects, & mes compliments a mon Frere & a ma Soeur.

" Ma chere Mere

" Je suis votre très obeissant Fils

" MARCH.

" WANDSTH, *septembre le 13 1744.*"

In October he honoured sister Emilie with a quaint epistle :

" DEAR SISTER,

" I hope you are well. I have received your letter with a great deal of pleasure, I hear that my Brother George is to come to school a little after the King's Birth day, I hope it is true. I hope my Brother's new Horse is a good one, and that he likes it. Indeed I have no purging nor gripes.

" Dear Sister

" I am your loving Brother

" MARCH.

" WANDSWORTH, *October ye 4th, 1744.*"

He wrote to his mother from Westminster School in October 1746. School-boys have not altered much. "Business and masters" still serve as an excuse for laconic letters, and the youth's melancholy account of the stress of work which was the occasion of his silence has its echo in these days as well!

"Oct. ye 14th 1746, DEANS YARD.

"DEAR MAMA,

"I received your letter, and would have wrote to you on Thursday as you desired, but what whith the busines and masters I could nott; Saturday and Sunday it wass the same: to day I have found one hour leager [leisure] to write to my dear Mama. I saw Papa who was so good as to begg us a play. I hope he and you are both well. Pray tell my Sister that I received her letter and would have answered it if I had had Time. Doctor Johnson is whith us about the Rules of Verses which is Faging work. I have heard some time ago, that Jamaica was taken by the french, but it is no more talk'd of. I have nott dined with Lord hervey nor with Mr. Hill. I am very well thank god. I am

"Dear Mama

"Your most Dutyfull and obedient Son

"MARCH."

The stately words which follow flowed from the pen of the ten-year-old George; it is terrible to think of what his wrath might have been, had the dog been named something quite different by "dear Papa."

" DEAR PAPA,

" I desire my Dog be call'd Hero. I thank you for consulting me herein. my Duty to Mama, Love to Brother, and Sisters.

" I am

" Dear Papa

" Your ever Dutiful Son

" GEORGE HENRY LENOX.

" *March ye 31 1747,*

" WANDSWORTH."

The next letter, written by Lord March when at the maturer age of fifteen, is noteworthy by reason of the diplomatic touches of filial affection called forth probably by some parental reproof.

" GOODWOOD, *August the 27th 1749.*

" DEAR PAPA,

" I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter which I hope will have a proper effect upon me. By this time I hope your passage has been as favourable to France as it was to Holland. The weather has been as fine as could be expected, it rained a little last Thursday and we went out with Sir John on Friday morning and after very good sport killed a hare; Goodwood *considering your absence from it* has been tolerably pleasant. I hope you are very happy abroad and that at your return home you will find every thing to make you happy here, as your kind indulgences have always made your

" most dutifull and obedient son

" MARCH."

And the next, with a covering letter from the

worthy Mr. Gibberd, his tutor, describes an accident. The lad writes :

“ WESTMINSTER, *Sept. 18th 1749.*

“ DEAR PAPA,

“ At my return from Oxford, I received your letter and was very sorry I gave occasion to you to caution me about my writing well, which was in some measure owing to my not having good pens, but chiefly to my own negligence concerning which I shall take greater care for the future. We left Causham yesterday evening where I had like to have an accident from a large dog who flew at my face, after I had been giving him some meat, and pinched it, but did not fetch blood, it has pretty much swelled but it is quite gone down again and remains now only a little black ; we met Mr. Ranby on the Road who said it was of no signification as well as Mr. Guernies. Lady and Mrs. Cadogan desire their compliments to you, as well as Mrs. Ballard and Mr. Gibberd, and my Brother his duty, we are both in proper health and hope you are so. I am

“ Dear Papa,

“ Your most dutifull & obedient Son

“ MARCH.”

Long-suffering dog ! The worm turned at last, and the tormentor got off cheaply with merely a pinch. Mr. Gibberd wrote,

“ WESTMINSTER, *Monday 18th September.*

“ MY LORD DUKE,

“ The Pinch Lord March received from the Dog, was I believe, owing to his teasing, or playing too

roughly with him, tho' frequently caution'd against it. His Cheek was very much swell'd at first, but by applying first Arquebezade Water to it, and then an ointment I brought with me from London, for fear of an Accident, It was asswaged to such a degree, that he slept after it as well as usual, and was look'd upon as quite well again when we left Causham. His cheek was a little black after it, as we expected, and this morning at Salt Hill, he complained that it was painful to him, which surpris'd me a good deal, as the accident happen'd on Wednesday evening and he had been quite at ease ever since, except the first four or five hours after the Dog flew at him. Mr. Garnier, whom we met near Hammersmith, assur'd me it would be of no consequence. Mr. Ranby too, whom we met just after, said the same; but added, that as these accidents sometimes leave an hardness behind them, he would call upon Lord March tomorrow. I will write to your Grace again on Thursday, and am, in the mean time, my Lord Duke, your Graces, faithful and most

“obedient humble Servant

“T. GIBBERD.”

The concern with which the future duke viewed a possibility of a certain breach of good manners reaching the ears of his father, is shown by the following :

“DEAR MAMA,

“I have reflected with great concern upon the uneasiness I gave you at dinner, by a behaviour which I am extreamly ashamed of, and sorry for. I scarce

know with what face to ask your pardon, after having had occasion to desire it so often, but shall esteem it as a particular favour if you would so far oblige me as not to mention my ill behaviour to Papa, but forgive,

“Your most Penitent, dutiful & obedient Son
“MARCH.”

Well, that is all! We have come to the end of the little letters, and we may tie the faded scrap of ribbon around them once again.

But before we put them gently back in their resting place, deep down in the old chest, shall we pick a tiny sprig or two from the old, old bush of Rosemary, that grows in these High Wood Gardens, which she loved, long years ago? Ah yes; and place them between the yellow pages, because “that’s for Remembrance,” and you and I know so well that Sarah Duchess would understand.

CHAPTER XXXVI

The Duke's last Christmas party—He gets command of the Blues—Cordial letters from brother officers—Regimental odds and ends—Prices of "cloathing"—A quaint petition for discharge—Duke's delight at the Blues' efficiency—Lord March in trouble—He confides in Henry Fox—A youthful Don Juan.

HENRY FOX and his small family spent the Christmas of 1749 at Goodwood. And I think that in after-years they must have looked back with a feeling of thankfulness that they were able to be present at what was practically the last family gathering which assembled there in the Duke's lifetime, in response to his affectionately worded invitation; for thus he wrote to his son-in-law:

"GOODWOOD, 17th Decr. 1749, Sunday.

"DEAR HARRY,

"I am extreamly sorry to find that this cough and fever hangs so long upon you, butt if it continues and you find that the air of Holland house does you no good, I wish you would try this of Goodwood, where the house is warm, and generally pretty well inhabited; and you cant be wanted in town at this time. I wish you would try, for wee should be vastly glad to see you, dear Caroline, and dear little Ste,¹ and pretty little Charles if she has a mind to bring

¹ Stephen, their eldest son,

him. & as to our roads, tho bad still, I assure you the turnpike has so far mended them that there is not one hole or dangerous place in the whole road ; and in a twelvemonth more, it will be a good road, and in two or three years a very fine one. I am dear Harry with my love to Caroline and your two boys, most sincerely and most affectionately your's

“ RICHMOND &C.

“ There is a cursed *hard* frost, which is very *hard* upon foxhunters and planters. You are one of those I know that dont comprehend any body's loveing hunting, so I must entertain you with a question. She She¹ ask'd her Mama, upon my being gon out in a bad rainy day.

“ ‘ Esceque Papa est obligés d'aller a la chasse ou escequ'il en a envie ? ’ ”

“ There is some good chit-chat at the end of Mrs. Merricks latter, entertaining enough. She writes well, and I dare swear is a notable gentlewoman.”

She had written to the Duke on behalf of her husband, no doubt.

The old Duke of Somerset died on February 7, 1750, and a week later the Duke of Richmond was appointed in his place to the command of the Royal Horse Guards. For the past few years the Mastership of the Horse entailed his personal attendance upon the Sovereign pretty constantly, so that he had consequently been unable to take his share of Regimental Duties.

¹ Lady Sarah Lennox.

² “Is Papa *obliged* to go out hunting ? or is it because he wants to ? ”

But, although he may have been a comparative stranger to some of his brother officers, yet the Blues gave their new commanding officer an enthusiastic welcome. They had not forgotten Dettingen. The unjust and groundless aspersions cast upon their behaviour on that occasion rankled still in the memory of the survivors ; many of the officers that welcomed the Duke had been actually present at the fight, and they were not likely to forget the vigorous manner in which he had taken up the cudgels on behalf of his Regiment, to lay them down only when he had sifted the slander to the dregs and vindicated the honour of the Blues.

The cordiality with which the Duke was received is clearly shown by the letters that came from Sir James Chamberlayne and Lieut.-Colonel Charles Jenkinson, two of the squadron commanders at Dettingen.

Colonel Jenkinson's letter runs as follows :

“ BURFORD, Feb. 17, 1749-50.

“ MY LORD,

“ I was highly rejoyc'd this morning at y^e receipt of y^r letter your Grace did me y^e honour to write to me, and as y^e command of The Royale Regiment of Horse Guards is a point your Grace has long had in view, I heartily wish you joy of obtaining it, and I do assure your Grace I think *every member of The Regiment* has great reason to congratulate themselves on this happy event. Ever since I heard of The Duke of Somersetts death I imagin'd the command of us would fall to your Grace, and had I been able

would certainly have come immediately to town to be ready to pay my compliments as early as possible, and to acquaint your Grace with y^e state of your Regiment and to ask your commands. I have been very ill, and severely delt with by y^e Phisitions, and so drawn very weak. But I hope all danger is past, and y^t I shall soon be able to travail small journeys, and to pay my respects to your Grace at Whitehall, and to acquaint you with all the circumstances relating to y^r Regiment. I was so ill I did not see y^e last return of y^r Regiment, but I think it is quite compleat; I am sure if there is any wanting it is very trifling; and I flatter myself when your Grace comes to review us y^e sort as well as y^e numbers of The men and horses won't displease you. I was so well satisfy'd your Grace w^d be our Commander that upon hearing the Major had y^e Gout I wrote to y^e Adjutant last post to wait on your Grace as soon as you were declared our Coll: and inform you of every thing you desir'd to know concerning the situation of your Regiment; I conceiv'd he was y^e proper person in y^e absence of me and y^e Major, but I will put y^e best legg foremost and wait on your Grace y^e moment I can without hazard and begg leave to return my sincere thanks for your kind indulgence you shew to me by ordering me not to venture a journey too soon. I am with y^e greatest truth gratitude and respect

“ My Lord Duke,

“ Your Grace's Most oblig'd Most obedient and

“ most humble Servant

“ CHA. JENKINSON.”



From a painting by Vanloo.

CHARLES, SECOND DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Poor Colonel Jenkinson! He only left his bed of sickness to "travail" upon a far longer journey than he had any notion of undertaking, for he died very shortly afterwards.

Since their return from active service the Blues had been quartered by troops in many different places. In fact, except on special occasions, such as the Annual Inspection, they were seldom together as a regiment.

It must have been no light work for a conscientious commanding officer to keep in touch with his officers and men; what a boon would a motor-car have proved! Here, for instance, is a rough programme of a tour of inspection which the Duke jotted down one day in his book of engagements :

"*Monday 21 May.*—See the King's and Captain Ramsden's troops, upon Hampton Court Green, at seven o'clock in the morning. Then to Smallberry Green, and see the detachment there.

"Then go to Egham, dine and lye there.

"*Tuesd. 22.*—See Capt. Marcham's Capt. Swettenham's, and the Majors troops between Egham and Chertsea, at ten o'clock, then go to Denham, dine and lye at Major Miggetts.

"*Wednesd. 23.*—See the Lieut. Coll. and Capt. Shipman's, join'd by Capt. Lloyd's and Capt. Forbes's troops, near Uxbridge, at ten o'clock—dine at Uxbridge, and lye at London."

And he kept by him, also, this list of the prices of "cloathing."

PRICES OF CLOATHING FOR THE ROYAL REGIMENT
OF HORSE GUARDES

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
A Coat & Waistcoat Compleat	.	.	.	3	10	0
Blue Cloth for a pair of Breeches	.	.	.	0	7	0
A Trumpet's Coat & Waistcoat	3	15	0			
Cloth for Breeches	0	7	0			
				4	2	0
A Cloak	.	.	.	2	5	0
A Plain Hatt & Gilt Button & hair Cockade	0	10	0			
Lace for Ditto	0	9	6			
				0	19	6
Boots & Spurs & Leathers	.	.	.	1	3	0
Buff Cross Belts & Set	.	.	.	1	5	0
A Sadle	.	.	.	1	6	0
Double Webb Girts	0	2	2			
Sursingle	0	1	10			
				0	4	0
A Pad	.	.	.	0	0	9
Holsters & Straps & Set	.	.	.	0	8	0
A Bucket & Straps	.	.	.	0	2	3
A Pair of Stirrup Leathers	.	.	.	0	1	9
Headstal & Reins, Breastplate & Crooper	.	.	.	0	8	4
A Bradoon	.	.	.	0	2	8
Collers	.	.	.	0	3	2
Cloak straps Carbine & Cap straps	.	.	.	0	2	4
Stirrup Irons	.	.	.	0	3	6
Bitts	.	.	.	0	5	6
Broad Swords	.	.	.	0	12	6
Housings & Caps p Sett	.	.	.	3	0	0

Now I would invite my friends that are serving to-day in the Royal Regiment of Horse "Guardes" to compare the above prices with those of modern times.

I do not think they would secure an outfit at the same advantageous terms, certainly not their boots and spurs, "sadle" or broadsword!

There are a number of Regimental Bills, etc., etc., amongst his papers, all of them more or less quaint, but I need not discuss them here. Yet I cannot set aside matters that savour of the Orderly Room without selecting one more document from the bundle. It concerns Trooper Daniel Wardle and his desire to exchange into the Life Guards.

"TO HIS GRACE CHARLES LENOX, DUKE OF RICHMONDE

"The Humble Petition of Daniel Wardle Private Trooper in the Hon^ble Kaptⁿ Thomas Marchams Troop in the Royal Regiment of Horse Gards commanded by your Grace.

"SERVETH,

"That your Graces Petitioner has served in the said troop three years or thereabouts, but being married to fruitfull woman, by whom he has one child and in all Propibility likely to have more in a very small time, your Petitioners Pay in the said Troop will not be sufficient for himself and Family to subsist with all, without some other endeavours which your Petitioner in his present capacity cant by any means use but your Petitioner haveing some Relations who are not only Responsible but (on Account of your Petitioners growing Family) willing to Purchase a Private mans Place in his Majesty's Life Guardes whereby your Petitioner could better provide for his Family by settleing his Wife in some Business in town.

"May it therefore please your Grace to consider

tenderly the premises and Vouchsafe your Petitioner a Discharge out of the said Troop and your Grace will allways engage the Prayers and most Gratefull Thanks of

“ yr Graces most Humble

“ and most Obedient Petitioner,

“ DAN^L WARDLE.”

“ We do Recommend the Petitioner Wardle as a worthy object of your Grace’s favours

“ JNO. PAULIN,

“ WILL^M. MELLOR.”

Prudent and far-seeing Daniel Wardle! It would be gratifying indeed could we know that his expectations were verified, and that Good Mistress Wardle justified her husband’s increase of pay by furnishing a succession of sturdy little recruits for the Household Cavalry!

The Duke of Richmond’s delight at the satisfactory condition of his Regiment was made the occasion of an enthusiastic letter to Henry Fox, to whom he wrote as follows :

“ HAMPTON COURT, *Tuesday 29th, May 1750.*

“ DEAR HARRY,

“ I refer you to a letter I have wrote to my Lord Kildare by this post as to what relates to my health, & Journey to Ireland, which is now put off till the last week in June, which I am heartily vex’d at. I have been nigh a week with my regiment, have eate and dranke *very moderately* with every officer, seen and examin’d every man, and every horse, arms,

cloathing, second mounting, furniture, and accoutrements. then on Saturday I review'd the whole regiment together, and a most glorious show it made. I think if it was my Lady Townshend's she would not discharge a man in it, nor would Hawley hardly change a horse in it, all which I may without vanity boast of as I have no honour in it ; butt I am very glad to be able to do so much justice to the corps. all I can do is to keep it as it is, for really except in trifles there is no room for amendment. The Duchess of Richmond and I joyn in love to Dear Caroline and honest Jolly Ste, she does not write to Caroline this post as she has wrote to Lady Kildare, by which she will know how well all do.

“ Your's Dear Harry

“ Most affectionately

“ RICHMOND &c.

“ The last Messenger brought an account of His Majesty's perfect health. One of the Princes servants ask'd Mr. Pelham how the King did and if he had not been ill ; to which Mr. Pelham answer'd that indeed he had heard before His Majesty left England that he was to be ill at Hanover, butt that as yett thanke God he is in perfect health.”

And again, referring to the satisfactory state of the Blues on parade he adds :

“ Captⁿ Lloyd in France with the King's leave, Cornett Keyts commissⁿ vacant, butt except them, every officer in the field on Saturday & every man butt one Trumpett whose horse was ill, and two private men, one in the hospital the other wounded by an

accident. butt the Regiment compleat as to man and horse."

The Duke's next letter to Henry Fox touches upon a less pleasant matter! Young Lord March (aged 15½) had developed precocious tendencies of which Fox, the shrewd, sophisticated man about town, felt himself in duty bound to drop a hint to the Duke, though he does not seem to have committed himself to anything more than vague hints of the lad's gallantries.

It was quite enough, however, to arouse uneasiness in the breasts of the Duke and Duchess, so that the former wrote from his regimental headquarters:

"HAMPTON COURT 25th June 1750.

"DEAR HARRY,

"I thanke you for your letter of the 16th butt there is something at the end of it that gives the Duchess of Richmond and me some uneasyness, it is what you say in regard to March; for nobody knows him better, and few so well as you wee thinke you must have some strong and recent reasons for saying you dread his staying on another year at school, for I remember butt a little while before you went to Ireland that you was not of that opinion so you must have some fresh reasons for it. wee therefore beg you would explain what you mean by it; are you apprehensive of drunkenness, or what is worst of all, marriage? he is just now gott into the shell, and will be in the sixth form at Christmass, & Dr. Nicols I know is pleased with him of late, and would fain have him go through the school, butt if there is risque of what I have mention'd, the only step to take would be sending him 'abroad, and not to Ireland. for that would be as bad allmost

as letting him go about London. I know he wrote you a very long letter some time ago, he wrote it in Sedgwick's room and with great secrecy from me. & I hear you say it was a pretty letter butt would not shew it, so I would only know if any thing in that letter had given you fresh suspitions, if it has I beg to know it. My love to all with you, and I am dear Harry most affectionately your's

“RICHMOND &c.

“I am rather better. Poor Coll: Jenkinson is dead to my great sorrow, & allmost irreparable loss. I hope Lt. James will succeed to the Lieu^{nt} Coll:” butt I dont know what to do for a major.”

Well, the young gentleman *was* undoubtedly going the pace. The letter which he wrote to his brother-in-law leaves no doubt upon that subject. And it is the very selfsame letter which he had penned, almost under the parental nose, in the snuggery of Mr. Sedgwick, the Duke's Secretary!

No wonder that Henry Fox judged it advisable to suppress the contents. But he kept it amongst his archives, and here it is, a remarkable medley of juvenile braggadocio and conceit. And “Lud, sirs,” how must Henry Fox have shaken with laughter as he read the daredevil effusion! I have found it necessary, by the way, to make free use of the blue pencil before venturing to place it before the reader!

“WHITEHALL, 2d June, 1750.

“SIR,

“You see I keep my promises with you, tho' late, and indeed I should have wrote to you before,

but that I had so many things in my head that I had not time to think of any thing else. You shall know what they were.

“As I know you are Secretary at War and consequently know all the business of the state, and how to keep it secret, I shall beg you never to mention any thing of this to any body ; at least not to any one but those you are sure will never speak of it again ; at least to no body but such as Lord Kildare, pray to no ladys, not even to Lady Caroline or Kildare. I have been most of the past Holyday’s in town ; and as I have told you when you was in England, I liked Miss Townsend better than Miss Die West, I now tell you I have not thought of her since the ball there was here. Miss Townsend is a great coquette, says whatever she thinks, and many things she does not think. Loves every new acquaintance and is rude to every old one. She is vastly handsome, has a great deal of wit, and a very engaging air. I have grown acquainted at the Dutchess of Dorset’s with a Mr. Smith in the third regiment of Guards. He has been an admirer of her’s, but is no more ; for he very wisely, as soon as he found that she cast off all her old acquaintances with ‘*you are very troublesome ; how can you be so teasing ; Lord you’r a strange odd Devil ! Do get you gone ! I am glad I gott ridd of him !*’ within your hearing, and many such things as these. Which as soon as he found she did to other people, fancied it would be soon so with him : but he was mistaken, for she liked him more than he did her. For after having flurled with her the best part of the winter he very decently gott ridd of her, so that the latter

part of it he was never seen to speak to her but when 'twas unavoidable, and then with the greatest formality ; but every body might see she liked him and alway got into conversation when she could. But he never cared for her. He told me all this, and gave a true character of her ; said he was sure she was lady Townsend's daughter, maybe Ld. Townsend's, she talks vastly freely. As a specimen, Ld. Petersham was playing at Faro and asked Lady Townsend to draw a card for him, which she did ; he betted a great deal of money upon it and wone ; upon which he said that he knew lady Townsend's hand would bring him good luck. The Angel went out of town last friday (yesterday senight, I mean) till november, with a dam'd long face. But I have learnt from the little experience I have, nott to care a farthing for one woman more than another, so as to make me self uneasy about her or any one else. I say every thing that is fine, squeeze their hands, tell them they are angels, &c. . . . never meaning a word I say, and not caring for them when they are out of my sight. I have sometimes err'd from this rule, but upon the whole am not captivated by one woman. I allway make myself, wherever I am, as easy as possible. In the midst of my Jollity I was packt to Hampton court for a week, but I diverted myself as well as I could in so mussy a place, especially one day in the maze with a very pretty girl. Miss Townsend dropt her prayer-book, that is half of it, at church tother day, for twas very old, upon which the next time I saw her in the coach, I went and stopp'd her, leaving a prayer book, with these lines in it :

A Duke and his Friends

Oft in the Gospel abstruse secrets lye
 Not understood by man's deluded eye.
 Hence in the Prayer Book we a service see
 In prayse (Ridiculous) of slavery.
 Tis Love, the noblest passion of the mind
 The gospel bids, love bold and unconfin'd.
 At once then Angel throw your book away
 From nature laws no longer Townsend stray.
 From fond delusion set your bosom free
 Love you religion, and your lover, me.
 Miss Townsend's name is little Riot.

When I came to Town from Hampton Court, I went to Vaux-Hall as the likeliest place to see her in. But there I heard she was gone into the country. Mr. Pitt was there with a Miss Patty Rigby, sister to the Rigby you know. I never saw her before; there was besides, S^r Harry Englefield and two pretty Miss Barkers, but nott so clever as Miss Rigby—who (Miss Rigby) as soon as she came in mistook George, who was with me, for the youngest master Bishop, said 'I kissed you last night and will again to-night.' Which she did. George was vastly ashamed, she asked his pardon and said she would give him another if He would; but he run away and said he left me his proxy, which office I acquitted very tollerably, with half a dozen more of my own behind Mr. Pitt's back at supper, for I was soon acquainted. I was at Vaux Hall as you may imagine, where I supped with Rigby next box to S^r George Vandeput, and Drunk Ld. Trentham's health as loud as we could and confusion to the independant Electors. For God's sake never mention Miss Rigby's name to any one mortal, nott even to Lord Kildare. For one should never kiss and tell. Beside you know if it was known what would be

the consequence. Hi! ho! but all my Jollity is over. For the day after to-morrow I march to Goodwood for the rest of the Hollyday. However I shall Divert myself as well as I can. Mr. Calcraft told me to-day that Mr. Charles Fox was very well. He has heard some very odd stories of me: if he tells you any, lett me know and I will tell you if they are true. Every body here is very well and I hope every body in Ireland is the same. Pray give my love, service, friendship, &c. . . . &c. . . . &c. . . . to all of them. I am afraid I have heartily tired you with reading this stuff but you desired news, and news you have. When I know more, I'll send you more. I must tell you that Mr. Cheale came up to town on purpose for the Instalation, which he thought would be this week but won't be this six weeks. He asked my Father to bring him up with him and upon my Fathers telling him he should be a week in the way with his regiment he said 'Ah! so! I never was swogering and should like vastly to go.' We were saying tother day we were glad Captain Clarke was pardon'd. Cheale then said 'twill do him no good, he is dead.' 'Indeed!' said my Father, 'Yes,' reply'd Cheale, 'upon my soul he is, he told me so himself.' He meant the Clark of the Marchalsea, who, to be sure, ought to know who dies in Newgate, but Captain Clarke is out of Newgate and well. My Father's Regiment was reviewed tother day, and made a very splendid appearance to the Colonell. I am

" Sir

" Your humble Servant

" C. MARCH."

It was high time the young ruffler was marched off to Goodwood, was it not ?

The state of efficiency in which the Duke found the Blues speaks well for the discipline and *esprit de corps* of that Regiment.

The aged Duke of Somerset had seen but little of them—his years had precluded it ; but, in spite of this, the new Colonel could find little to find fault with save a few unimportant odds and ends.

I imagine that he intimated as much to his son-in-law, Henry Fox, Secretary for War ; for in June he received the following letter from Cartown, whither Fox and Lady Caroline had betaken themselves on a visit to the Kildares :

“ CARTOWN, June 7, 1750.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ Had your Grace been Colonel a year or two, I should not be surpris'd at such an Account of the Blues as your Grace gives. But I always thought the Duke of Somerset had totally neglected them. However as near perfect as they are, your Grace will find some trifling amendments I see, to amuse yourself in making.

“ I begin to doubt much whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing your Grace here, and a little whether you'd come at all this Summer. Whenever you do some you will like it exceedingly. L^d Ophaly¹ will drink '*the glorious memory*' to you ev'ry day after Dinner, and His Father will go on most cheerfully with you as long as you, even in perfect health and humour for it, ever like to drink. Nor is this the only thing by

¹ Lord Kildare's son and heir, aged two !

many in which Lord Kildare in Ireland is different from Lord Kildare in England, They are, I assure you, quite different men. Lady Kildare is as well and as cheerful as I ever saw her.

“ When I doubt whether I shall see your Grace here, it is because I think I must embark the 6th of July or as soon after as the Wind will let me, and even then hall, before I get to London, I am afraid, be thoughts to have made too large a use of my leave of Absence. I see, by y^r Graces Letter to Lord Kildare, that you came by Holyhead; I beg you would come from Chester in a one Horse Chaise or else there will be more walking for the Dutchess then she will like, or than I am afraid, she can perform, all which (except Pen Main Maur or may be only part of Pen Main Maur) will be saved by her coming in a one horse Chaise. I beg my most Humble Service to Her Grace as do Caroline, and Ste, who is in perfect Health and lives in the Stable. I wish I cou’d say Lady Caroline was as well but she is continually out of Order. She has borrow’d a Horse, and rides, which has already done her some good, and I am persuaded is the only thing from which she may expect any lasting Relief. I thank yr Grace for telling me the King was well, the contrary Report having reach’d this place.

“ I am with the utmost Respects

“ and Affection your Grace’s

“ most Obed^{nt} and most humble Serv^t,

“ H. Fox.

“ You can get no silver here, and hardly any Guineas that will pass, so I advise you to bring a good deal of silver with you.”

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Duke's last illness—His death at Godalming—Peter Collinson's sympathy—Sarah Dutchess dies of a broken heart—Modern Goodwood—Carné's Seat—My ancestor's personality—His likes and dislikes—Lord Hervey's tribute.

BUT the visit to Cartown which the Duke had looked forward to for so long was not to be. Little Emilie never saw her father again. Whilst on his way to join the Duchess at Goodwood, he was seized with a severe attack of illness at Godalming in the house where he and his family were wont to break the tedious journey from London; and the first intimation of his condition reached her Grace from the pen of Mr. Edward Sedgwick, his secretary. One can detect a grave anxiety concerning his master in the hasty lines :

"GODALMING, *July 31 1750.*

"MY LADY DUTCHESS,

"My Lord Duke orders me to send Steven with this to let your Grace know that he had last night a return of the Ague, (after having found himself all day disorder'd by the rawness of the weather) and has had a fever upon him ever since, and has it now. His Grace does not care to go on to Goodwood,

nor to return to London, but will stay here, as he hopes to be well in two or three days. My Lord Duke begs your Grace not to be frighten'd, but if you chuse to come down, he has sent his Landau to Cobham, to which place you may come in your own, and his Grace's will bring you the rest of the way.

"I have given Steven a note to Mr. Truesdale for a dozen more of the wormwood Draughts, which he, Steven, must bring hither this afternoon. If your Grace comes hither, Steven is ordered to come back with you. I am

"Your Grace's dutifull Servant,

"EDW. SEDGWICK."

Had the Duke a presentiment that his time was come? I cannot help thinking this was so; for though he did not wish to alarm his wife he was undoubtedly desirous of her presence. It was fortunate that nothing occurred to delay her *en route*, for she did not arrive a whit too soon. The end came a week later, and he passed away on August 8, at the untimely age of forty-nine, in spite of the devoted nursing of the wife whose whole existence had been given up to his welfare.

"The Duke of Richmond is dead," wrote Horace Walpole, "vastly lamented; the Duchess is left in great circumstances," and in a similar strain Dr. Carleton wrote from Bedford House. "The loss of the Duke of Richmond is universally lamented. He lay ill of a fever about ten days some say occasioned by the installation at Windsor."

The Duke was buried in Chichester Cathedral,

whither his father's remains were afterwards removed from their first resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

The following letter of condolence came three months after the funeral, from Peter Collinson ; you remember the quaint notes that he despatched to his old pupil on happier occasions ? He writes :

" LOND. *Novem.* 28, 1750.

" It is not want of Respect that I have no sooner paid my Duty to the Dutchess of Richmond, who I Honour and greatly Esteem. But when I attempt this Task, such an oppression of Spirits attends mee, I could not sett penn to paper, indeed I postponed it the longer for fear of reviving the sad scenes that are past.

" But I hope my Dear Lady, our Gracious God has so disposed your Mind to acquiesce with his Will, that I may now venter to tell you, without too great an Emotion, how sincerely I sympathised with you and how gladly I should have undertaken any thing, that could give alleviation to such a Torrent of affliction which I am well assured our Good God will turn to your future Benefit as you submit yourself to Him. He will Sanctifie all your Troubles to you, and enable you to bear them, with Patience and Resignation.

" My Dear Lady I need not advise you to look to the Almighty, To Pray to Him, (as it is y^r Dayly practice) to administer the Sovereign Balm of His Grace that can Heal the Afflicted Soul, and Our Merciful Redeemer is always near you, by his Good Spirit, to Comfort and Assist you and then you sorrow not as those without hope ; a Little Time will bring a

Happy Meeting, these are Great Consolations, and I hope will prove Cordials to revive your Drooping Spirits,—Besides please to consider your present situation ; you have Good Children, Many Friends, and an ample provision to support you ; These are very great Blessings, which I hope will encourage you to *Look Forward*, with thankfulness, and use the present Time, for your own sake, and that of your pretty little Offspring, whose future well doing depends so much on your own.

“ Letts only change the Scene (which I have to often known) ; a Poor Distressed helpless Widdow, left with a Numerous young Family of Children, without Money or Friends, (until it please God to raise some)—the application is easie.

“ Your loss is indeed inexpressible, yett please to reflect what alleviations are on your side ; these I hope with the Divine Assistance will have such Weight with you as to Temper and Moderate your greifs, and enable you to sustain them with that Fortitude and Magnanimity of Mind, as becomes your High Dignity.

“ When I read the Advertisem^t for the Sale of the Nurserys at Goodwood it cutt mee to the Heart, I could not sustain myself ; because I knew how dear and valuable they was To Him ; but I was happily relieved when I was informed it was only some seedlings.

“ Now my Dear Lady I must rely on your candid acceptance of these lines which flow from the Love and value I have for you which engages my Mind and my Prayers often and often on your Behalf. If

I can be any ways serviceable you may freely call mee,
I recommend you to the Divine protection and am
with Great Respect your Truly affectionate

“ Friend P. COLLINSON.”

Kind old Peter Collinson ! He wrote out of the fullness of his heart, in genuine sorrow for the death of his friend. They had spent many happy days together down at Goodwood, in earnest discussion over the landscape gardening in which Collinson excelled ; and it is characteristic of the man that even in the midst of his honest grief he could not forbear to express his relief that the baby trees were not all destined for the hammer of the auctioneer.

But the sympathy of her friends was of little avail to comfort Sarah Duchess in her sorrow. She was brokenhearted at the loss of her loved husband, and a year after his death she followed him to the grave.

And since their deaths, as is but natural, many changes have come over Goodwood, so that were they able to draw on Counsellor Knapp's Goloshes of Fortune and revisit their old haunts they would surely rub their eyes in bewilderment at the unfamiliar aspect of the place as you and I know it to-day.

For, during their lifetime, the entire estate consisted of not more than 1,100 acres, of which 200 acres alone were occupied by the Park, whilst the main road from Chichester to Petworth passed in close proximity to the house. Nor would they recognise the house itself. The outer walls as they now appear were built by the third Duke, fifty years after his father's death, and the three flint-faced sides which



After a water-colour drawing in the British Museum.

GOODWOOD IN 1750.

surround the old house represent only a portion of the octagonal structure that he contemplated erecting in its place. He died before its completion. Many costly designs were submitted to the Duke before the one was finally approved—in fact, it is said that a model was constructed from one of the discarded plans that cost no less than 500 guineas!

The entrance lodges were built in 1789, and the kennels—now, alas! untenanted and silent—two years earlier. In the High Wood a few scattered, ivy-covered rocks, with, here and there, a half-obliterated inscription, represent all that remains of the quaint “Hermit’s Cave” and the “Catacombs” wherein lie buried the pet dogs and birds of their long dead masters and mistresses, though the underground passages remain to this day in almost as good condition as when they were constructed, and the stone lioness still guards the head of the old chestnut avenue. But there remains one lasting monument to his memory in the Park. High up above the old ilex-trees that shelter Goodwood from the north winds, on the southern fringe of our beechwoods, there stands a little ornamental building of grey stone. It is “Carné’s Seat.” Here it was, two hundred years ago, that old Monsieur de Carné, that faithful old retainer, occupied a wooden cottage. He died at an advanced age, and upon the site of his cottage the present building was erected in 1743 by the second Duke, and at considerable expense too; for the materials of the ruined tower of Hove Church, near Brighton, were utilised in its construction.

It contains a large banqueting-room, which once

was fitted up in costly style, beautifully painted and gilt, after the manner of that ornate age, and here I have no doubt mirth and jollity reigned supreme on more than one occasion !

The view from the old-fashioned windows of Carné's Seat is superb, for it embraces a great extent of the coast of Sussex and Hampshire. Claude himself, that great landscape-painter, could have desired no better subject for his brush. Before us stretches the Channel, a glinting semicircle; to the west the Isle of Wight looms darkly on the horizon, whilst the intervening country spreads out in panoramic fashion for a distance of some forty miles from east to west. And I feel confident that it was from this coign of vantage that my ancestor watched, with alternate feelings of relief and chagrin, the half-hearted efforts of Sir Chalenor Ogle's ill-fated West Indian expedition to sail from under the shelter of the Isle of Wight in 1741. Carné's Seat was a favourite resort of Sarah Duchess and her daughters, as well, for within its grounds there is a shell grotto of most exquisite workmanship designed and completed by those ladies, and containing almost every known variety of shells amongst its decoration. The initials of the Duke and Duchess, and of Emilie, Lady Kildare, and Lady Caroline Fox, are worked in amongst the designs, and the floor is paved with black and white marble and horses's teeth ! Of the latter, we know that there can have been no lack at Goodwood, but it often puzzled me to think from what source these myriads of shells could have been obtained, until one day I came across some letters from some of those old

GOODWOOD IN 1911.



sea-captains in the West Indies, one of whom, for lack of anything better to do, appears to have collected a whole ship-load for Her Grace.

Here, for instance, is a letter which Captain Charles Knowles, of His Majesty's Ship *Diamond*, wrote to John Russell, one of the Duke's most intimate friends, from Jamaica :

“ ‘ DIAMOND,’ April 4th, 1739.

“ . . . I now send you home a small cask of rum by your Namesake and must beg your acceptance. I have a small ship load of shells for the Dukes of Bedford and Richmond, which I declined sending by Captain Russell as I expect to be the next ship myself and to have the pleasure of delivering them. . . . You gave me the good news of Sir Charles Wager's recovery in your last, but not of our good friend Lord Vere's being on the Admiralty, at which I rejoiced much when I heard. I have sent him a pipe of madeira which I must beg your care of, till Dobbin fetches it and likewise another for Lord Delaware and a jar of snuff. As you are determined to keep us in a state of inactivity in this Dear D—d Country, I choose rather than be idle you see to pick up shells ; for I assure you there's no money to be picked up, unless it was war. My hearty service to all friends &c.

“ CHAS. KNOWLES.”

A few months later, however, the gallant captain was compensated for his ennui ; for he succeeded in capturing, single-handed, a Spanish prize of £7,000 value, and so returned triumphant to England.

The shell-house took seven years to complete, and

now, alas ! it shows the ravages of time (and tourists) but it marks the spot where, long ago, an eighteenth-century family were wont to spend many happy hours.

The closing years of my ancestor's life may have been the happier perhaps by reason of the reconciliation between himself and Henry Fox, that son-in-law whose runaway marriage with Lady Caroline had afforded a fertile topic of gossip and speculation to lovers of romance. It was the first and last family squabble. For throughout their thirty years of married life I can find no further trace of serious dissensions between the parents and their children. So it may be that you, for whom I have written this story of long ago, will realise that the second duke possessed a kindliness of disposition and a personality which invited the confidence of his fellow-mortals in a remarkable degree. Men of all ranks, and every profession, from the great officers of state down to the newly joined ensigns of a marching regiment contributed their quota to the correspondence which he so carefully stored away. Weaknesses, of course, he had. They are the common lot, and to err is human ! But he had, at all events, one great redeeming point : he never forgot a friend, and I fancy that he took a special delight in collecting round him at Goodwood, and at the little hunting-box at Charlton, those friends whose confidences and gossip I have been enabled to place before you to-day. It may be that his indiscriminate generosity and hospitality at times caused " Sarah Dutchess " more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* when con-

fronted with those household accounts that she kept with so much care; the Duke's letters to Labbé, his steward, tell us, beyond a doubt, that money was at times exceeding scarce; so much so, in fact, as to evoke a note of warning and remonstrance from the elder generation. But the age in which he lived was very different from ours; it was characterised by reckless extravagance and ostentation. Gambling, intemperance, and their attendant vices prevailed to an almost universal degree amongst the leisured classes; men lived hard, drank hard, and died hard in the good old days, for "'twas the mode," therefore let us be charitable!

His fame as a sportsman, as to my mind that best of *all* sportsmen, a genuine lover of fox-hunting, had hardly an equal. He loved his horses and his hounds. His letters to Labbé are full of anxious inquiries as to the welfare of his favourite hunters, and may it not have been that his well-known tastes in that direction obtained for him the appointment of Master of the Horse at the early age of thirty-four? To be sure, he carried his fondness for animals to somewhat inconvenient lengths; the maintenance of that menagerie at Goodwood must have cost him a pretty penny, abundant proof of that is forthcoming in the alarming array of figures which appear in the Debit columns of the Duchess's Butcher's Book. Do you remember the daily menu of the carnivorous section of his pets? And, by the way, I am hereby reminded that the fox-hunting community have not all the same likes and dislikes. For did not the immortal Jorrocks remark with considerable emphasis on a certain occasion,

'*Confound* all presents wot eats!'[?] My ancestor undoubtedly held other views. Court functions, soldiering, sport, and the administration of his estates, together with a considerable amount of magisterial work, occupied his time to the full, and we have seen that he had considerable interests abroad as well. He was not fond of politics! Perhaps his honesty precluded him from taking an active part in Statecraft, though he was a zealous supporter of the Whig Administration and in constant communication with those in office. Smugglers, and the deeds of violence for which they were notorious, he held in special abhorrence, and the attitude of relentless severity which he maintained towards them upon all occasions must have been strengthened by the brutal murders to which I have made allusion in these pages.

His popularity in the Army was no less assured than that which he enjoyed in other walks of life, if we may judge from the letters which he received from his comrades on obtaining command of the Royal Horse Guards, as well as from officers serving in all parts of the globe. In an old publication of the period I turned up the following passage, the other day, in which the chronicler tells us that "He was polite, affable, and generous; a man of strict honour, and was greatly admired at the Courts of Europe which he visited for the eminent qualities of mind which he possessed. He was an amiable father, and so worthy a nobleman that he never lost a friend nor created an enemy, even when political rage seemed to animate every breast; and he was a patron and admirer of The Fine Arts."

I cannot pay a fitter tribute to his memory than by quoting the words of Lord Hervey, written some years before the Duke's death ; for they express the opinion of a writer whose wit and brilliance were sadly tarnished at times by the cynical harshness which almost invariably characterised his reflections upon his fellow-men. He wrote thus :

“He made great expenses in elections, and was thoroughly zealous both for the Government and the Administration.

“There never lived a man of a more amiable composition ; he was kindly, benevolent, generous, honourable, and thoroughly noble in his way of acting, talking, and thinking ; he had constant spirits, was very entertaining, and had a great deal of knowledge, though, not having had a school education, he was a long while reckoned ignorant by the generality of the world, who are as apt to call every man a blockhead that does not understand Latin and Greek, as they are to think many of those no blockheads who understand nothing else.”

Ah well ! After all,

La vie est brève—
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve,
Et puis—bonsoir !

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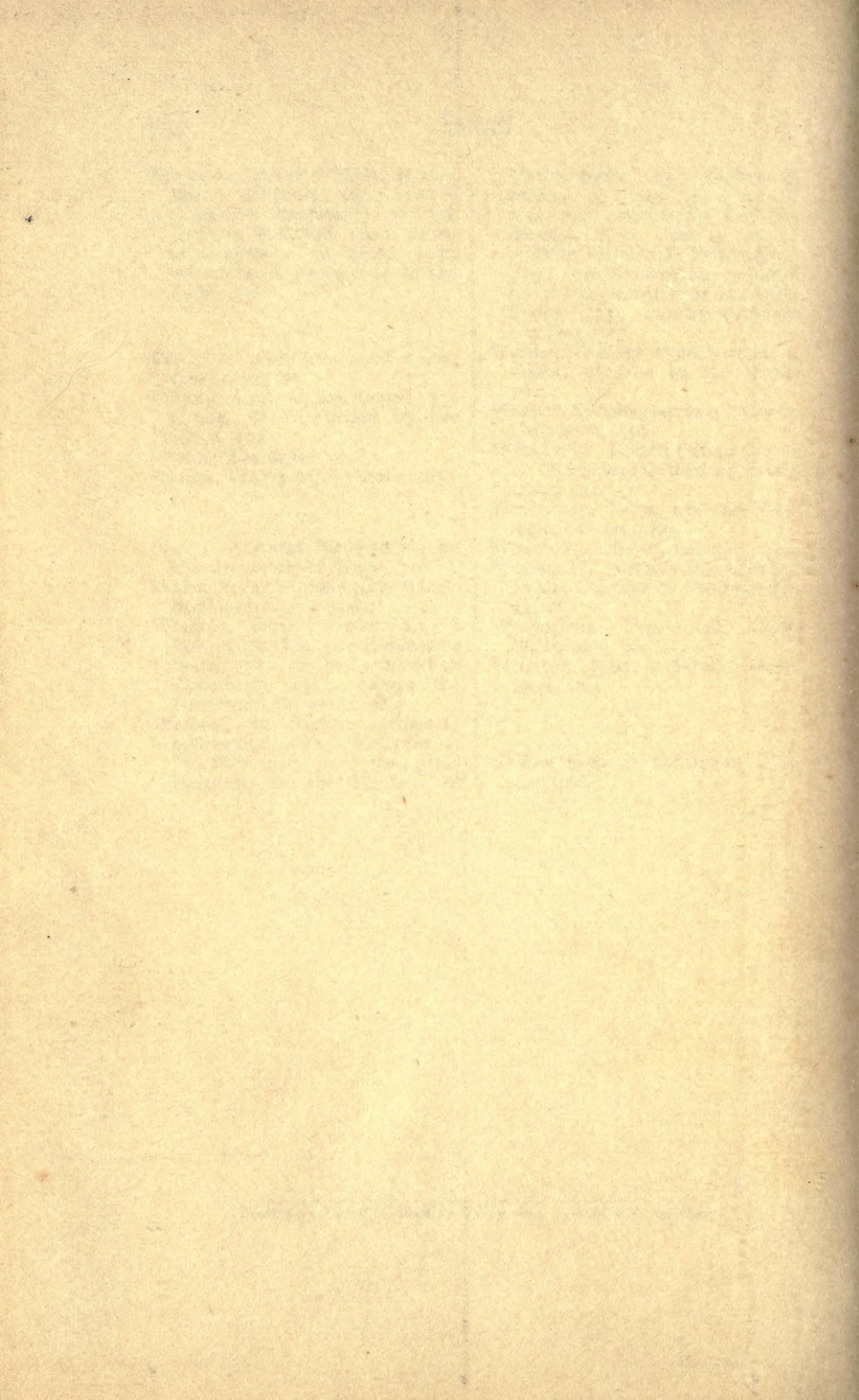
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